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The Illuminated Magazine

EDITED
BY
DOUGLAS
JERROLD

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.
No 2 CRANE COURT.

WILLIAM STEVENS, PRINTER, BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR.

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VOL. II.

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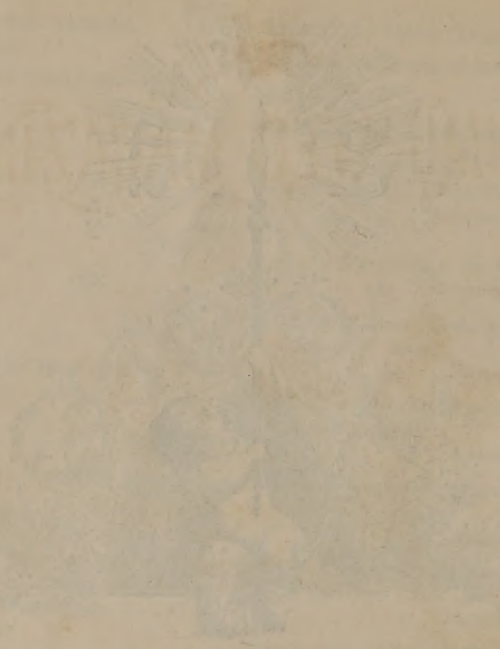

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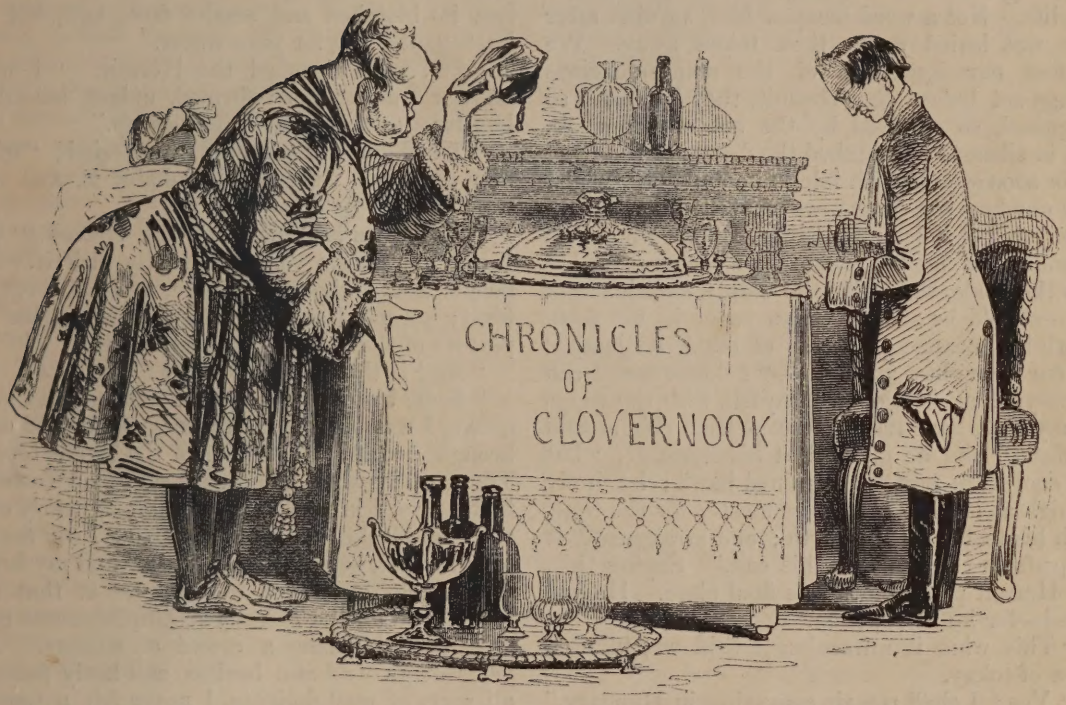


BY THE EDITOR.

THE HERMIT OF BELLYFULLE BEGINS HIS ACCOUNT OF THE LAND OF TURVEYTOP.

With growing reverence for the Sage, we attended the Hermit of Bellyfulle back to his cell. "In half an hour," said he, graciously smiling, "it will be dinner time. Half an hour," he repeated with musical emphasis, as he passed into his chamber. Having profitably employed the time with cold water, we then, refreshed yet hungry, sought our host. The Hermit awaited us. He had put aside his cloak of the morning, and was again wrapped in his old damask gown. He perceived that we observed the change. "My custom, sir," he said; "I never yet could dine in full dress. The digestive organs, sir, abominate close buttoning; and do their work sulkily, grumblingly. No, sir; a man in full dress may chew and swallow, but he never dines. The stomach cannot honestly perform its functions in state." We smiled: whereupon the Hermit with a grave, sly look, asked—"Will you answer me this question?" We bowed affirmatively. "Do you think it in the power of mortal man to give a fair, wise, learned judgment upon any dish or sauce soever, the said man being, at the time of tasting, in tight boots? Sir, it is impossible. The judicial organ is too delicate, too exquisitely nerved, to vindicate its sweet prerogative, unless the whole man, morally and bodily, be in a state of deep repose. And, therefore, can there be a greater wrong committed upon the cook, than the common injury of dining to music? It is abominable. Once—I well remember it—I chewed to the clangor, and crash, and thunder of a military band. Well, sir, the dinner was excellent—admirable as a dinner; but I have no more judgment than a beast, if I had any other taste in my mouth save the brass of the trumpets, and the tough parchment of the drum-heads. Silence, profound and solemn, is due to the first hour of dining. One minute before that time the finest jest is but a presumptuous impertinence. In my encyclopædia of the kitchen I have treated of these things—philosophically and at large. For the present——"

Here the Hermit upraised his forefinger, and at the same time the door was opened, and a man, drest in snowy white, followed by Bezoar, brought in the first dish. Placing it upon the table the man disappeared, Bezoar taking his place behind the Hermit's chair. And then the Hermit rose, and baring his head, said grace. "Thanks be rendered for this: and may no man dine worse!" With this short ceremony the Hermit entered upon his serious task. He dined as though he was fulfilling a devout exercise of his life. Not a word escaped him, as dish after dish was levied upon, then taken away. We confess our ignorance of the many delicious things set before the Hermit, they had been so disguised, so elevated by the art of the cook. As, in silence, we watched the doings of the Sage —for soon we sat with idle knife and fork, whilst still our host cut away—we marvelled that a man so capable of solemn thoughts—a man who could discourse, as he had done, upon a churchyard—and the pride, the guilt, the empty foolishness of life—should be so curious, so eager in his food. With his strange quickness of mind, he jumped at our thoughts, and said—"I doubt not I can guess your meditation. I, myself, with the wings of my soul, have tried to escape from this mound of flesh," and he glanced at his stomach; "but the soul is, at best, as a trained hawk; let it fly as high as it will, there is its master for the time, with his feet upon the earth; and straightway it drops from the clouds at his call." Saying this, the Hermit pushed away his final plate. He had dined—for he had spoken.

"This wine is miraculous," said we, filling a glass of tokay.

"Yes; I shall remain some time in Hungary," answered the Hermit, sipping the liquor with educated lips. "This," said the Sage, holding the wine between him and the light, "this is the true blood of our dear mother earth. I have often wondered at the sneaking ingratitude of astronomical men. In the name of grapes, why should not Bacchus have a star to himself? We have only to reflect upon the characters of the Pagan deities siderally honoured, to feel the indignity done to Bacchus. There is Saturn, a tyrant and a child-eater,—he must be set in a ring, and nominally hung in the sky. Mars, a bully, and nine times out of ten no whit better than a highwayman or burglar,—he, too, must twinkle insultingly upon men, made fools and rogues, tyrants and victims, by his abominable influence; yes, he, the recruiting serjeant of the heavens—must stare with his red face upon us;—and Mercury, thief and orator to boot, may wink through the long night, all having their admirers and worshippers; whilst for Bacchus, he, with all his great bounty, is starless and unhonoured. 'Twould be a pleasant, yea a proper thing," said the Hermit with a laugh, "to find a fire-new planet for him."

"Indeed," we answered, "in these days, it is not likely that Bacchus will meet with so bountiful an astronomer. In the outside world—to use your own phrase of Clovernook—his godship is in sad disgrace. His bottles are broken; his pottle-pots shivered; his name anathematized. Boys and girls, scarcely forgetful of the taste of mother's milk, renounce him and his ways; and more, by the potent eloquence of childhood, compel father and mother to forswear the worship of the frantic god. Drunkenness itself has lost its blotched and scarlet face, and, like the hart, pants only for pure water."

"Can it be?" asked the Hermit. "I never knew a drunkard so reformed, unless, indeed, he had been to the Land of Turveytop."

"The Land of Turveytop!" we cried; "where may that be? what people inhabit it, and what wonders may be done there?"

"As for its latitude," said the Hermit, "why, I will not puzzle your geography with it. The people are of gigantic stature, at least forty feet high; yet mild and benevolent—the nurses and pastors of the ordinary race of mortals."

"And is the land far distant?" we asked.

"Some hundred leagues, no more, from Clovernook. I was brought up there: understand me—brought up, after the fashion of the Turveytopians. The truth is, when I had arrived at man's estate, I found myself in possession of a bit of nearly every vice that blackens the sons of Adam. I will not run over the list, but to save your time and my breath will merely desire you to think me at that time knowing in all the rascally accomplishments generally shared among a crowd of sinners. And yet, though wild and lawless, and hotly pursuing all sorts of mad delights, I never felt a touch of happiness. My pleasure was at best delirium that left me spent and heavy-hearted. It was in one of those moods, when the whole world about me was, to my moral vision, coloured like so much brown paper, that walking at the base of a high mountain, it suddenly opened before me. Sir," said the Hermit with a grave look that rebuked our gaze of incredulity, "I say the mountain opened. A narrow passage, adown which the sun shone with intense brightness, and from which I heard beautiful sounds, as of distant music, was before me. Without a thought I entered it; when having run a few paces, I turned round, and—the marrow froze in my bones—I saw the mountain had closed again behind me. I was trapped; swallowed, a miserable lump of breathing mortality, in the bowels of the earth. Great was the anguish of my heart; yet, strangely enough, light, like sunlight, streamed down the long passage before me, and the sounds of the music became louder and louder. By degrees they carried peace and fortitude into my soul, and I began to walk rapidly forward. As I walked, the passage became wider, and at length ended in an open country; where, save that the grass, the flowers,

the trees, and all things about me, were of gigantic proportions, all in form were the same as the things of the world I had left. I walked until I saw, what at first appeared to me, huge rocks. Continuing to approach them, I discovered them to be houses. My heart dropped within me, for I feared that I was in a land of giants. As the thought fell upon me, I turned round and almost swooned to the earth with fear. A giantess of nine-and-thirty feet three inches high—as I afterwards discovered—stood before me. Instantly I believed I was destined to be eaten alive. Though constitutionally gallant towards the sex, I was yet so wayward, that I would rather have fallen into the jaws of a tigress or any other female beast, than have formed the meal of the giantess before me. She saw my terror, and a smile broke upon her broad, good-humoured face, like a sunbeam on a rose-garden. A few strides brought her to me. I fell upon my knees, and lifted up my hands imploringly to her. Never did man drop at the foot of woman in more earnestness of soul. Never could he pray more fervently to be taken in marriage, than did I supplicate not to be chewed alive. The giantess, with a laugh that almost stunned me, bent over me; chucked me under the chin; playfully nipped the end of my nose; indented the tip of her fore-finger in both my cheeks, and shrilly crying *klukklukkluk*,—which answers to our homely *catchy, catchy*—took me in her arms like a raw, red-faced, hour-old baby."

"A strange place this Turveytop, and a strange people," cried we. "And amongst these folks you say you were brought up? Brought up! Why, you were of man's estate when the mountain opened and received you."

"True; but it is the benevolence of the Turveytopians to take in men and women to nurse: to bring them up anew; and to this philanthropic end, every new comer is treated as a new-born babe. Bless you! I have seen even a philosopher, who had made a great noise among his brother pigmies on the outside of the mountain, I have seen him sent back to nurse's milk and pap. The one great principle of the Turveytopians is this; to take no knowledge for granted on the part of those they nurse. May this tokay, sir,"—cried the Hermit, about to quaff,—"may it turn to train oil in my gullet, if I have not seen a Chancellor made, whether or no, to suck his thumb, because the little varlet would affect precocity and quarrel with his nurse, as if to suck his thumb was an act below his consequence. I have seen, too, a Lord Chamberlain taught again to walk: yes, seen him toddling after a sugar-stick held temptingly, encouragingly, 'twixt his nurse's fingers."

"And for what purpose," we asked, "this teaching over again? Was it not a waste of time and pains?"

"Assuredly not," answered the Hermit gravely: and then fixing his eye upon us, he asked, "Have you not known folks in the outside world, who—standing it may be within a few years of their grave—seemed, nevertheless, as if they had learned all their worldly knowledge the wrong way? As if, to be aught good, wise, and morally dignified, they should learn the lesson of life again; yea, beginning in the nursery, should sprawl and roar in the nurse's lap? You cannot think this? It matters not: the honest Turveytopians have this belief, and therefore take weak and wicked men and women, of every age, as

younglings from the womb; they are called the babes of the mountain—children of earth; and for the many vices and faults which they bring with them into Turveytop, why, they are considered as spots and flaws inseparable from their former condition. "Oh! the men I have seen there," cried the Hermit, with a laugh—"the kings, lords, bishops, lawmakers I have seen, all put into second swaddling-clothes, and brought up again as gentle, wise, charitable, sagacious folk, doing good credit to the beautiful earth, which, in their former days, they so grievously scandalized."

"But surely," said we, "it was to take the training a little too far back. We cannot, we repeat, but think it loss of time and trouble."

"Certainly not," cried the Hermit. "Consider, sir, how delightful it must be, by a strong effort of the soul, to lose and forget all that we have mislearned of life, and so begin the lesson again—with clear heads and ruddy hearts. To compass this with the reprobates of the world is the purpose of the Turveytopians—wise, gracious, wonderful giants that they are—mighty only in their goodness, superhuman in their sweet charities."

"Pray," we cried, "tell us your history whilst in Turveytop."

"You shall hear it, sir," said the Hermit, "and the brief histories of many others."

We drew close to the table, and waited the story with impatience.*

* Here a sudden and sharp illness compelled the writer to lay down his pen; nor was he able to resume it, until too late in the month to continue the narrative. When Louis the Fourteenth visited the death-bed of one of his favourites, the moribund courtier begged pardon for the "ugly faces" which the acuteness of his suffering wrought in him. In the like spirit of contrition, a periodical writer feels that he ought to beg pardon of the sovereign public *for being ill*, when he is expected to be in the enjoyment of working health, still "to be continued," with the monthly task he has entered upon.—[Editor.]

Sir George Etherege.

THIS is the portrait of a man who died a martyr to civility. See with what a self-satisfied air he contemplates the graces of his person, in that favourite appendage of a man of fashion,—a pocket mirror. He stands dangling his hat and plume immersed in his own consequence, saying perhaps with the triumphant Richard—

> "I'll entertain a score or two of tailors,
> To study fashions to adorn my body:
> Since I am crept in favour with myself,
> I will maintain it with some little cost."

In half an hour he is off for the Mall,

> "To strut before a wanton ambling nymph."

He is too well dressed for an assignation in Covent Garden; and he has no time to-day for the middle walk at the New Exchange. He is fresh from the theatre in Dorset Gardens, where some beauty in a vizard, pleased with the graces of his person, and the known gaiety of his wit, flirted her time between the acts with her friend Sir Fopling Flutter. He is confident he has met her before; seen her, heard her, but her name is a mystery, and no entreaties could induce her to remove her masque for a minute. See her again he must: his songs to Cœlia are at an end; he has a fresh chase in view, and that best kind of occupation for a man of fashion,—a female secret to discover, and a new intrigue to carry on.

The wits about the court of King Charles II. bestowed on Etherege the epithet of *Easy*. Mr. Martin has represented him in an easy posture—and easy with himself. He lived, moreover, in easy circumstances, and had an easy way of writing. He was of easy virtue, and of a very easy temperament, never troubled by any fixed principle of religion, but, weathercock-ways, could adapt his morality to the change in his circumstances. "Gentle George" was the name he received from Lord Rochester, who condemns him in his "Ses-

sion of the Poets" for his idleness, and his long seven years of poetic silence.

But his half hour of extra contemplation over, see our hero, Sir George, set down in his chair at St. James's, just in time, as a man of gallantry should always be, for what was then called *High Mall*. He is now conversing with himself,—"Shall I see her here? I could swear to her among ten thousand, though that d—d vizard was a drawback to all certain recognition;—think of those large wanton eyes, but, above all, that mouth, that has made me kiss it a thousand times in imagination within an hour:

> 'Some feel no flames but at the court or ball,
> And others hunt white aprons on the Mall.'

I'gad, I'm not one of these, I'm in pursuit of a play-house vizard; and she, as she said, would be in love with one who could dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters, an agreeable voice for a chamber, very amorous, something discreet, but not over constant. Gad-zooks, my character to a pin-point; it hits me off to the letter. I'll swear at least to the inconstancy. In the Mall, Park, and Play, be where she will, I will find her out. What did she tell me? —'that she was in love with this dear town to that degree, that she could scarce endure the country in landscapes and in hangings.'"

The Mall at this time presented a crowded scene of gaiety and fashion. Some were bowling their time away at the game of Pell Mell, others were on-lookers; the lady of fashion was here with the man of sort and quality; the citizen with his wife; the West-ender and the East-ender. Near the Decoy, King Charles II. was seen, feeding his ducks and talking to Dryden, dressed as he was in a new Chedreux wig for this day's Mall, about the subject of his new poem. Here stood Rochester and Buckingham, busy about a new intrigue; here Mulgrave and Sedley, wondering what had become of "Gentle George." Here the man of mode was heard to lament with Sir Topling Flutter, that there was not an order made for the exclusion of the rabble from the Park, when the gay world of the better class were present. Here Pepys was walking with his friend Creed, curious about all that was going on, and making short-hand notes in his mind for his short-hand diary. Here Evelyn was walking, not unobserved, lamenting the sinfulness of the times; and here the carriages rolled by of the light-hearted Nelly, and the bold, impetuous, but handsome Countess of Castlemaine.

Through all this scene of gay confusion, Sir George Etherege is seen to pass, observed by all for the graces of his person and the correct elegance of his dress. Eager and anxious as he is—he never forgets the man of fashion or the proprieties of the place, but walks becomingly on, neglecting all for "dear delightful woman," and scanning her, with the most minute attention, from head to foot. He talks and laughs for awhile with Wycherley—whispers a piece of scandal into the ear of Sir Peter Lely—is honoured with a look of recognition from La Belle Stuart, and a passing word from the Countess of Castlemaine. Vizards in fifties pass before him, but still the play-house beauty eludes his eye. Here again the rabble intercept his way, moving in dozens after the eccentric carriage of the eccentric Duchess of Newcastle. Five hundred fancies pass and repass through his fevered mind. He thinks more like a boy of seventeen, in love for the first time, than a man of thirty who had been literally through a whole "Chronicle" of loves with as much dexterity and wit as Cowley has enumerated the names in verse of those who took by turns possession of his heart. Still the vizard-face of Dorset Gardens eludes his vigilance, and the evening was well nigh spent. The Mall was thinning rapidly—the citizen had gone home tired with the scene, and the citizen's wife cross that she was not allowed to remain longer. The ducks were all nestled up for the night, and the King had returned to Whitehall, leaving his feathered charge to the care of M. St. Evremond. All hope was now nearly gone, and the easy Etherege of the morning was the uneasy Etherege of the night. He stood for a time under one of the trees near Wallingford House, angry with himself that he had allowed her to leave the theatre without knowing who she was, or that he had not traced her to home or dogged her to her lodgings. Like Titus, he had lost a day,—and gained a mistress, without knowing who she was or where to find her. "Well, well," he was heard to say, "follow a shadow, it still flies you; men are doomed to losses, and life's too short to mourn very deeply over them; better success another time. I must e'en off to Long's or Lockett's, and pass the night with rare Sir Charles or still rarer Rochester. I may find myself at last within Whitehall, at play with the King and passing ready repartees with Barbara Palmer."

He continued in this mood of mind for a few minutes longer, when a lady with a vizard-face passed smartly before him, half singing, half repeating—

> "It is not that I love you less
> Than when before your feet I lay."

Our hero was once more *Easy Etherege*. In five minutes more the vizard was from off her face, and the fine and witty woman, that had set Sir George's heart on fire—the unattended wanderer in the park at night—was Barbara Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine.

Beau Nash.

UR Biographia Britannica is very meagre of names bearing prefatory titles of distinction, conferred—not by kings, but by common tacit consent. Fully sensible of this deficiency, we have been making out of late, for our own amusement, a list of worthies deriving the patents of their honours from the voice of the people. It is a scanty but curious catalogue—Venerable Bede, Old Parr, Beau Brummell, Bloody Mary, and Beau Nash. Selden, in his "Titles of Honour," is silent on the subject of such popular peerages. No fees were paid upon their appropriation, so our learned antiquary overlooked a class of worthies whose names are never mentioned without their attributes of distinction—an honour seldom awarded to the proudest of our peers.

The fame of Venerable Bede survives most usefully in his own history; Old Parr seems still to live among us in the admirable impersonation of Mr. Farren; Beau Brummell's remains have been intrusted to the editorial care of Captain Jesse; Bloody Mary has had of late a successful whitewash from the antiquarian fervour of Mr. Tytler; and the Life of Beau Nash has been written at some length, and with admirable skill, by one whose charm of composition could throw an interest around the commonest topic he took in hand, telling a story with scarcely any other art than that of arranging the materials in their natural order.

I allude to the Life of Beau Nash by no less eminent a hand than that of Dr. Goldsmith. The Doctor was a dandy in dress, in a fashion and in a manner peculiarly his own. His tailor's bills have been printed by Mr. Prior for the edification of the curious—and his dress and appearance preserved to the life in the entertaining biography of Boswell. Goldsmith should have written the life of Nash in the half-dress suit of ratteen he wore at Boswell's party; "for the life of a beau," as he tells us, "if a beau could write, would certainly serve to regale curiosity."

Dr. Cheyne of Bath, was heard to declare, in one of his humorous moods, that Beau Nash never had a father. The entry of Tom Hill's baptismal register was destroyed—so Theodore Hook affirmed—in the

Fire of London. Dr. Cheyne would say at times, that Beau Nash never had the ordinary distinction of a Christian name. The Duchess of Marlborough, one day rallying him in public company upon the obscurity of his birth, compared him to Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his father. "No, madam," replied the beau, "I seldom mention my father in company; not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

Beau Brummell was the son of a confectioner, in Jermyn Street. His father never served up a daintier dish, a better kind of trifle, or a more delicate piece of pastry, than the full conception of his illustrious son. Beau Nash's father was, says Goldsmith, a partner in a glass-house;—no inappropriate birth-place for a beau. Mr. Martin's hero may have been born, for what we know, with a pocket-mirror in his hand; he made the world his glass-house, for where-soever he went, his sole contemplation was himself.

If Romulus founded Rome, Beau Nash was the founder of Bath; for before the Beau existed, Bath was but a poor place. He first erected it into a province of pleasure, and became, by universal consent, its legislator and ruler. Bath was his kingdom, and Tunbridge his colony. His name is inseparably allied with both places. You may as well think of walking over the field of Waterloo, and forgetting Wellington, as of going to Bath, and forgetting Beau Nash. His fame and name pervade the place;—you quote Anstey, but you think and talk of Beau Nash. Such are the influences and effects of genius.

Mr. Martin has drawn our Lycurgus of a beau contemplating the graces of his person in a new mirror fresh from the glass-house of his father at Swansea. He has just concocted his noble code of laws for the regulation of the city-balls, and his thoughts are divided between the consequence of his person and the civilizing effects of his new edict. He has no idea of "Folly at full length," but bows and simpers while achieving an imaginary conquest, or sneers with a kind of proud satisfaction, as if foreseeing the way in which some rebel lady has been made amenable at last to the wise provisions of his law. "D—n her," he is saying to himself, "Regulation 8 has done for her; what does it say?—'That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past or not come to perfection:' 'fore Gad, I've settled her:—if she says much, I'll have a gardener in with a ladder—his bag of shreds, his nails and hammer, and I'll tack her up to the back benches as a confirmed old wall-flower."

Our Beau was very rude at times—rude both in sentiment and language. The ladies, it is true, gave him a great deal of trouble, and it was long before he could bring them within his code of dancing discipline and ball-room order. As his power and influence increased, he became the little tyrant at Tunbridge, and the overbearing despot at Bath. He waged a long and successful war against gentlemen in boots and ladies in white aprons. "I have known him on a ball night," says Goldsmith, "strip even the Duchess of Queensbury, and throw her apron at one of the hinder benches; observing, that none but abigails appeared in white aprons." The good-natured Duchess laughed and acquiesced in his censure, remembering perhaps the lines in Pope:—

> "If Queensbury to strip there's no compelling,
> 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen."

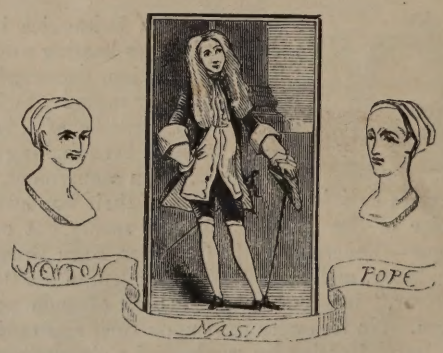
When the Princess Amelia applied to him for one dance more, he refused,—his laws, he said, were the laws of the Medes and Persians, laws which altered not.

It was an easy matter to tear an apron from the waist of a lady, but a difficult undertaking to extract a pair of boots from the unwilling feet of a country 'squire. Nash is said to have made the attempt, and in a full assembly—covering his failure with an arch air, and a polite inquiry, Why Mr. So and So had not brought his horse in?—"The beast was shod and so was his master."

But these insolent sayings were first said when Beau Nash had become the beau of three generations—when his rudeness had grown proverbial, and men laughed like the Duchess of Queensbury, and let the dandy have his own way. They could not but bow to the decision of one whose picture was taken at full-length within their ball-room, with Sir Isaac Newton and the poet Pope for the Beau's supporters. They acquiesced, and let Lord Chesterfield tell why—

> "Immortal Newton never spoke,
> More truth than here you'll find;
> Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke,
> More cruel on mankind.
>
> The picture placed the busts between,
> Gives satire all her strength;
> Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
> But Folly at full length."

A statue of Beau Nash is appropriately placed in the Pump-Room at Bath—but he wants the busts. They should be replaced for the sake of the epigram.



A HUNGARIAN TRADITION.

BY MISS PARDOE.

SCARCELY a thousand paces eastward of the gates of the little town of Guens, famous for the lion-like defence of Turissit against the great Suleyman in 1532, is situated a lovely valley, nestled beneath one of the frontier mountains of the stupendous chain which divides the province of Eisenberg from Austria. Rich meadows, and stretches of corn-field and orchard, interspersed with clumps of forest trees, make the whole valley seem like one vast garden; while the clear and sparkling stream of the Guens, which gives its name to the town, meanders in many a wavy line amid the dense vegetation, swelling onward in fantastic curves through the pleasant greenery, catching the sunlight in its course, and brawling with every pebble in its shallow bed. Wild flowers enamel its banks, and water-fowl build their nests amid its sheltering sedges; nor would any dream during the summer months, when, in several spots a strong man may clear it at a bound, that gathering force and volume as the winter pours its icy breath over the valley, and fed by the torrents which sweep down the neighbouring declivities, it overflows its channel, and spreads ruin and destruction over the surrounding country; whence it is called by the peasantry of the province "the wicked Guens."

By following the course of this capricious stream for about a league (an easy and a pleasant task to the lover of fine scenery), the pilgrim arrives at the foot of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, inaccessible upon three of its sides, and crowned by the ruins of an extensive and stately castle, the remains of the fortress of Lockenhaus, formerly a stronghold of the Nadasdy family, and now a possession of Prince Esterhazy. So perfectly is its outline preserved, that, even from a short distance, it has all the appearance of being habitable; but it is in reality almost entirely deserted from its state of utter dilapidation, affording shelter only to a few labourers, who contrive to make its questionable accommodation subservient to their own penury, and who prefer the sheltered nooks afforded by the angles of its substantial stone-work to the less secure huts of mud or timber which would be their alternative.

Even in this state of decay, however, the castle of Lockenhaus is well worthy of a visit, for its extraordinary vaults cannot fail to arrest the attention of the traveller. One of these, which was formerly the sepulchre of the Nadasdy family, is built of ponderous square stones, and vaulted in round arches boldly proportioned, which rest on columns of prodigious girth. It is of considerable length, being, in fact, a subterranean gallery, lighted only by one circular aperture, which was closed by a stone, after the manner of the tombs of the patriarchs as described in holy writ. A second, situated under the suite of rooms once appropriated to the lord of the castle, and dug deep into the solid rock, is divided into two distinct compartments, by a long line of stunted pillars, upon which the rounded arches descend low and heavily; and the

whole subterranean has been elaborately ornamented with statues carved in wood, of which some fragments still remain. This singular vault is gained through a vast hall, lighted very imperfectly by two narrow arched windows, having in the right hand corner a well, dug fifty fathoms deep into the rock, and surrounded by a blood-red stain in a broad and ghastly circle, whence this dreary subterranean is called the Hall of Blood.

Fitly was it named; for pure, and noble, and innocent blood was indeed poured forth like water where that stain exists—shed at midnight—when the world without was hushed in sleep, and peace brooded over earth and sky, only to be scared away by the foul deeds of men! Blood, of which the crimson trace shall be found at Lockenhaus so long as one stone of the grim old pile shall be left upon another.

In times long gone by, ere yet the Nadasdys themselves were lords of the fortress, it was the property and one of the many strongholds of the Templars. In calm retirement, and strict adherence to the rules of their order, righting the wronged, sustaining the feeble, and avenging the oppressed, the knights found a worthy equivalent for the deprivation of the mere worldly honours and ephemeral triumphs to which most of them were entitled by their high blood and exalted position; and they wore the red cross with proud humility, and passed their tranquil days amid the affection of their retainers, without one suspicion of the storm which was about to burst above their devoted heads. Deep as was their regret at the discontent and opposition which had manifested itself against them in France, they never for a moment contemplated the possibility of the frightful consequences which ensued; and it was consequently with a consternation for which language has no words that they learnt the execution of their grand master, and the sentence of extermination which had been pronounced against their order by the council of Vienna. Henceforward, none of them ventured to leave the walls of the castle lest they should lose their lives; and it having been a part of their policy to keep the fortress at all times well provisioned in the event of any hostile demonstration, they resigned themselves to their adverse fortune with what patience they might, although not without a gloomy presentiment of future ill.

The obedience of the count-king, Robert of Anjou, to the will of the pope, by whom the destruction of the Templars had been vowed, they could not for one moment doubt, as he was indebted to the pontiff for his crown and kingdom of Hungary; and thus it was with more misgiving than surprise that after the lapse of a few months, the warder one day announced the approach of a royal herald, who demanded admission to the castle, and speech of the venerable knight who held the keys of the fortress.

The gates were immediately opened, and the herald ushered into the great hall, where the Templars were ranged about their chief, who occupied a high-backed chair on the dais, beneath a canopy bearing the insignia of the red cross, and flanked by half a dozen infidel banners. Nothing could be more venerable than his appearance, as he sat there with a calm brow and a steady eye, like one beyond fear of king or kaiser, who owned no allegiance save to the head of his own order: his ample robes falling about him in large folds; his bald head glistening like marble in the light which fell from the high mullioned window at his back, and his long snowy beard descending to his girdle. His sword lay on a cushion by his side, together with his spurs, and an illuminated missal, in that age beyond all price; and as the herald approached, he rose, and made a courteous obeisance, after which he resumed his seat, and assumed an attitude and expression of quiet attention. Far different, however, were the look and bearing of many of those about him. Upon the brow of some might be read a stern and proud defiance, while the features of others bore an expression of anxiety which they sought in vain to disguise under a semblance of impatient haughtiness.

The herald, however, wasted no time in commenting either upon the dignity of the chief, or the passionate demonstrations of the assembled Templars; but at once opened his mission by exclaiming in a tone of rude defiance,

"Ye well know, knights and nobles, wherefore I am here; for ye have not now to learn the edict of the Council of Vienna, by which your order has been abolished: neither need I dilate upon the crimes which have been expiated by several of your brethren by a death of fire. Ye are all alike guilty; and yet, lest it should be that some one among you may be able to exculpate himself from the heavy charges wherewith ye all stand charged, the King of Hungary, your lord and mine, unwilling that the innocent should suffer, hath convoked a high court of justice, before which ye will be free to offer such defence as ye can bring to bear against your guilt—and I am here, armed with the royal mandate, to summon you to the trial."

A deep and indignant silence succeeded to this address; and every gaze was turned upon the venerable chief who occupied the chair of state; but for a moment he did not answer the appeal. Suddenly, however, a light burned in his eye which had been for years extinguished; and he rose slowly and proudly, with all the firm grace and self-possession of unbowed manhood; and waving his arm haughtily in the direction of the herald, he replied in a voice as firm, as sonorous, and as fearless as his own.

"You say well, Sir Herald; we are indeed acquainted with the edict of extermination which hath been fulminated against us. We are not ignorant of the martyrdom of some of our best and bravest—of the sainted death of our holy and pious knight-commander, the head and bulwark of our order. We need no teaching to comprehend of what crime both they and we are held to be guilty: nor do we, in the consciousness of our innocence, fear to submit our lives or our actions to the cognizance of justice. We cannot, however, forget that our brethren now in Heaven were illegally murdered: and the remembrance does not tend to induce us willingly to place ourselves in the same ruthless hands, without a full assurance that, until our guilt be proved, we shall not be condemned to die the death of the felon and the traitor. We therefore demand that the royal word be pledged for our safety, until we be pronounced death-worthy by the laws of our country; and without this surety, not one of these brave knights, my followers and children, will set foot beyond the ramparts. To prove to you that I speak not without assurance of this fact, I call upon each Templar who is minded to submit in this to my authority, and to redeem my word, to lay hand upon his sword."

In an instant the gauntletted palm of every knight there present was struck heavily upon the hilt of his weapon, and the clash and clangour of the smitten metal awoke the greedy echoes of the hall so startlingly, that the herald involuntarily stepped back a pace, and half drew his own sword, ere he remembered that the character in which he came was sacred, and that his emotion was an insult to those about him, and a deep shame to his own chivalry. The hot blood mounted to his brow, and he withdrew his fingers hurriedly from their clasp, as he exclaimed—

"Your treason be on your own heads, knights and warriors: I will do your bidding to the King, though little do I deem that it will avail you in this strait;" and as he ceased speaking, he turned to leave the hall.

"Bear him company to the gates, my brothers," said the chief; "and show him all courtesy; nor suffer your vow of hospitality to the stranger and the wayfarer to fail you in this case, even although his errand may have proved vain as well as offensive."

He was obeyed; the herald strode forth after a slight and abrupt salutation, and was followed by all present save the chief himself. Beside his stirrup stood an attendant with a goblet of rich wine, which he tendered in silence to the departing guest, who put it aside carelessly with his hand, and then walking towards a fountain in the court-yard, filled his palm with water and swallowed it hurriedly; after which he emptied a second handful upon the pavement, as if to intimate that he had accepted only that which was valueless from the brotherhood; and in the next instant he was in the saddle, and galloping under the gateway, followed by his two armed attendants.

A few days only had elapsed, when the same messenger re-appeared before the fortress of Lockenhaus, but on this occasion he did not seek for entrance. The blast of his bugle summoned the whole body of the Templars to the ramparts, whence they heard themselves proclaimed as traitors and outlaws, who had by opposition to the royal will, and a refusal to submit to the authority of the tribunal convened to pass judgment upon them, tacitly confessed their guilt; and thus they found themselves suddenly and utterly dependent upon their own exertions and resources.

These were not long suffered to remain untried, for ere a week passed by, the castle was beleaguered on all sides by the royal troops, who commenced their offensive operations like men certain of success; but the well-provisioned and equally well-prepared condition of the garrison, rendered the capture of the fortress a measure alike of difficulty and danger; for the Templars were at once experienced and desperate. It was, as they well knew, the last hazard of the die; and they met the danger like men who felt that there was no alternative save a death of honour in that unequal resistance, or a life of ignominy in the event of failure. So bravely did they bear themselves in the emergency that a disheartening doubt of ultimate success began to pervade the beleaguering soldiery; and the royalist general abated somewhat of the boastful insolence with which he had on his arrival affected to look upon the vermin who had been hunted to their holes, only to be driven thence, and run to death by his own troops; and to comprehend, however slowly and reluctantly, that even caged as they were within four walls, and cut off from all hope of external aid, the enemies whom he came there to crush were no contemptible and craven foes, to be scared by threats, or subdued by the vision of a King's frown, turned on them in furtherance of his own ambition, and not called up by their own demerits.

Thus were things circumstanced when one vile traitor, haunted by the fear of ultimate failure on the part of his companions, to whose fortunes he was bound by a solemn vow, made his escape from Lockenhaus under cover of the darkness, and sped to the camp of the enemy. He was welcomed with the false and hollow welcome of the renegade; and, like Judas, he sold his soul, not indeed for thirty pieces of silver, but for a yet meaner price—the safety of his own worthless life. He remained an hour in the tent of the general, where he was fed with praise and promises, and encouraged by pledges too magnificent even to be redeemed; and then, intoxicated with wine and hope, he crawled back through the silent

midnight, like some base reptile polluting the beautiful and tranquil bosom of nature by its foul passage, and returned to his watch upon the walls.

All had been carefully arranged between the traitor and his new ally: the position of the secret door through which the royal troops were to gain access to the interior of the fortress, had been ascertained; the hour of the attempt fixed for the following midnight; and the certainty of a speedy and complete triumph gave new energy to the feasting in the tents of the besiegers, while it induced them throughout the day to relax in their operations against the fortress, like men who began to weary of an apparently hopeless hostility.

Prudent as they were, the comparative supineness of their enemies infused fresh hope throughout the gallant little garrison; and when the night-watch had been set, the whole body of the Templars collected in the subterranean hall to discuss their future measures, for of their present security they entertained no doubt; strong in the consciousness of their own courage, and amply supplied with provisions, water, and fuel, they were well aware that the fortress was invulnerable save by treachery, and who could be a traitor beneath the banner of the red cross! Thus, then, it was with high hearts and hopeful brows that they followed their venerated chief to the hall of council, where the moonlight which streamed through the narrow windows lay clear and cold upon the tesselated pavement; and the effigies of their buried brethren seemed to mingle in their deliberations. Without the hall the gallant Templar Servient held his watch, and as he paced to and fro, blotted out at intervals the narrow stream of light which contrasted its silvery beauty with the ruddy glare of the torches which burnt in iron sockets along the walls.

Suddenly a deep groan, a heavy fall, and the tramp of armed men broke upon the ears of the assembled knights, and in an instant every hand grasped a weapon, and a simultaneous rush was made towards the entrance of the hall. Across the threshold lay the body of Servient with a dagger in his heart, but they had no time to raise it from the earth, for as the door fell back the enemy were already upon them. Fearful was the carnage that ensued. The Templars fought with all the maddened energy of desperation; and each, as he struck at his foe, pressed back the aged chief, who sought to force himself a passage through the thick ranks of his brethren, as though in the wild hope that he at least might be saved. Fierce was the conflict, and as brief as fierce. Overpowered by numbers, the betrayed knights fell thick and fast before the weapons of their still increasing enemies, until, at length, the gray-haired chief stood alone amid a host of foes.

For an instant there was a pause; it might be that a passing belief in the superior value of a living prisoner to that of a dead foe crossed the minds of the royalist soldiery: it might even be that the venerable aspect of the aged Templar touched the hearts of a few among them: but be the impulse what it might, the effect endured not long; for, in the next moment, an herculean arm was raised in air, and, as it descended, the hoary head of the veteran knight was cleft in twain, and he fell heavily upon a heap of dead.

Five centuries have elapsed since the perpetration of that fearful tragedy, and still the gory belt surrounds the well beside which the Templars were massacred. Tradition tells that numerous efforts have been made without effect to wash away the ghastly stain; and the more credulous of the peasantry talk of sheeted spectres haunting at midnight the unholy spot, and renewing the vestiges which the hand of man has removed during the day from the Hall of Blood.

FLIRTATION WITH SITTERS.

Let nobody suppose the title of our article applies to the professors of any one branch of the Fine Arts, exclusively. Far from it: the application will be found to possess a very extensive range.

A grave-coloured carriage drives up to a door in a fashionable square: a grave-looking gentleman in black alights with a pensive air, enters the hall, and is instantly shown up to a lady in delicate health, seated on a satin-covered sofa. When, with the gentlest air, he takes her white hand—his own no less white and soft—when, in the sweetest voice, he inquires how she finds herself; when, in consequence of her saying that she is "a little better," he says he will order her "a little something else;" when he chafes her temples with *eau de Cologne*, or elegantly displays a mourning ring while in the act of holding a bottle of salts to her fair nose; when, in the gentlest tones, and with the most insinuating air, he discourses of the various lighter topics of the day; and finally, when he rises to take his leave—looks towards the window at the weather, feeling that something is put into his open palm—bows, smiles, and while one hand is suddenly slipped into his pocket, with the other he tenderly presses the hand of the lady, promising to visit her again next day—will anybody in the world deny that this is flirting with a Sitter?

At the door of an elegant boudoir a gentle knock is heard. Permission to enter is given in a sweet voice, as of one expecting a favoured visitor at his appointed hour. A pale gentleman enters with a low bow of respectful devotion. He is neatly dressed, and slightly scented; but has no ornaments, except his constant smile and a small pair of moustachios. Now, whether the lady be seated at a piano, or a harp, or amuses herself by cossetting one of Panormo's beautiful guitars in her lap, there can be no manner of doubt but this interesting gentleman commits a most incessant flirtation with his Sitter. His very first entrance—the velvet softness of his approach—his profoundly sweet address—his look—oh, there can be no sort of hesitation as to the fact! Observe what care he takes that the lady's position at her piano is not only graceful—for this is quite natural to her—but correct! The mode of fingering is extremely important: he is

always so particular about the right fingering, because nothing can be done as it ought to be without the greatest attention in that particular; he, therefore, places her hand upon the keys, and watches every movement with the deepest anxiety. So much for beginners. With those who already play pretty well, he proposes new and difficult studies, tending to give facility and pearly brilliancy of execution, and to increase the power of "the reach." If the lady's fingers cannot easily reach and run a scale in *tenths*, he holds her hand with respectful tenderness, while she endeavours to reach the required distance with ease. He is extremely patient, and never hurries her. He is a very amiable sort of person. Of the flirtation to which the fair unconscious being, seated at her harp, may be subjected, very much might be said. At the earnest request of several particular friends (professors of the harp) we forbear. But even-handed justice to our subject demands that we should just observe, that the harp is the only instrument which entitles a teacher to kneel at a lady's feet. This is absolutely necessary in order to fix the pedals, and to direct the movements of the foot—in doing which the professor sometimes turns up his eyes with an angelic expression, not always in strict harmony with *B, two flats.* Then the guitar! What a languishing air has the master!—not all masters, certainly, but some of them not quite so old—with what a tender sentiment and tone of feeling he places the guitar in the lady's embracing arms! How anxious he is about the positions, and what pains he takes to accustom her hand to the *barre!* The difficulties are very great, and the hand requires continual support and assistance. He is an excellent master. We venture to think our readers will have no hesitation in pronouncing all these, and similar occurrences of fashionable life, to be genuine and undoubted cases of Flirtation with Sitters.

Take another case, one of a totally different kind; one in which the very nature of the circumstances might be supposed the most remote from the thought of everything pleasant and agreeable. Perhaps there is no human being with whom we associate so many repugnances as a dentist; yet such are the powers of fascination of manner, that even with this most fearful personage there are times and seasons when his smile is not horrible, and the touch of his fingers by no means so revolting to the apprehension of the Sitter. Of course, it must be evident that we are not alluding to those periods when there is actually a tooth to be extracted, or any other dental operation of a disagreeable nature to be performed. With fashionable dentists these doings are "few and far between," when compared with all the rest. The great art of the fine practitioner is *not* to extract teeth, but to preserve them. To effect this, a bad tooth may be bored, stuffed with gold, halved, joined, spliced or cased over; but the consummation of skill demands—as a minor proposition included in the foregoing major—that the very liability of a tooth to *get* bad should be superseded. To command this object every means should be essayed, and the lady's visits should be regular and frequent. A very excellent medium for instituting a Flirtation, offers itself in the last new dentifrice. "It is not only excellent in its slightly chemical properties for removing all superfluities, but is sweet to the taste, communicates an agreeable odour to the breath, —though, indeed, your ladyship's natural breath no art either could or should interfere with—is strengthening to the gums, improves the gustation of the palate, and, if accidentally swallowed, merely acts as a cordial. Its colour is delightful to the eye; particularly to the eyes of those who naturally shrink from all things uncongenial with their own nature, and are attracted only by whatever is beautiful; and it communicates a soft, ripened tone of vermilion to the lips—though, to be sure, in some cases that is quite necessary. This is the kind of brush best suited to a small mouth. Its peculiar shape and size are found to be most—allow me!—will your ladyship be pleased to keep your seat a moment longer! It should be held in the hand thus!—no, yes—no—that's right! Allow me—thus!"

We had intended to have offered a few words on the elegant and insinuating addresses of dandy linen-

drapers, mercers, hosiers, and shawl merchants; but want of all patience prevents us. Nor can it be necessary to employ time and space in dilating upon matters of such every-day experience. We shall merely observe, that their little flirtations are so generally tolerated, if not encouraged, that when any strong objection happens suddenly to be manifested by a lady of a different mind, the unfortunate devotee stands aghast, and cannot understand it. Mrs. Siddons, feeling very cold one winter's night on the stage, determined to line her dress with flannel. She went next day to make the purchase. Having instantly determined on the quantity and price, the eloquent smiler, "with the scissors under the cloak," found himself defeated in his accustomed display; he therefore began to make up for the deficiency, while measuring the article, by a most fluent tirade of wrapped-up compliments on the elegant altitude of the figure requiring such a profusion for one dress! He was stopped by the lady asking him abruptly, in a deep and awful voice, "Will it wash?" The poor courtier fell with his back against the shelves, and remained there bolt upright, with his mouth wide open, staring at the dreadful Sitter before him!

A friend of ours—a great admirer of beauty in the symmetry of the foot, instep, and ankle of the fair sex—has suggested that the temptation *held out* to a ladies' shoemaker, must surely render a certain kind of remote Flirtation with his Sitter impossible to be resisted. This idea is altogether erroneous. The mistake has originated in our friend's private enthusiasm, and his ignorance of the professional nature of the class of which he speaks. As for the temptations to which the ladies' shoemaker is necessarily subject, no manner of doubt can exist; but then the shoemaker is not the sort of being to experience any corresponding emotions of soul. There is no poetry in his nature. He is, for the most part, a literal matter-of-fact man; his narrow imagination never looks beyond the immediate object of professional speculation; his sensibilities are cramped and confined to the mere measurements or fittings. He has no enthusiasm for his art, and no "thick-coming fancies" of the relation in which his art stands to the general beauty of effect and temeritous suggestiveness. He is usually a dull man; has a dark, desponding look; a methodistical face; and hands either dirty or with ugly broken nails. He kneels down without any grace or sense of high associations; but falls upon one knee with a bumping sound on the floor, and begins to measure, with as much indifference as if the foot of the Sitter had been cut off just above the ankle. He seems scarcely to be conscious even of giving pain, his thoughts being evidently confined to making "a fit." If you cannot walk in the shoe, that is your affair. He is strictly one who minds his own business, and minds nothing beyond. He is a very respectable man. Several writers of ability have been originally shoemakers, and the class may be generally considered as among the most peaceful and reflecting of her Majesty's liege traders. From an habitual awe at the very frequencies and proximities of temptation, their fancies have never transgressed the due bounds, although it must be admitted that there are a few exceptions in the shape of adventurous individuals who pass a remark upon the height of a lady's instep and the smallness of the heel. But even this comes with a bad grace, and produces very little pleasure. He always speaks as if the fact ended in itself, and there was nothing else to consider.

What a difference do we behold in the courteous sprightliness of the ladies' hairdresser! With a light, airy, bowing, and dancing pace; smelling of perfume; mealy as a moth with powder; and smiling with extreme self-satisfaction and the certainty of finding a gracious reception; the fashionable hairdresser enters the lady's room, like a favoured courtier who has just come to court, after a short absence. He is at once a poet, a politician, a newsmonger, a traveller, a lover, a *connoisseur* in beauty, and a variously accomplished artist and amateur in all that relates to the *beau monde*. With what an air of delicate grace and mastery of performance he envelopes the fair Sitter in her large, flowered dressing-gown, or gently ties her up in a great white *sacque!* The moment this is done, he skips three long paces backward, and falls into an attitude of admiration! He remains thus for a moment, when his expression and action undergo a change from admiration into a fine study of speculative design. His mind is made up—and in an instant he is standing bolt upright behind the Sitter, whose beautiful hair, unloosed with magic rapidity, is streaming down her back. Now, while his hand—well-known, and indeed celebrated among his numerous Sitters for being such a "light hand,"—flies about in all directions in the exercise of his elaborate art, the unceasing melody of his *ad libitum* gossip rises and falls with the long swathes of hair drawn through his ever-careful yet commanding comb; or pauses as the tress is held aloft, clinging by the extreme points to his high-exalted brush. "My lady the Countess of Cologne's hair is very much the same colour as your ladyship's. The same delicate silky texture—not quite the colour, though very near, my lady. Ahem! The Countess of Cologne is considered to have the most beautiful hair ever seen—almost—though opinions differ, my lady. Does your ladyship find this brush too hard? No—indeed, my lady, I had some fear—your hair is so extremely soft. The pomatum I use will not injure the effect of the tinge of gold I perceive in the hair, but rather tend to bring out that effect stronger. Allow me, my lady, to take the liberty of suggesting to your ladyship the peculiarly beautiful effect of this class of hair when worn long—best, perhaps, when hanging down upon satins *pompadour colonnes* of roses or carnations on a white ground. By lamp-light, candle-light, or even gas,—still beautiful. The sun is considered preferable—the sun, *so please your ladyship,* sets off the natural gold tinge in the hair to the best advantage—I think the sun—I give him the preference—but this is all of course, as your ladyship pleases. Coiffures of small crowns of velvet are good; if black velvet, one of them should be placed close to the ear; it sets off its whiteness, and acts as a kind of frame or background to its small and beautiful shape—ahem! Nevertheless, I myself usually recommend *bandeaux Clothilde.* Still, broad flat plaits, delicate flowers, diamonds, or *nœuds* of *dentelle d'or,* are all very, very good—very good—very good—very delicate and charming—very, very cha-a-a-r-ming. There! my lady—permit me to wipe the glass—there! I trust your ladyship's head is furnished and finished entirely to your satisfaction."

Of the ogling eye of undisguised Flirtation wherewith certain favourite actresses look round at their Sitters,

we need not make any further observation; nor shall we pause to speak of the behaviour of certain lecturers on botany when addressing their crowd of Sitters, the majority of whom are usually of the fair sex. As to the animal magnetists, their Flirtations with Sitters are of a very serious kind, and far more grinning than jocular. But when a science goes so far during its infancy, it is impossible to calculate the extent of its *charms* as it approaches the maturity of its powers. It might be thought that a few remarks should be offered on the "gay Lotharios" who may, now and then, be discovered among the usually sedate class of drawing-masters and teachers of water-colours at young ladies' boarding schools, and elsewhere. But there is not much to say. In sketching from nature, the "opportunity" seldom turns to account, for the prospect certainly does—without offence to human charms—draw off the attention considerably; albeit, in flower-painting, which requires a closer eye, there is dangerous matter for suggestion. We will, however, conclude this series with an anecdote of a portrait-painter, now living, and in considerable repute.

Some years ago, Mr. Warnhoff (this is not the artist's real name, which, for obvious reasons, we conceal) was what is usually understood by "an elegant young man." He was very fond of his profession; a great admirer of beauty in the fair sex; and at this period was of a sentimental turn of mind. He had not yet begun to paint in oil, but was tolerably successful in miniatures. When he had no portraits in hand, he amused himself with German romances and French novels, and by practising the violin. He had very few "show" pictures: the one to which he chiefly attributed the growth of his connection was a portrait of himself. As nearly all his Sitters were ladies, there seemed to be good ground for such an opinion, as the portrait in question was not only handsome, but though manifestly flattered, was still an excellent and striking likeness. It always hung over the centre of the chimney-piece, in an oval locket-frame, with chased gold back and edges.

Mr. Warnhoff had an irrepressible habit of flirting with his Sitters. He occasionally encountered very marked rebuffs, either in the shape of severe frowns or withering coldness; but he still continued the practice, and the bright smile of to-day made up for the black looks of various discomfitures.

One morning an old lady, of austere demeanour, attired in rather rusty, old-fashioned black, but highly rouged, entered the artist's apartment, leading in her niece by the hand, whose miniature she wished to have painted in the best style. The young lady, her niece, was not very handsome, but of a fine figure, and had a clear dark eye, which, however, she persisted in fixing bashfully on the carpet. Her behaviour was as grave, distant, and cold as that of her aunt. In vain did Mr. Warnhoff exert all his usual arts to institute a little sort of covert Flirtation with his Sitter; something of an indefinite sweetness of mutual understanding, which the austere aunt should not perceive, nor the young lady be able to interpret as offence. Sometimes he spoke of the symmetrical form of the arms of the *Venus de Medici*—and presently, in a tone of respectful tenderness, requested the fair Sitter to place her arms in a different position, just to try the effect. Next he spoke of the favourite expressions given to ladies' eyes by different great painters, adding with an air of apparent unconcern and dry indifference, that, for his own part, he considered black eyes the most difficult, because the most searching in their effects, and compelling the artist to take proportionate pains in order to prevent their killing all the other features—as well as everything else—in the picture. Here he suffered a low, half-smothered sigh to escape.

It was all of no use. The niece sat to the full as grave and insensible as her aunt. After remaining the usual time, they took their departure in a very formal manner.

The artist felt exceedingly mortified. He began to speculate in a very rational manner as to whether all this nonsense was not a great waste of time, and whether he had not much better think of improving his skill in his profession, and endeavouring to increase his connection. Still he felt chagrined. "Was ever such resolute insensibility!" thought he. He consoled himself, however, with a tune on the violin, and returned to his work.

In a few days the austere, high-rouged aunt again made her appearance, accompanied by her niece, to take the second sitting. Their manner had the same distance as before, and Mr. Warnhoff began to suspect that the names of Mrs. Tabor and Miss Balls were names assumed to disguise their rank. Upon this occasion, however, about the middle of the sitting, the austere aunt fell fast asleep, and a few minutes afterwards, her niece heaving a sigh, as of one greatly relieved, slowly turned her head with a soft expression of interest, and gazed full at Mr. Warnhoff's miniature of himself, hanging over the chimney-piece. This little demonstration, added to the unexpected opportunity, was not to be resisted.

"Do you know the portrait, madam?" inquired Mr. Warnhoff, in a diffident and half-whispering voice, softly rubbing, or pretending to rub, a little fresh colour on his palette.

"Oh yes, sir!" answered the lady. "Who could mistake it?"

"You flatter me, madam," said Mr. Warnhoff, feeling really confused at the unexpected change in his fair Sitter's behaviour.

"Not at all, sir," pursued the lady—"neither do I consider the portrait flatters."

At this, the delighted artist was absolutely overcome.

"I also admire the tastiness of the frame," resumed Miss Balls; "it is set in gold, I presume?"

"It is, madam," answered the artist. At this moment the old lady awoke: her niece instantly relapsed into her former distance; and, after a very long sitting, they appointed that day week for the next, and took their departure. Mr. Warnhoff was too delighted to be able to work any more that day, though he had promised to finish the miniature by the close of the next sitting, and he had not as yet touched the background. The ensuing day, however, he worked very hard, and the miniature was nearly done at the appointed time.

Miss Balls came exactly to the hour specified. She came alone. Her dear aunt was unwell, but was a lady of too high breeding to suffer her niece to break an engagement with so respectable an artist as Mr. Warnhoff. Mr. Warnhoff bowed to the ground, with an indefinite movement of the right hand towards his heart. The young lady took her seat as usual. Every-

thing went on beautifully—except the picture. It was, however, nearly finished, and required little but "the expression." Towards the close of the sitting the following conversation occurred:—

"I trust, Miss Balls, that the illness of the lady your aunt is not likely to be at all serious?" said Mr. Warnhoff, looking tenderly at the fair niece.

"I think not, sir," replied Miss Balls; "but I fear I shall seem very wicked when I say that a trifling indisposition on her part would render my life far more agreeable—though Heaven forbid I should wish her decidedly dead, Mr. Warnhoff."

"Can she be so unamiable," said the artist, "and to *you?*"

"Not so very unamiable," pursued Miss Balls with a sigh; "not so unamiable as watchful. It is not what she sees, nor what she says, sir, that I dread, but the being to whom she says it. I allude to my uncle, Mr. Warnhoff. My uncle is a very strict man. Compared with him, sir, my aunt is a mere nonentity."

"But can he be unkind to a lady like Miss Balls?" demanded the artist devotedly—"how must everybody hate and shun him!"

"By no means, sir," interrupted the young lady. "My dear and thrice-honoured uncle is a man generally sought after, if not admired. He possesses an art, like that of the celebrated Napoleon Bonaparte—the art of attracting to himself all classes, and of exercising an unfailing influence. His house is frequented by nobility, and the poor never speak of him without tears. He is a wonderful man, sir. So strict! I dread the fascination of his eye! Such an eye! But I hope I shall eventually be able to conciliate him."

"Dear me, madam, how I grieve—that is, I fear you are not happy under his influence. But how will you conciliate such a character?"

"Oh, sir—by various little ways I hope to do it. This miniature, for instance, is intended as a New Year's present to him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Mr. Warnhoff. Oh, he is very fond indeed of all productions of the Fine Arts! I am sorry, however, to say that, with regard to painting, he is too apt not to value a picture sufficiently unless it is set in a handsome, or at least an appropriate frame. But the handsomer the better. It is a fault, is it not, sir? Still, I must humour his peculiarity. I think I should like to give him my miniature set in a frame like yours."

"You gratify me, Miss Balls," said the artist, "by manifesting a taste in accordance with my own. Indeed, now I think of it, such a frame would suit your miniature exceedingly well."

"Could I beg the favour, sir," said Miss Balls, rising from her seat to go, and approaching the artist in a most winning manner, "*would* it be too much to ask permission to have a frame made from yours?"

"By no means, madam—I shall be delighted!"

"My jeweller will take the pattern of it in the course of a few hours, if you will permit me to take it, and I can return it to you in the course of to-morrow. But"—and here the lady looked down and blushed—"but I hope, sir, you will not take your miniature out of the frame; I should like to show your portrait—at least I should like to have it with me till to-morrow."

"Oh, I'm sure, madam—really, Miss Balls—I cannot express to you the great pleasure I shall have; pray take it—let me fold it up in some silver paper for you—any time to-morrow will do!"

So saying, with a multitude of tender bows and bashful smiles on both sides—for the artist was by this time as far gone in love as the lady appeared to be—Miss Balls left the house with the miniature of Mr. Warnhoff in the locket-frame, and her own miniature, folded up face to face with it, in silver paper.

The artist fiddled away at a great rate during the rest of the day. Towards evening he began to grow serious, speculating on the nature of his feeling towards Miss Balls—of hers towards him—of her probable station in life—probable fortune—and whether he should really begin to think of "settling." To-morrow came; but his miniature was not returned. "She wishes," thought he, "to keep it longer." The next day came, and passed; but no miniature. "The jeweller detains it," thought Mr. Warnhoff. Days passed—weeks—but no miniature. Our artist, now alarmed about his gold frame and the two miniatures—the lady not having yet even paid for her own—wrote several times to the address they had given. No answer. He called at the house. No ladies of that name had ever resided there!

Suddenly the alarm and astonishment of the discomfited artist were brought to a climax by the reception of the following ingenuous note from Miss Balls:—

"Too amiable and admired artist,—forgive the detention of your picture by one who appreciates and returns your tender sentiments, and has no other means of proving her sincerity, except, indeed, by a further confession of the state of her mind. I have struggled in vain for your sake, but am quite unable to resist my uncle's influence. Shall I confess it—I am the victim of a hopeless attachment—my uncle's bright attractions have lent the only lustre to my life! Meantime, most amiable Mr. Warnhoff, permit me to pledge myself, till death, your ever-remembered friend—Amelia Balls."

The artist sunk back in his chair with his mouth wide gaping. Suddenly the horrid fact shot across his brain. "Her *uncle's* attractions!" ejaculated he, as he smote his forehead—"irresistible—lustre—*pledge* herself—O, I see it all!"

Many were the miniatures subsequently painted by this "too amiable" artist—many the portraits in oil—and many the fairy faces and elegant forms that have sat alone with him "in lovely separation from the world" since this eventful day; but never have his lips been in the act of uttering the first inuendo that should commence a tender Flirtation with his Sitter, than the horrible recollection of the treatment he experienced from the accomplished swindler and her aider and abettor, the austere, high-rouged aunt, rose up before his mortified imagination, and with "a green and yellow melancholy" obscured the else clear tones of the bright picture whereon his facile hand was employed.

A "PAGE" OF PHRENOLOGY.

EDITED BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

How delightful is the pursuit of natural science To study the habits and manners of ants,—to contemplate the industrious spider—little weaver that never starves for want of employ,—to observe the "busy bee," instinct with that appetite for sweets which it shares with the equally happy, but alas! the less industrious truant, collecting the saccharine principle "from every opening flower,"—to form a continually increasing circle of acquaintance with the verdant inhabitants of the vegetable kingdom, and the interesting inmates of the Zoological Gardens;—these, indeed, are the occupations which render life one summer's day; which enhance the beatitude, and sweeten the tea-cup of domestic bliss. To the reflective and observant mind, the blow-fly, blue marauder, regaling itself on the sirloin, destined to grace to-morrow the family board; the mouse, tiny thief, luxuriating in fancied secret on the new Stilton in the larder; nay, even the unbidden cockroach helping himself to the Christmas pie,—become objects of instructive survey.

Actuated by an appetite for useful knowledge, which has prompted the foregoing reflections, I connected myself some years ago with a literary and scientific society, which had been formed at Islington, where I reside, among a small but respectable circle of friends. Our members are inclusive of several ladies—among them, of Mrs. Brown, the amiable partner of my lot, with whom I have lived in an uninterrupted state of felicity for a longer time than, perhaps, she will allow me to state. The predilections of Mrs. B. are precisely

similar to my own; and having no family, we are enabled to devote the greater part of our time to indulgence in our favourite pursuits.

Our society meets at the house of each member in rotation, at half-past six precisely. After an exhilarating cup of tea we proceed to business, and a lecture is delivered by the host of the evening, on the composition of water, the nature and properties of steam, the construction of the barometer and thermometer, or some other improving and entertaining subject. Sometimes our recreations are diversified and enlivened by a discourse from one of our number, who is a young medical man, on the conformation of the skeleton, the circulation of the blood, and the like arcana of the healing art. At our last meeting we were gratified with a paper on hydraulics, as exemplified by the common pump.

One evening, our young professional friend, whose name I may mention is Mr. John Hunter Dummer, obliged us with a lecture on the sciences of mesmerism and phrenology. Never having had the means, previously, of acquiring any information on these subjects, I had formed no opinion respecting them; I therefore hailed the opportunity thus afforded me of enlarging my stock of ideas. Mr. Dummer very much disposed me to believe that there was something in the doctrines which he advocated, particularly as he appealed in confirmation of them to facts, which, as he with great truth remarked, were stubborn things. Resolved, as he recommended, to make observation of Nature the test of truth, I took home with me a phrenological bust, accompanied by a card, descriptive of the different organs, which he was so kind as to lend me.

On arriving at our own little domicile I immediately commenced my researches by examining the head of Mrs. B. The first point in her organization which struck me, was the great fulness of the occiput or back of the head. On comparing notes with the bust, I found that this was the region of the organ termed "Philoprogenitiveness." I looked out "Philoprogenitiveness" upon the card, where I found the results of its predominance described as follows:—

"*Very Large.*—Extreme fondness for children and young creatures in general. Apt to lead to indulging and spoiling youth, also to petting and caressing small animals. Often occasions extreme desire for offspring, and regret at the non-enjoyment of that supposed blessing."

This was very singular. Mrs. B. had at that very moment Tiny, a little King Charles's spaniel, whom she washes and combs every morning with her own hands, and has fed so bountifully that he has become quite corpulent in her lap; and Tib, her favourite tortoise-shell, was purring behind her chair. The very next evening the little Edwardses over the way, whom she is continually regaling with sugar-plums and raspberry jam, were coming to tea, to meet our little nephews and nieces; and I could not but be interestingly reminded of the circumstance, that the sole affliction of my good lady is that no olive branches have graced our otherwise unique mahogany.

I next remarked her considerable prominence at "Tune," and recollected with a fond sigh of retrospection, that the circumstance which, in youth's gay morn, fixed my destiny for life, was hearing her sing in a summer-house at Brixton, "O 'tis the melody we heard in former years!"

I found, also, "Alimentiveness," or the organ of appetite for food, very highly developed, and remembered that she had that very morning inquired, with a languishing gaze upon vacancy, when ducks and green peas would be reasonable enough for our circumstances. Her predilection for bubble and squeak occurred, in addition, to my mind; as did, moreover, ("Constructiveness" was large, too,) her proficiency in the preparation of jellies, pickles, preserves, and in the other mysteries of the culinary art.

"Causality," the organ of perceiving the relation of cause and effect, was moderate in size. Accordingly Mrs. B. has always experienced a difficulty in understanding the dependence of the boiling point of water on elevation above the level of the sea, and the connexion between lobster-salad and indigestion. She is moreover prone, when asked to assign a reason for such and such a fact, to answer, "Because it is." I had inquired of her a few days before, why corned beef was sometimes variegated on its exterior, and she gave me that reply.

These striking coincidences at once rendered me a zealous convert to phrenology. I then tried to mesmerise my partner, and she very soon became a sleeping one; but as in about half an hour she suddenly awoke with a start, and wanted to know if it was not almost supper time, I am not quite sure that the sleep was not simply natural.

The next day I examined the heads of our domestics,—not without some opposition on the part of the cook, who, I imagine, at first misapprehended my object. She had a very large "Destructiveness," and, certainly, her temper is none of the most equable. The housemaid was deficient in "Order;" a defect which her stockings, exhibiting the chasm vulgarly called a potatoe—her shoes, which were down at heel—and the general hue of her visage, which once induced a wag, who visited at my house, to say, that she must have been cleaning her face with the blacking-brush—abundantly exemplified; and which the dusty condition of the mantelpiece, the litter usually observable in the passage, and the inadequately rinsed breakfast cups, had too often borne out before.

Our knife, errand, and foot-boy, or page, was endowed with an extraordinary "Locality," which, among other things, occasions a desire for change of place. I had never observed any indications of the faculty in the boy; but he came a few days afterwards to give warning, wishing to change his place, as he said, to better himself—but, as I am convinced, acting under the influence of his "Locality."

When he was gone, I made up my mind to choose his successor on phrenological principles; one of the chief uses of phrenology having been stated by Mr. Dummer to be, its applicability to the selection of servants. Accordingly I rejected numerous applicants for his situation, who came with the best recommendations, not finding their organizations in conformity with their alleged character; and, finally, made choice of one, whose head, in my judgment, was to be depended on. He seemed to have a fine moral developement, with particularly large "Wit," "Form," "Imitation," "Constructiveness," "Adhesiveness," "Marvellousness," and, as I thought, "Ideality."

When I inquired what his name was, he answered, "Bill Summers." I considered his substitution of "Bill" for "William" as a proof of the facetious

tendency of his mind—which, admiring innocent mirth rather than otherwise, I considered by no means a disqualification on his part for my service.

I soon found that the disposition to humorous manifestations was really very strong in this young gentleman, and was manifested in a variety of ways. If his fellow servants asked him for any thing, he would often playfully demand whether they did not wish they might get it? At the same time, he generally put his thumb up to his nose, and twiddled his extended fingers. He would inquire of young passers-by at the area railings, of whom he had no previous acquaintance, the state of the health of their maternal parents? whether those relatives were aware of their being from home? if they had disposed of their mangles? and many similar questions, which, though they had rather the semblance of impertinence, were no doubt dictated by a pure love of drollery.

This "Wit" or "Mirthfulness," acting along with "Imitation," and perhaps "Tune," oftentimes occasioned him to indulge in the utterance of various noises, which I supposed were intended to resemble the cries of different animals. Of these, a favourite one was a note something like the call of the lapwing, another was similar to that of the turkey. The duck he imitated to perfection.

"Constructiveness," the organ of manual adroitness, he evinced by a singular dexterity in flinging stones, which sometimes excited my admiration, in spite of my perception of the dangerous tendency of the amusement. He was very fond also of piling little grottoes with oyster-shells, which he collected while going on errands. His "Marvellousness," or "Wonder," was very apt to make him loiter in order to stare at sights. This habit sometimes occasioned us a little inconvenience; but then how interesting it was to observe the exemplification of truth! He was always especially attracted by the performance of *Punch*, which gratified the dramatic turn arising from his "Imitation," and was also a rich treat to his "Mirthfulness."

The faculty last mentioned in him was eminently practical, and the cook and housemaid had often to complain of its results, which were, sticking needles point uppermost in their chairs, putting chopped horsehair in their beds, insects on the sly down their backs, and other like pleasantries. A neighbour, an antiquated spinster, one day sent in to complain that he had singed her cat's whiskers, and shaved its tail; but upon a careful admeasurement, finding "Benevolence" to be decidedly large, I acquitted him of so cruel a joke.

Of his well developed "Form," whereon the talent for drawing depends, I observed a manifestation very shortly after his arrival. I was looking out of a back window which commanded a view of the yard, and the knife-shed therein situated, where he had some work to do. This he had temporarily abandoned, and was engaged in making a sketch in white chalk upon the wall. First he drew a perpendicular line about two feet long, then a transverse one three fourths shorter, at right angles with the top of it. The former he connected with the latter by a diagonal stroke, commencing at the termination of the one, and joining the other some four inches down its length. From the point of the scalene triangle thus formed, he dropped a fourth line about half a foot in length, and this he joined at its termination to the lateral part of a small irregular circle, beneath and united to which he described a larger oval, with a short horizontal line trifurcate at the end extended from either side, and two similar lines, but longer, a little inclined outwardly, depending from below it—thus:

Having completed this design, which, as will be seen, was a pictorial commentary on the law of capital punishment, he put his hands into his pockets under his apron, and fell to capering and whistling in high glee at the success of his performance; but, upon turning round, and catching sight of me at the window, he hastily resumed his employment. I had called Mrs. Brown, to show the amusement which I derived from witnessing his proceedings, and we both agreed that the subject which he had chosen for illustration—the tendency and reward of crime—was in complete harmony with his large "Conscientiousness," and strongly indicative of his moral sense.

His "Adhesiveness" was shown in the delight which he evidently derived from the interchange of ideas with the butcher and baker boys at the area, wherein he would sometimes spend more time than I quite approved of.

In one respect, however, I was at a loss to reconcile his character with his developement. He seemed, as I said, to have large "Ideality," the protuberance indicative of the poet. Nevertheless, he never made any verses that I knew of, and though he knew a few songs, they were principally of the description termed "Negro Melodies," which can hardly be said to be of a poetical or sentimental character. Indeed, they were, for the most part, scarcely intelligible—there was one, in particular, in which one "Josey" was invited to "jim along." I could not make head or tail of it.

To make sure that my phrenological estimate had been correct, I induced him, by the present of five shillings, to allow his head to be shaved, and to let me trace out the different organs thereon in ink. I chose some of Mrs. Brown's marking ink for the purpose, which being principally composed of nitrate of silver or lunar caustic, was ineffaceable by ablution. I mapped out the bare scalp in exact conformity with the bust,

and was confirmed in the conviction that I had made no mistake.

Shortly afterwards, several spoons were missing. The cook and housemaid, on being taxed with the theft, indignantly denied it; and the idea that so well organized a boy as William was capable of such a delinquency, was preposterous. Mrs. B. had a tame magpie, and having read in various books of natural history of the propensity of this creature to pilfer and secrete such articles, we determined, not without great reluctance on my wife's part, that the bird's neck should be wrung—an operation which was performed by William, and which he appeared to undertake with greater readiness than could have been predicted from his large "Benevolence."

We had occasionally before observed the marks of smutty fingers on the exterior of mince and apple pies, and had fancied that an undue diminution had taken place in their contents during their reservation in the larder. At length, too, the beer, which it was William's province to fetch, began to assume a much more aqueous character than is consistent with Barclayian integrity. This circumstance, in spite of our preconceived opinion of the lad's honesty, gradually induced us to question his pretensions to that virtue; and at last Mrs. Brown having lost a brooch, and a diligent search having been vainly instituted in the other servants' boxes, the bed-room of Master William was examined, under the auspices of F 34, when, to our astonishment and confusion, the brooch and two or three of the spoons, with a pawnbroker's duplicate for the rest, were discovered behind a loose brick in the chimney.

The youth was with little loss of time conveyed in the charge of F to the Clerkenwell Police-office, and thence in a van to Newgate. Before he left, we called in Mr. Dummer to look at his head, and explain its discordance with what he had turned out to be. And now comes the climax of my narration, which I record for the benefit of inexperienced phrenologists. What I had marked out as "Ideality" was declared by Mr. D. to be in reality "Acquisitiveness," which, in this instance, was so large as to come three inches in advance of its legitimate boundary, and to occupy the place of the former organ. Here, therefore, as that gentleman remarked, was one of those beautiful exceptions which prove a rule.

William is now in Australia. I have determined, in future, not to trust my own skill as a manipulator in determining on a servant's character; but, instead, shall have recourse for that purpose to the assistance of some practised professor of phrenology. The guinea thus laid out will be well spent in the purchase of a guarantee against deception and loss.

The cook and housemaid, who, indignant at having been suspected, had given us warning, both declared that the boy was not only a thief, but an incorrigible story-teller. This feature of his character was beautifully accordant with his great "Marvellousness." On the whole, I consider my phrenological experiment to have been highly satisfactory.

THE BOY AND THE FLOWERS.

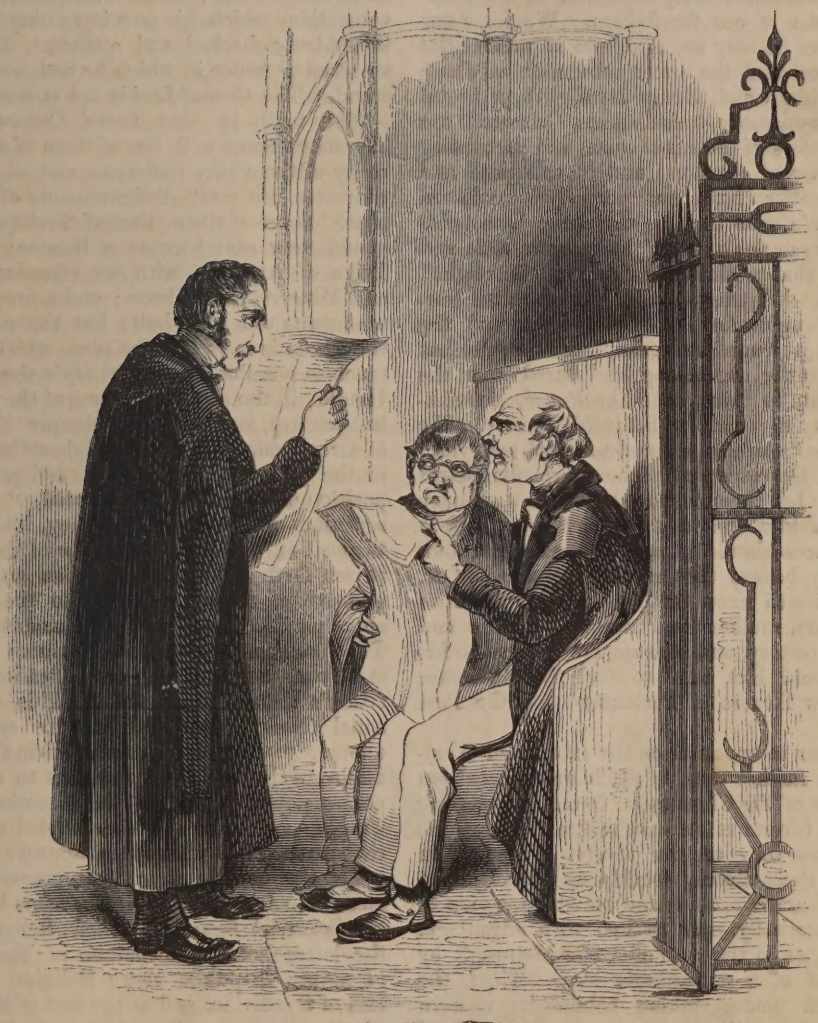
I saw a boy beguile the sunny hours
Of a fresh day of Spring, in gathering flowers
For a sweet sister, who was sick at home,
And was not able now, as wont, to roam
And cull them for herself: for this he'd come
To this wild range of sunny heights, where grew
The sweet mild primrose and the wildbell blue,
With countless flowers of every shape and hue
Spring's robe is trimm'd withal—for he had said,
The fairest of their spoils should deck her bed,
And bear some sense of Spring into her heart.
And now unto this promised brother's part
He set himself with right good loving will,
And wandered all about the blossomed hill,
Cropping the breathing buds, the which he took
To be the sweetest in their smell and look.
He'd pluck a bunch that seemed unto him fair,
And cherish them a little with meet care;
But as he wandered, if perchance he spied
A knot, he thought to rival them in pride,
Those he had gathered were all cast aside,
To wither where they grew before; and so,
Wasting the Spring's best sweetness, did he go
Through the gay blush of flow'rets, till at last,
When he was tired, and such a time had passed
As told him he must cease, he sat him down—
And when he thought of all that he had thrown
So wantonly away, he was e'en sad;
For when he looked upon the flowers he had,
He somehow could not choose but think that they
Were far less sweet than those he threw away.
And surely man resembleth much—I cried—
The boy who grieveth on this green hill side,
That he hath cast his fairest flowers to wither—
In all except the love that brought him hither.

A. P.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

AS IT IS AND AS IT WAS.

BY LIBRA.



In treating of Westminster Abbey in its past and present state, we shall restrict ourselves to the consideration of the building now a collegiate but formerly an abbey church, which is commonly understood by that name, exclusively of the rest of the monastic establishment, dedicated in honour of St. Peter, of which it once formed part. Nor shall we enter upon those technical details which would be appropriate, and, indeed, expected, in an antiquarian or architectural periodical, but would be unsuited to pages intended for the general eye. Our purpose is principally to regard it as embodying in its original condition the spirit which characterized the age, and evincing, in the changes which it has undergone, in its actual aspect, and under its existing circumstances, that of subsequent periods, and of the present time.

To enlarge upon the considerations which must ever render Westminster Abbey an object of interest, would be an ill compliment to the taste, to the feelings, and to the acquirements of the reader, even were we to suppose him a mere schoolboy. What child, not having been brought up in the mines and factories, but has heard of the venerable old building where kings are crowned, great men buried, and a poet's monument is placed when he dies? Every one the least read in our land's history, regards it as a monument to the memory of Old England; an extant memorial of the deeds and days that have gone. And to all who look back upon antiquity with a poetic eye, its bare mention is suggestive of all that solemn thought and that fond reverence wherewith they are wont to contemplate the things of old. Its very name is a name to conjure withal, to evoke the spectres of glory, dim pageants of departed grandeur, from out the sepulchre of time.

There are some who, classing Westminster Abbey in

BOSTON PUBLIC

the category of London sights, visit it, having just left the Industrious Fleas, on their way, as, if we recollect rightly, Mr. Pugin says, to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. We write not to these; we would fain address ourselves to those who are sufficiently the victims of "Ignorance and Superstition," as the utilitarian phrase is, to venerate what was really venerable, and to admire what was truly beautiful, in the institutions and works of our forefathers. We hope our reader, whosoever he may be, is able to appreciate the majestic elegance, and the sweet solemnity, of those magnificent edifices which Henry the Eighth, of brutal and sacrilegious memory, mischievous Cromwell, the barbarian promoters of the *renaissance*, and succeeding hordes of deans and chapters, and of collegiate and parochial authorities, have but partially demolished and defaced. We wish that he may have been initiated into the mysteries of the "long drawn aisle and fretted vault;" that to him their "dim religious light" is not darkness. We trust that he can look with worshipful gravity upon the hobgoblin visage of the corbel "carved grotesque and grim," and that he has too much respect for the bishop sculptured upon the old Norman font, to think him like *Punch*, notwithstanding the way in which he holds his crosier. We would have the "stern saints and tortured martyrs," frowning from the canopied niche where fanaticism happens to have left them, inspire him with a salutary awe; and if an idea that there is anything droll in their countenances should chance to cross his mind, we would gladly believe that he feels ashamed of it. We should rejoice to know that the very technicalities of old English art, mullion and transom, crochet and finial, crypt, clerestory, and cloister, are musical to his ears. We should like him to feel the difference between the new Houses of Parliament and the Post Office.

We will forbear to expatiate on the exterior of Westminster Abbey, further than to discharge our malison on the bad taste of Sir Christopher Wren, for erecting those unsightly turrets at its west end, as truly gothic in one sense, as they are the reverse of gothic in another—with their clumsy totality and nondescript details. There are two occasions on which a view of the building externally may be had with advantage. One of these is, as in the case of "fair Melrose," by moonlight—that of a midsummer sky. Then, the broad unclouded moon, sinking behind its western turrets, (whose deformities, of course, are veiled,) and the dusk expanse of its form rising, "like an exhalation," upon the obscure glimmer of the atmosphere, it seems like some unsubstantial vision,—some mystic shadow of the past. Or it may be seen on a fine autumnal day, sleeping, as it were, in the smile of Heaven; the pure soft blue of the sky above it, its turrets and pinnacles glowing with the slant sunlight, and all its nether proportions reposing in dark shade. It requires these accessories of time and circumstance; for, besides certain disfigurements which it has undergone, it is incrusted, not by the lichen of antiquity, but by the soot of London. However, it has escaped whitewashing.

To inspect its interior, the visitor enters at the gate on the east side of the south transept, or "Poets' Corner." But will he not pause ere he approaches the sanctuary, to reflect that he is about to tread upon the ashes of genius,—to hold converse with the *manes* of the illustrious dead?

He crosses the threshold, and "Please, sir," says a verger (if he is so civil), "you must leave your stick."

A seasonable circumstance of common-place, truly, and admirably calculated to moderate exuberant emotion! He surrenders the instrument which, it has been presumed, he might convert to purposes of desecration, and prepares himself to wonder and admire. He looks around him; but the incipient thrill of awe and veneration, which his own imaginings had originated, is suddenly checked and quelled. He feels not that spiritual presence in which he had prepared himself to stand. The *Genius Loci* is not at home—nor is he.

The truth is, that Poets' Corner is an eyesore. The monuments in it, few of them of any artistic merit, many of them very ludicrous, and all out of place and character, are mere disfigurements of the south transept. Some of them, that of Shakspere, for instance, would very well become a theatre; others, like the Duke of Argyle's, with its attendant "Eloquence" and Minerva, a pantheon; and a few would be decent ornaments to a town-hall; but the combined effect of the whole is to render the place which they deform as much as possible like a statuary's shop. The effigy of Handel, in the absurd costume of the early part of the last century, is a positive burlesque. This grand effort of serio-comic art is very well described in a book sold in the abbey by the vergers, and probably the composition of one of them, entitled, "A Historical Description of Westminster Abbey, its Monuments and Curiosities," wherein the statue of the great composer is set forth as appearing in an attitude "very expressive of devout attention to the harmony of an angel playing on a harp in the clouds over his head." The monument erected to the memory of David Garrick is also as eminent an exemplification of our grandfather's ideas of the graceful. This, too, is thus, with equal felicity, described in the erudite work last quoted. "Garrick's throwing aside the curtain which discovers the medallion, is meant to represent his superior power to unveil the beauties of Shakspere. Tragedy and Comedy are assembled with their respective attributes to witness and approve the scene."

Dr. Stephen Hales has been honoured with a monument, whereof it is said, in the same book, "There are two beautiful figures in relief, Religion and *Botany;* the latter holds a medallion of this great explorer of nature to public view; Religion is deploring the loss of the divine, and at the feet of Botany, the winds are displayed on a globe, which allude to his invention of the ventilators."

Around the basement of Addison's monument are the Nine Muses, and the pedestal of the bust of Matthew Prior is supported by Clio and Thalia. Cold as the marble they are carved in, what mockeries are these vain abstractions of the feelings we would cherish for the dead!

Of these busts and statues, while not one of them is placed in compliance with architectural requisition, many are so ill and confusedly arranged, that any merit they may chance to possess is rendered altogether ineffective. The bust of Milton would appear to much greater advantage on a mantel-shelf than it does where it stands.

Before quitting Poets' Corner, we cannot refrain from quoting from the "Historical Description," the following rich passage relative to Sir William Davenant. The bard, it states, "upon the death of Ben Jonson, succeeded him as poet laureate to Charles the

First; *but* having lost his nose by an accident, was cruelly bantered by the wits of the succeeding reign."

Nor can we help wondering, though, perhaps, we ought not to wonder, at the impudence with which rank has elbowed aside its betters into a corner. But there is another poets' corner, all their own, and really a place of honour—a corner in the heart.

And now the chapels, among these Henry the Seventh's, of which every one has heard so much, are to be seen. These chapels, as most people are aware, intervene behind the altar on the way from the south to the north transept, and admission is obtained to them through a grating on the right hand side of the former, near the chancel. Through this may be caught a glimpse of some interesting antiquities, and a good view of the vergers in attendance reading the morning papers.

In answer to the application of the visitor for admission, he is requested to wait only three minutes, as a party has just been let in. The object of this delay will presently be seen.

He has now, therefore, to kill time as he best may. He casts his eye along the fine vista afforded by the south aisle, upwards to the light and lofty roof, with its chaste and elegant groinings; and the more he perceives of the beauty of the original building, the more he regrets the anomalies by which it is deformed. Fain would he resign his spirit to that deep and holy calm, which, if he is conversant with old ecclesiastical edifices, he has so often experienced within their walls;—but he cannot. He is in the midst of bustle and confusion, and the sight-seers around him are behaving as if they were at the Art Union. Not a brow reflects the solemnity of the place. Some seem as if they came as much to be seen, as to see; and in place of the devotee numbering his beads, or the pilgrim leaning on his staff, here is a young lady tricked out in finery, trying to look interesting; there a smart youth with curls, and a shirt pin, who has thrown himself into an attitude, and seems standing for a full length "portrait of a gentleman."

But a batch of people has collected at the grating, and with these he is let in. Whereupon the company, each and all, are requested to stand and deliver the sum of sixpence; the collective contributions now amounting to a sufficiency to remunerate the verger who is to conduct them.

Now, sixpence may not be a ruinous sum to him, the said visitor; but it is more than many others can spare; and surely the "poor man's church" should be freely open to the poor man. In the meantime, for the information and attraction of such as may consider the amount reasonable, we would recommend the Dean and Chapter to adorn the entrance to their curiosity-show with a placard, inscribed, "All this at sixpence." At the same time, we would suggest that this traffic in holy things is not particularly decent, and moreover, gives occasion to the ungodly to rail.

The mite, however, is dropped into the clerical begging-box, and the donor proceeds to enjoy his sixpenny-worth.

Sixpenny-worth of meditation amid the shrines of saints—the sepulchres of the great and good! Sixpenny-worth of devout contemplation! Sixpenny-worth of lofty musing!

He is ushered into the chapel of St. Benedict. "This monument, gentlemen and ladies," com-

mences the guide, "is an ancient tomb of stone, which had formerly a canopy of wood; the figure that you observe lying down upon it, is the effigy of Archbishop Langham; very much admired by the curious." And thus he runs on, passing from one tomb to another, till he has explained all that he thinks fit, which includes nothing that is worth hearing. And then he hastens off to the next chapel, with the holiday folks at his heels.

The visitant remains behind, anxious to inspect architectural details, to decipher an inscription, to examine an ancient tomb. But back comes the official with, "Now sir, if you please; the company is waiting;" and away he is obliged to go, to be hurried, in like manner, through the remaining eight chapels which form the exhibition.

But we are wrong. It is not the chapels which constitute the exhibition, but their contents, the statues; so that the whole show is very much like Madame Tussaud's, and the resemblance was till very lately completed by some figures in wax-work, which were considered to be by no means the least interesting part of it.

Gladly would the stranger linger in these sacred abodes; long and intently would he dwell upon the fine old sculptures, which, intermixed with modern monstrosities, they contain; delighted would he be to restore in imagination altar and altar-screen, with its tabernacle work and imagery, crucifix, tapers, and worshippers. But he is allowed time for nothing of the sort; and a cursory glance at even the banners, the stalls, and the fan tracery of the ceiling of Henry the Seventh's chapel, and at the dismantled shrine of Edward the Confessor, is all that is conceded to him by the authorities.

And wherefore? It is feared, perhaps, that were the Public permitted to take their time in viewing these antiquities, they would employ it in doing mischief. But, surely, the officials in attendance might prevent this; besides, the National Gallery is open to all, and yet the pictures are not injured. It is true that many of the older monuments have been mutilated and disfigured; but the perpetrators of these atrocities have been pleased, in many instances, to record the date of them. The cheek of the effigy (if we recollect rightly,) of Philippa Duchess of York, who died in 1433, bears the name of a Mr. *Dummer*, apparently carved upon it with a knife, and the date of the sacrilege, of which the wretch would seem to have been proud, subjoined. It is that of a late period in the sixteenth century, when exploits of this kind were regarded as pious rather than otherwise.

Moreover, having made the circuit of the chapels, any one may loiter in the north transept, and the remainder of the edifice as long as he pleases; and yet no new initials, and outline caricatures and gibbets, are found to be executed on the walls.

Of the majority of the monuments in the chapels, it is difficult to say whether they are more pompous than ugly, or more ugly than pompous. We speak of those which have been erected subsequently to the Reformation; for it is a curious fact, though it is by no means now noticed for the first time, that the commencement of bad taste in their design and embellishments, ensued immediately upon that event. They are nearly all offensively ostentatious, exhibit a most incongruous jumble of the different styles of architecture and ornament, and are studiously placed where they ought not to be. Take, for example, the monument of Baron Hunsdon in the chapel of St. Erasmus. It consists of a medley of the Greek and Egyptian styles, the absurdity of which is enhanced by colouring and gilding, in a taste much like that displayed by the Lord Mayor's coach. Of this illustrious personage it is recorded in the Guide-Book, that he "was some time Governor of Berwick, Lord Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth, Privy Councillor, and Knight of the Garter; but not being preferred as he expected, he laid the disappointment so much to heart, that he languished for a long time on a sick bed, at which the Queen, being moved too late, created him an Earl, and ordered the patent and robes to be laid before him, but without effect. He died July 23, 1596, aged 72." And so this vain old man has been honoured with a mausoleum in Westminster Abbey, which, to crown all, is erected on the site of the Altar!

Succeeding times, down to the present, display a degeneracy still more odious. The heathen idols, the Muses and their harps, Neptune and his trident, and Time with his scythe, the urn, the inverted torch, the Pandean pipes, and whole nurseries of blubbering Cupids, are the embellishments of later monuments; of which the general character is divided between mock solemnity and affectation.

To admit of the erection of these monstrosities, the intercolumnar arches of the north transept have been entirely plastered up with cement, and the windows of the south aisle partially so. To enumerate these disfigurements and desecrations would require a large volume; but we must be allowed to notice one especially ridiculous; that of "Dame Elizabeth Carteret," in the north aisle, on the right. The lady (though

some spoiler has robbed her of her feet,) is actually represented as capering up to heaven! This she-Dagon is really worth seeing.

What we have to say respecting the former state of this noble but ill-used edifice, will lie in a few words. Imagine the accumulated rubbish, miscalled sculpture, of the three last centuries, removed,—the stucco taken out of the windows, and replaced with stained glass, —the high altar, and the altars of the several chapels, together with the canopies and screens, with their appropriate ornaments, the figures of sacred and ecclesiastical persons, restored,—the wood and stone work which obscures the view of the choir removed; and the nave and aisles thrown open to the public, who may thence witness the ceremonies, and join in the devotions of the churchmen officiating in their proper and peculiar place, and you will behold Westminster Abbey as it was. We will not say, imagine also the solemn procession of abbot and monk, priest and prelate, devout royalty and its gorgeous train; the banner, the host, the crucifix, the swinging censers, the incense, the deep-toned organ, and the music of the choir, hymning according to the ancient ritual the "Gloria in excelsis Deo;" because we might thereby afford ground for an inference which would perhaps shock the feelings of some of our readers; and yet these things should be imagined, would we view Westminster Abbey as it appeared in its palmy days.

There is one great difference between Westminster Abbey, as it was and as it is. It *was* a temple of religion,—it *is* a cemetery. Not that our ancient churches were not also used as places of burial; but the sepulchral memorials which were erected in them, were all in character with the design and object of the building. The recumbent posture, the clasped hands, the unostentatious tomb, carved in a style corresponding to the surrounding architecture,—aid instead of interfering with, the expression of the entire edifice; for these edifices have an expression; they breathe an unearthly, a mysterious, an awful spirit, even to a mind uninformed, critically, of their beauties. This, we are told by Mr. Pugin and others, is the result of design on the part of the architect; the different features of their construction all being typical of the several mysteries of the Christian faith; the spire, and the pointed arch in particular, being emblems of the Resurrection. Be this as it may, their effect is one peculiar to themselves; and a gothic cathedral has not been infelicitously termed "a petrified religion."

The deformities of which we complain, are so many emblems, not of religion, but of pomp, pride, and vain glory; and they but clumsily express these. But not a few of them are memorials of murder, —true idols of Moloch. Those who ascribe image-worship to our forefathers, and who approve of the iconoclastic proceedings of the reformers, might pause, we think, and ask themselves, whether, in a Christian temple, the figures of prophets and apostles, are not, at least, more in place, than those of demons? Whether saints are not more becoming than soldiers? Which is more deserving a monument, *Dunk*, Earl of Halifax, or St. Paul?

We read on some of the tablets, "Erected by permission of the Dean and Chapter." The permission, therefore, of these reverend gentlemen was, we suppose, a condition necessary to the desecrations which we have above commemorated. Now what must have been, not the taste merely, but the religion of all the deans and chapters of Westminster Abbey, from the Reformation downwards—except the present? Has Westminster Abbey been unfortunate in its clergy? or were they but a sample of the body generally? If so, the prevalent dissent and infidelity, so much complained of, may be accounted for without difficulty. A better order of things, we trust, is now arising, and we shall be surprised should any fresh barbarisms be perpetrated in the edifice which has formed the subject of the foregoing pages. Moreover, we hope that the existing liberal "powers that be," the guardians of Westminster Abbey, and who have bountifully lowered their charges for admission to the sacred show, will be graciously pleased to extend their bounty a little further, and to admit the nation into the nation's church without a demand upon the nation's pocket.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD AND HIS MISTRESS.

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

BIRD.

Why am I doom'd, in these sweet days of Spring,
To droop a captive in my prison-cage?
While other warblers thro' the air take wing,
Vainly *I* beat these bars with idle rage;
Fair Mistress! ope the door, and set me free,
And I will pay thee back the song of LIBERTY.

LADY.

Ah! but thou'lt *not* return. When soaring free
Thou wilt forget the gentle girlish hand
That with affection's fondness tended thee;
And thou wilt leave me for some brighter land.
Let me but clip thy wildly soaring wing,
Or round thy leg entwine this silken string.

BIRD.

Lady! the love that must be bound—secured—
Fettered (although 'tis by a silken chain),
Is love, that ne'er by WOMAN was endured:
The hope to hold *such* wanderer would be vain.
When love once needs even a *silken* tie,
'Tis best to let th' unwilling captive fly!

LADY.

Thou sayest aright: thus then I ope thy door,
And bid thee to go forth—unfettered—free:
Though I should hear thy dulcet strain no more,
I give thee back—to life—to liberty!
Farewell! thy flight a lesson will impart,
To show no chains can bind, save those that reach the heart!

THE BOYS OF LONDON.

THE NEWS BOY.

BY MARK LEMON.

We have now to introduce a personage of no mean pretensions; albeit his face is none of the cleanest, and his habiliments are travel-stained and tattered.—He is the News Boy.

Let us forth into the streets.—The clock of St. Paul's chimes six, and the mists of a winter's morning hang heavily in the air. Yonder is a boy with a fur cap drawn closely over his ears, and his neck swathed in a worsted comforter of many colours. A drab cloth cape envelopes his shoulders, and the chilliness of the morning makes him endeavour to curl his whole body under that scanty covering. He shuffles along as though the sweet sleep of the past night had not removed the weariness from his bones, and he still seeks to slumber as he walks. A shrill whistle reverberates through the street, and the News Boy (for it is he) rouses himself at the well known note of recognition from some other emissary of a "vender," bound, like himself, to Printing-House Square.

Hark! do you hear that hum of voices? Now it swells into the tumult of riot, and the sleepy boy, whom "late we noted," with one loud hallo, rushes forward to join yonder crowd of noisy brawlers.

> "As the worn war-horse at the trumpet's sound
> Erects his mane and neighs and paws the ground—"

so does the News Boy, excited by the sound of the accustomed *melée*, divest his shoulders of the encumbrance of his cape, and prepare for his daily struggle for the "early quires."

He has succeeded in obtaining his first supply, and away he runs in the company of a dozen competitors to the next newspaper office. There he has again to elbow his way to the publisher's counter, and having obtained the object of his

pursuit, hurries, as before, to each of the other offices in turn. His wondrous load is safely deposited in his master's shop, and when arranged off he starts upon his morning round. The stalwart globe-bearer of the ancient myth must yield the meed of prowess to the News Boy, for he—pigmy that he is, compared to the giant son of Jupiter and Clymene—carries the world under his arm, wrapped up in a piece of tattered oil-skin.

How anxiously is his advent looked for, from the smoky tap-room in Wapping to the fragrant *boudoir* in St. James's!

The swart artizan, from the alehouse door, strains his eyes to catch the first glimpse of the Boy who brings the *Morning 'Tizer*, that he may spell out the errors of his rulers, to find fresh cause to indulge his great prerogative as a true-born Briton—and grumble.

The merchant, at his cosey retreat in the suburbs of London, throws down his half-munched muffin, and pushes aside his gilded cup, at the welcome announcement of the "paper, sir." To him the News Boy is as necessary as his morning meal—until he has scanned the "paper," Mercator is but as a lump of fashioned clay—the News Boy, the Prometheus that vivifies it. How the rich trader's eye skims over the price of stocks, and glares down the list of bankrupts, as though it would consume the broken dealer whom ill fortune had inserted in his ledger and then consigned to the *Gazette!*—how his sleek face grows radiant as an illuminated dial, as he reads in *Lloyd's List* the return of his richly-laden argosies!

Listless Fashion feels a pulse in her heart when she hears the shrill treble of the News Boy at the door, though a few minutes suffice to gratify her anxiety about the *world*, for to her its limits are circumscribed. Still she desires to learn who wore the deepest lace and loftiest feathers at that great clothes-show, the drawing room at St. James's;—who had deserted health and heartsomeness to join her wasted ranks, allured by the glitter of her worthless gauds—worthless as the beads of glass with which cupidity tempts the savage.

If the News Boy daily cons over the sheets he carries, what a profound insight must he acquire into the workings of that mysterious operation called *life!* There is one page of a newspaper which ever to us seems an epitome of the human heart. We allude to the advertisements;—there, side by side, are placed the multiplying desires of affluence, and the almost despairing hopes of poverty. What volumes of deepest suffering are there crowded into a few brief lines!—what histories of lives told in a single paragraph! We have often wondered, when we have seen one of those melancholy chronicles of misery—"*An appeal to the benevolent*"—how so much want could have purchased the privilege of making its existence known through such a channel as the newspaper. Our speculation has led us to strange conclusions. We have thought that its insertion was obtained at the sacrifice of some loved token of remembrance, that had been preserved through years of struggle and privation, as a thing too sacred in its nature to have formed part in the calculation of the means to satisfy the demands of want. Perhaps the woman's treasured evidence of her claim to the honoured name of wife, her wedding-ring, had procured from the pawnbroker the price of the insertion. The withdrawal of that hoop of gold from the matron's finger must have torn out her very heart-strings with it. How must the memory of her bridal-day have returned to her!—that day when Love believed itself invincible, and pointed to the future as a path of flowers. How often has that ring, when absence has separated her from the partner of her heart, been the talisman that conjured back the face she worshipped, and the voice she loved! It was his gift, and he had become a part of her own existence, not an imaginary but a visible and audible portion of herself, mingled and treasured in *their* children! Perhaps the proud spirit that had worn its poverty as a holiday garment before the world, but in secret torn by the wants of those it loved—haunted by its fears for those to whom the future should have teemed with promises, has in the devotion of its love sued for the necessary pence in abject words that parched the tongue, and heated the haggard cheek to the redness of a fiery furnace. Perhaps the man who had passed by heaps of uncounted gold and gems, and smiled when his trembling honesty hath whispered in his heart "Beware,"—to purchase that little spot of paper whereon to inscribe the record of his misery, hath filched or cozened; and to keep despair but one day longer from his hearth, hath madly cast away the hoarded jewel of his life—his honour.

Perhaps the maiden, whose stainless thoughts had kept her soul a paradise, hath heard the tempter's voice, and—there is too much wretchedness in such a thought for words.

And are those "appeals" ever made in vain? We fear too often—they come to us surrounded by so many schemes of wealth—such evidences of the existence of luxurious plenty, that though the eye may read the bitter, bitter words of want and sorrow, the mind is out of tune, and readily runs on to the promise of the adventurer, or the tempting offers of the ministrants of pleasure. What—what must follow the failure of those melancholy "appeals?" When they are made, hope must be verging on despair;—when answered by neglect, madness must be the harbinger of death.

Oh what volumes might be written upon the texts contained in the varied page from which we have ventured to extract our mournful subject! It is to be hoped that one (to whom it would be indelicate to allude more plainly in these pages,)

will some day show, in their painful truthfulness, the hidden misery—the struggling good—that daily appeal to the deaf ears of a selfish world.

What an enviable lot was that of the first News Boy! We would walk from Dan to Beersheba, barren as the road is, ay—with our shoes half filled with pebbles—to look upon the faces of his customers!

Let us fancy an oaken-panelled chamber—the floor strewn with dry rushes, and a sea-coal fire blazing in the ample chimney. High-backed chairs curiously carved, and tables of the same fashion, complete the furniture, save that here and there are placed parcel-gilt goblets. By the side of one is a long tube made of white clay, baked hard, and a small box containing an aromatic herb, dried and crumpled. The owner of those strange things is Sir Walter Raleigh,—he who gallantly spread his cloak beneath the feet of the Virgin Queen. Yes—we are in the Falcon Tavern, at Bankside, and this is the room where the giant minds of the Mermaid Club hold their vigils. See, there comes Shakspeare (the ink that hath traced that name seems to glow upon the paper!). There is Ben Jonson—"rare Ben;"—there those choice spirits, Beaumont and Fletcher, united in their lives, inseparable in their immortality. There is George Peele, Shakspeare's partner and friend—Shakspeare's friend! and yet the man hath no statue. There's Raleigh, noble persecuted Raleigh;—to think that that majestic head will be food for the axe of the executioner! There's Harry Cheetle, and Anthony Munday, they whose fancy gave new life to Robin Hood, and Maid Marian, and made them sing, as they sung of old under the greenwood tree—

"For what in wealth we want, we have in flowers,
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers."

There's Tom Lodge, the actor and poet, whose happy fancy was parent to Shakespeare's *Rosalind*. That is Christopher Marlow—poor Marlow! to die for such a cause as a frail woman's favour!

It is pleasant to group such men together, even in imagination; but what must have been the feeling to have seen and heard them in the flesh, making the "*Mermaid*" ring with the sallies of their wit, or cheating their listeners into the belief, that that oaken room was Apollo's home, by the rich poesy of their thoughts, linked to the magic melody of their words!

Hark! there is a tap on the polished door, it opens gently, and a boy's ruddy face peers in upon that wondrous circle. He wears a brown serge doublet, and his hose are fastened with black tape points; his shoes have been newly rubbed with soot and tallow, and in his hand he holds the flat cap of a London 'prentice. He speaks—

"Master Christopher Barker, gentles, hath sent me with the earliest imprint of *The English Mercurie*,"—the first newspaper!

Were we wrong in our protestations regarding the first News Boy? Who would not echo them?

If you have ever passed up Catherine Street, Strand, about five o'clock in the afternoon, you cannot but have observed a group of boys, whose incessant bawling affords some faint idea of the confusion of tongues at the building of Babel. None but a practised ear can detect the signification of those sounds; for, by the rapidity with which they are uttered, each cry seems to be a syllable of some word of such gigantic proportions, that one pair of lungs are unequal to its articulation. It sounds something like—

"Timchroneralpostortizer,"

but it is really separate and distinct offers to barter for the *Times*, *Chronicle*, *Herald*, *Post*, or *Advertizer*, and will afford future philologists an excellent example of the cockney tendency to abbreviations. It were a curious speculation to imagine the *cant* of the puritan news boys of 1643, for the following elaborate titles of some of the numerous journals published during the civil war:—

England's memorable Accidents.

The Diurnal of certain Passages in Parliament.

The Mercurius Acheronticus, or News from Hell.

The Parliament's Scouts Discoverer, or certain Information.

Warranted Tidings from Ireland, &c.

The news boy has strong claims upon the sympathies of all, from the "foolish, fat scullions" who want places, to the busy politicians to whom the destinies of the world are confided. Treat the Boy gently, dear reader, for his lot is somewhat of a hard one, destined as he is to plod through sleet and snow, heat and cold, without one day's rest from labour; for even Sunday leaves him but partial leisure.

We know a simple story, that had little indeed to connect it with our present subject, save that the hero of it was once a News Boy. As he is still living, we will merely designate him by his baptismal appellation of Stephen. When we first knew him he was a weakly-looking child of twelve or thirteen years of age, with the mildest expression of countenance we ever remember to have witnessed. He was the Boy to a newsvender in P—— Street, and had been promoted to that distinguished position from the Leicester Workhouse. It was our custom, at the period of which we write, to take weekly rambles in the Middlesex suburbs of the metropolis; and it was a matter of some surprise to us, that we not unfrequently met little Stephen the news boy, on a Sunday afternoon. He was always alone, and generally in the immediate neighbourhood of some churchyard. One day during the autumn of 183-, we had wandered to Mill-hill, and, as was our usual wont,

had strayed into the churchyard, not from any morbid feeling of romance, or affectation of sympathy with the melancholy mockeries with which pride and custom crowd our burial places—but to us a churchyard brings a sense of *rest*, and our mind grows sooner contemplative when thus surrounded by the evidences of death. The afternoon's service was over, and the clerk was closing the outer door of the church, when a boy suddenly presented himself, and made some request with very evident earnestness. The official paused, but apparently moved by the eloquence of the boy, re-entered the church. As we were speculating upon the probable motives of the inquirer, they returned, and the clerk, patting the boy's head, took his way towards the gate. The lad stood motionless for a few seconds, and then burst into tears. Our curiosity (and we trust a better feeling) was aroused, and proceeding towards the boy, judge of our surprise when we recognized—little Stephen. Our previous acquaintance soon enabled us to remove the coyness of the lad, and he narrated the following story, which he told us he had learned from an old woman in the workhouse in which he had been reared.

His mother had been a servant in the house of a gentleman of considerable property, and having attracted the notice of her master's eldest son, she was, it was believed, married to him. The union was kept a secret, and in the course of twelve months little Stephen was born at a small village near Leicester, where his father had taken a cottage for the hunting season. Shortly after the birth of the boy an accident deprived one of his parents of life and the other of reason. His father was thrown from his horse whilst hunting, and killed upon the spot, and his mother, overpowered by the dreadful occurrence, was seized with fever and delirium, which ultimately terminated in death. During her paroxysms she seemed entirely occupied by recollections of her bridal day, and gave a most vivid description of the ceremony, and the appearance of the *ivy-covered* church where it was celebrated; but never disclosed the name of the place, although she said it was near London. After her death the relations of the father repudiated the child, and the next of kin succeeded, at the death of the grandfather, to the property which would otherwise have been the inheritance of little Stephen. The old woman before alluded to, and who had attended Stephen's mother throughout her illness, took the little orphan home, and for some years nurtured it as her own.

Infirmity at last drove her to seek shelter in the workhouse, and there it seemed to be her greatest pleasure to tell the story of little Stephen, and to avow her conviction, that "the boy's mother was an honest woman, and that he was by right a rich gentleman."

This impression sank deeply into the child's mind, and it was in the hope of proving the marriage of his parents that we had found him so frequently in the neighbourhood of *ivy-covered* churches. He had, by the earnestness of his appeals, and the singularity of his story, generally succeeded in obtaining a view of the parish registers, but hitherto without effect. Poor boy! What weary pilgrimages must he have made!

We had resolved to interest some well-to-do friends for little Stephen, when Providence rewarded his perseverance. He found the certificate of the marriage in the books of K— Church, and by the kindly assistance of a gentleman now occupying a very high position at the bar, the poor Boy was enabled to recover his patrimony, and to vindicate the character of his unhappy mother.

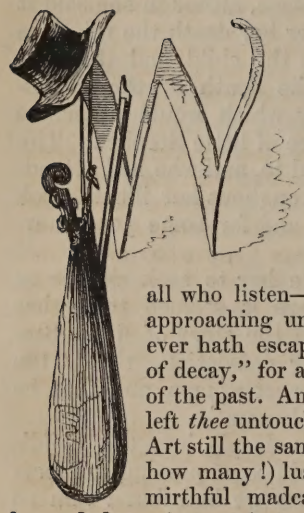
MEMORY.

The human heart!—The delicate flower, whose roots
Feed on an earthly soil, and from the dust
Extracts surpassing beauty—emblems thee.
The flower buds, blows, blooms, withers, and then dies.
Time tramples all its fragrance in the air,
And such is memory—it is the breath
The perfume which outlives the flowers of life,
And lingers o'er their burial-place awhile,
Till the eternal pulses of the air
Have drunk up its identity; and then,
Remembrance is no more.

'Tis not in *act*—
The shining impulse—the impassioned hour—
The moment when the lightning of the soul
Leaps forth to brighten danger, that we feel
The beauty or the blight of life.—Oh! no.
'Tis in the silent intervals of calm,—
The moments when we only *live* in THOUGHT;
When passion sleeps, and the bright veil is drawn
Which casts an halo round our evening deeds;
When reason weighs her *attributes*, and *acts*;—
When a just sense of man's high nature
Broods o'er the spirit. And what we are,
And what we shall be, when the boundless range
Of unintelligent creation dies;
When all the memories of our early thoughts,
Our deeds, loves, hopes, fears, passions, stir within,
And steal from their asylum in the soul,
To soothe or rock us.—'Tis then we feel
The Heaven or Hell of Life.

W. H. DIXON.

THE LAST OF THE BALLAD-SINGERS.



WILKIE should have seen thee, old man, in thy green and vigorous senility—the autumn evening of thy life—and given thee an after-being, an enduring life upon his canvass. Thou rude and homely instrument of nature's fashioning! whose simple music hath a charm for all who listen—as we listen with a love approaching unto reverence, for whatsoever hath escaped "the effacing fingers of decay," for aught that time has left us of the past. And has that veteran reaper left *thee* untouched, thou ancient relique? Art still the same thou wert some (alack! how many!) lustrums since, when (wild, mirthful madcaps that we were,) we dragged thee, *vi et armis*, to the playground, and bade thee sing such stirring ballads of the olden time—of doughty warriors of high renown, and gentle dames of peerless worth, as thrilled the hearts of all who heard, and made thine own eyes sparkle, too, to see our young cheeks flushed with the mantling blood—glowing and warm, we scarce knew wherefore? Youth is not niggardly, nor, certainly, were we. We loved the old man, and the old man loved us, one and all. And, now, it seems but yesterday since we were there, and Harry in the midst—now, there is the same familiar strain, (we heard it *then*, as stealthily we crept towards home, returning from an orchard *raid*,)—the same old face, the same clear tones, only less firm, less round, less full, than what they were,—all come back to waken up old memories, and warn us how swiftly he of the untiring wing hath flown.

Last of the ballad singers! wreck of thy race! where be thy goodly compeers—the chaunters of rhythmless and uncouth verse, the chroniclers of rhymed traditions, the hoarders of metrical antiquities,—Time's rude historians, the poor man's minstrels, the gleemen of the hostelrie? All swept away! Hath death gathered all to a mute inglorious rest? Or do they linger yet in obscure nooks and isolated ingles, solacing cotemporary veterans with strains of antiquated date, and uttering impressive homilies upon the past and present?

Woe unto us! we fear the "tuneful companie" of ballad singers is extinct, its "occupation gone," sunk into deep desuetude, and what shall recompense us for the loss? Profane not their memory by mention of their degenerate sons—vile bawlers of still viler doggrel—ungentle assailants of our auricular inlets with grating scrannel sounds—vagrants unseemly and unkempt—the spurious offspring of the ancient generation—the *tiers état* arisen from the ashes of the old *noblesse*.

Where shall the elder sort of itinerant vocalists—the *ancien régime* of wandering melodists—find a representative, save in the village of ———, and save in the person of Harry Gordon, last scion of an ancient stock—sole relic of primitive ballad-singers?

What wert thou, Harry, in the years that anteceded those wherein we first gained knowledge of thee? Ever a vocalist? Ever impoverished,—a humble alms-man,—a peripatetic teacher of that lesson, at once so simple and so hardly learnt—to be content? Romance is dead, and poetry extinct, else might we shape for thee some history and destiny fulfilled, some drama in the which thy stately figure played a part, nor insignificant, nor void of honourable repute;—some biography which, like the cycle of a nation's fate, should comprehend a hardy birth, the nurture of an Ishmaelite, a brilliant prime, and steady, sure decay. But in an iron age, conjecture is at best but wearisome, and fancy folds its wing and grows incredulous, and fact alone is omnipotent; so let hypothesis be mute.

Thine is a high calling, old man. Great names have honoured, and long centuries have hallowed it. The brethren of thy craft were erst welcome in palace and hall. Monarch and peer, baron and serf did, whilom, give ear to these sweet sounds with welcome, and the honeyed words of smiling beauty for their guerdon.

> "About Yule, quhen the wind blew cule,
> And the round tables began."

What mumming or masque, revel or feast, ever lacked the enlivening melody of song and minstrelsy? What were the bards of elder time—half seer, and half poet—but wandering ballad-singers? What the *jongleurs* and troubadours, the sandalled gleeman, and the mounted minstrel? What were the lyrists and rhapsodists of ages still more remote? And what—take heart, old man, and glory in thine illustrious ancestry—what was the blind Mœonian, the greatest of them all,—he of the sightless eyes and superhuman visage, Milton's great archetype, with twenty centuries of added glory now beaming from his brow?—was not *he* a wandering singer of his own immortal verse?"

We have said that Wilkie might worthily have exercised his pencil in limning our ancient friend and veteran ballad-singer; and Wilkie alone could have done him justice. In person, Harry Gordon is tall and stalwart; his face not harsh or unkindly in expression, although written o'er and o'er with legible attestations of time's ravages, channelled and furrowed with more than ordinary distinctness, according well with your own idea of Belisarius, did not a pair of quick and keen grey eyes render the likeness incomplete. His attire consists in a high steeple-crowned hat, from under the jagged and broken rim of which a few grey locks straggle into sight; a loose and faded neckerchief, together with a limp-white collar, expose to view a large and finely modelled throat; a long frieze coat of coarse materials, and rustic workmanship; a waistcoat, whose age and original colour are equally problematic; trousers incredibly worn and industriously patched, with stout clouted shoes, complete the equipment of our ballad-singer.

But how shall we describe old Harry's vigorous and enlivening strains—the prelude to which, alone, brings all the village idlers clustering like bees around him? Old women thrust their withered heads from chamber windows, and young children run hurrying from the cradle side to hear him. The blacksmith folds his huge and brawny arms, and stands in "attitude attent;" and Ephraim Hardbake (dispenser of sweetmeats and confectionary) leaves that rendezvous for gossips and scolds—that hotbed of scandal and reservoir of news—the bakehouse, to give old Harry audience;—not a tailor in the whole village that does not suspend his task to listen;—not a cobbler is there so leathern-eared as to be insensible to the witching song of our humble Orpheus,—

"It gives a very echo to the seat where *snobs* are throned."

From first to last, old Harry's voice goes rolling onward, gaining fresh energy and power as contributions continually pour in, rarely modulating his vocal thunders to suit the nature of his ballad, but *crescendo* and *rinforzando* to the end. What a quiet dignity there is in the deportment of the man!—no artificial appeals to charity—none of the systematic impudence and boldness of the professed mendicant, nor any sullen murmurs if the expected mite is not forthcoming. Harry is grateful even for a kind word or distant recognition, and thankful for a promise; slowly perambulating the village (and not ours alone, but many others adjacent) with all the habitual but unpresuming confidence of a privileged eleemosynary. Nay, the very beadle and he are sociable and brotherly as good old neighbours ought to be,—

"So much a long communion tends
To make men what they are!"

Let us follow old Harry to his home, for with that sturdy independence of spirit, so honourable to him, and so thoroughly English, and which leads him to prefer the precarious chances of an uncertain livelihood to the "salt savour of others' bread," and the confinement and surveillance of the union poor-house, he still contrives in some sort to maintain a humble sanctuary for his household gods,—a roof and shelter from the storms of heaven,—a resting place for him and his; and poor, comfortless hovel though it be, yet it contains all that he holds most dear,—it *is* home, and none know its value better than our ballad-singer. Howbeit, poverty and sickness are within. The old man's daughter, a fair and delicate young thing, blind from the cradle, with the hues of death upon her cheek and a weary weight of suffering at her heart, lies there, smitten with a sore disease, wasting away with an unmurmuring ebb, submissive and resigned, and repining never, save when the childish wish will sometimes cross her mind, that one grave may hold her widowed father and herself—one summons call them both away.

A great solace is little blind Kate to our ballad-singer. Evening after evening, and sometimes far into the night, does he sit by her bedside, beguiling the heavy hours with cheerful talk; and much doth the child marvel to hear him tell of the bright sunshine, and the winds, and the clouds, and the stars; of the waving trees, and the fields with their garniture of green and gold—

"Earth, our bright home, its mountains, and its waters,
And the ethereal shapes which are suspended
Over its green expanse, and those fair daughters,
The clouds of sun and ocean, who have blended
The colors of the air since first extended
It cradled the young world."

These things clothed in the simpler and more homely words of Harry Gordon, seem dark and unfamiliar to the stricken child. She has heard the blithe music of the birds, and the murmur of the restless insects among the leaves that wander along the walls, and hang their garlands round the casement, and she has *felt* the soft fragrance of the flowers; and by that feeling recognized their beauty; but all else hath a sense of dimness and mystery to the poor child's perceptions, which her comprehension can never overcome.

Reader, if ever in thine hebdomadal or diurnal wanderings thou shouldst encounter such an one as Harry, open thine heart, give free course and channel to the current of thy benevolence, loosen thy purse-strings, and extricate from its silken abysm some one of the coins deposited therein; then drop thy offering gently into his rough and wrinkled palm, and bethink thee, as it closes gratefully upon it, what old Philip Massinger hath said—

"Look on the poor
With gentle eyes; for in such habits, often
Angels desire an alms!"

J. S.

EGYPTIAN BIRD MUMMIES.

THE art of embalming is of very remote antiquity. The Midianite merchantmen who purchased Joseph of his brethren, had with them "spicery of balm and myrrh," which they were going to carry down into Egypt,* most probably for use in some process of this nature.

The patriarchs Jacob and Joseph, on their death, were embalmed; and the latter was put in a coffin,† or mummy chest.

These embalmed bodies were in the days of Herodotus prepared in three different ways, which he describes at considerable length in his history. Modern researches show that there were other agencies employed, besides those of which he makes mention. Of these, heat was perhaps the principal, and this was sometimes applied to such an extent that the bandages in which the bodies were enveloped, were completely carbonized, and present the appearance of tinder. In other cases, the heat appears to have been so intense, that the very bones were charred by it. In all instances, however, the process of embalming consisted in swathing the corpse in linen or cotton bandages, more than a thousand ells of which, Greaves tells us that he found upon a single mummy.‡ These wrappers are of various degrees of quality, and consist sometimes of entire garments, at other times of remnants of household linen, or selvedges and fringes of various kinds. The bandages are frequently glued together by a bituminous substance, which appears to have been poured on them in a fluid state; and are so firmly compacted, that the operation of unrolling occupies a considerable time.

It is easy to imagine a variety of reasons for the mumminization of human bodies; but there is considerably more mystery connected with the embalmment of the inferior animals, such as the dog, the cat, the ibis, or the hawk. It is most probable, however, that it formed a necessary sequel to the reverence and adoration lavished upon these creatures when living, and was regarded, amongst other things, as a means of securing the favour of their living representatives. Diodorus assigns three reasons for the worship of animals in Egypt. He says that the gods were at first but few and feeble, and in order to escape persecution from mankind, they took refuge under the varied forms of animal life; but obtaining eventually the upper hand, they returned the favour, by exalting the creatures who had befriended them to the rank of deities. As a second reason, he assigns the fact of their having been used as standards in battle; and by aiding in the better discipline of the army, as well as in assisting to distinguish friend from foe, they were naturally reverenced by those who fought under them. This attachment to the peculiar implements of their craft is very natural, and resembles that of the Chaldæans of old, who "sacrificed unto their nets, and burnt incense unto their drags."* It has also a modern parallel in the conduct of the East India Company, who to please the native devotees in India, used annually to send their books and papers to be worshipped in this manner![†] The third reason, he says, originated in the assumed usefulness of the several animals, which led the Egyptians, out of gratitude, to pay them divine honours.‡

But none of the causes assigned by Diodorus, appear so satisfactory as that implied in the following extract from Proclus, which renders it tolerably certain that the worship of animals arose from some analogy, real or supposed, between the form, character, instincts, or other peculiarities of these different creatures, and the gods themselves, by which they became associated with, and typical of, the *dii majores*.

"In the same manner," says he, "as lovers gradually advance from that beauty which is apparent in sensible forms, to that which is divine; so the ancient priests, when they considered that there is a certain alliance and sympathy in natural things to each other, and of things manifest, to occult powers; and discovered that all things subsist in all, they fabricated a sacred science from this mutual sympathy and similarity. Thus they recognized things supreme in such as are subordinate; and the subordinate in the supreme; in the celestial regions, terrene properties subsisting in a causal and celestial manner; and in earth, celestial properties, but according to a terrene condition.

"For how shall we account for those plants called heliotropes, that is, attendants on the sun, moving in correspondence with the revolution of its orb; but selenitropes, or attendants of the moon, turning in exact conformity to her motion? It is because all things pray and hymn the leaders of their respective orders; but some intellectually, and others rationally—some in a natural, and others after a sensible manner. Hence the sunflower, as far as it is able, moves in a circular dance towards the sun; so that if any one could hear the pulsation made by its circuit in the air, he would perceive something composed by a sound of this kind in honour of its king, such as a plant is capable of framing."

On the 26th of July, 1836, I purchased at the sale of Egyptian Antiquities, collected by Mr. James Burton, jun., author of "Excerpta Hieroglyphica," four specimens of ibis mummies, and two of embalmed hawks.

The ibis mummies were said to have been brought from Memphis; and furnished the following facts:—

No. 1 contained parts of the cranium, the thigh-bone and foot of a *hawk!* with a portion of the tendons

* Genesis, xxxvii. 25. † Genesis, l. 2 and 26.
‡ Pyramidographia, 1646, p. 50, note *d*.

* Habakkuk, i. 16.

† "At the annual feast of Suraswatee, all classes of Hindoos bow down to her, employing as her representatives or symbols, the several implements with which each gains his subsistence. The carpenter places his plane, saw, and chisel before him, and offers divine honours to them. The tailor, in like manner, worships the needle; the soldier, his sword and belt; the schoolmaster, his books, &c. Not to be behind-hand in so sapient a proceeding, the representatives of the Hon. Company get their own account books, stationery, records, and furniture worshipped in like manner, from year to year."—*Madras Herald*, 31*st Oct.* 1835.

‡ History, lib. I. § ii. 32.

remaining, but dried up and shrivelled; and small quantities of a semi-transparent resinous substance adhering to the cloths in which they were contained; but the whole was in such a dilapidated state, that little can be said with regard to its original condition.

The Ibis was sacred to Thoth, Hermes or Mercury, who was generally delineated with the head and neck of this bird. Iamblichus* tells us, that the priests were under the special guardianship of this deity. "Hermes," he says, "the god who presides over language, was formerly very properly considered as common to all priests; and the power who presides over the true sciences concerning the gods, is one and the same in the whole of things. Hence our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes."

This will account for the statement of Dr. Clarke, that on the death of every priest, a mummy of one of these birds was deposited in the caves of Saccara, which Denon considers as the grand depôt for their remains.

"We find," says our French traveller, "in the desert of Saccara, many subterraneous caves where human mummies were deposited, and particularly a vast number of those of the ibis. These excavations consist of a long gallery divided into several branches, on each side of which are recesses about eight feet high, by ten square. In these are found the jars containing the Ibis mummies, arranged like bottles in a cellar. It is probable, that Memphis was the burial place of all the dead ibises from the temples, or found in different parts of Egypt."† This last assertion is however scarcely to be reconciled with that of Herodotus,‡ who says that they were taken to Hermopolis, which is not unlikely from the analogy which we have before hinted at.

Herodotus describes two varieties of the ibis, in the following words:—"One species of Ibis is entirely black; its beak is remarkably crooked; its legs as large as those of a crane, and in size it resembles the *crex*—this is the enemy of the serpents.§ The second species is the most common: these have the head and the whole of the neck naked; the plumage is white, except that on the head, the neck, the extremities of the wings, and the tail, these are of a deep black colour, but the legs and the beak resemble in all respects those of the other species.*

Though this account is sufficiently explicit, and its correctness, as regards the last of these varieties, has been satisfactorily proved by the examination of a great number of mummies brought from Egypt, it was once generally supposed that the Ibis Tantalus of Linnæus was referred to, instead of a much smaller bird, the Abou Hannes of Bruce; the Ibis religiosa of Cuvier.

It is now, however, very generally known that the latter was exclusively regarded as sacred by the old Egyptians, represented on their monuments, and embalmed with pious care for preservation in their sepulchral caves. Some individuals are well delineated in a painting, representing the mysteries of Isis, at Herculaneum, walking about the altar unmolested; and this circumstance has not escaped the notice of Biblical commentators, who conjecture that this bird might have been the "swallow" of the Psalmist, that harboured in the precincts of the Jewish temple.†

The feathers of the first Ibis which I examined, certainly resembled those of the Ibis Falcinellus or Green Ibis of Cuvier, though the legs and feet decidedly belonged to a different species. It is said, moreover, that no specimen of this kind has been found embalmed; but there seems little doubt that it is the first variety mentioned by Herodotus, as in size and build it resembles the corncrake or landrail, to which he compares it. It is also represented on the monuments of Egypt.—It had not been preserved with much attention. The head, sternum, legs and feet, with the

* On the Myst. § I. ch. i.

† A plan of these mummy wells is given in Hunter's Translation of Sonnini's Egypt, II. 340, and copied in our cut.

‡ Euterpe, 67.

§ Though the existence of these flying serpents has been very generally doubted, Herodotus says that he saw many heaps of bones belonging to them; and he is for the most part to be implicitly relied on when he writes from personal observation. The scepticism which prevails upon this subject, seems to owe its existence to the idea, that these reptiles, in order to fly, must be gifted with *wings*. But Mr. Ward, a Baptist missionary, stationed at Padang, in Sumatra, describes from ocular demonstration, a serpent which he saw, in January, 1834, fly from one tree to another, a distance of nearly 300 feet, by means of a rapid vibratory movement of the body; and he is not the only modern authority for this fact. It is therefore not unlikely, that serpents of a similar kind, sustained by those strong periodical currents of wind, common in warmer latitudes, may have sometimes entered Egypt, in the manner described by Herodotus.

* Euterpe, II. 76. † Psalm lxxxiv. 3.

flesh and plumage adhering to them, some of the vertebræ, the sheaths of the wing-feathers, and most of the others, being nearly all that remained. The viscera had disappeared, with the exception of an ovo-lenticular mass, about the size of half-a-crown, which proved on examination to be the gizzard. On steeping it in hot water, it resumed much of its original appearance; the tough inner skin being particularly perfect. On breaking it, I discovered a variety of foreign substances; too much bruised and broken to enable me to distinguish what they were, with the exception of a few blades of grass, fragments of the wing-cases of a beetle, a few small bits of wood, and a short end of thread, which may perhaps tend to confirm the remark of Cuvier as to the domestication of this bird.

The bird was enfolded in a stout wrapper of linen saturated with bituminous matter, and enclosed in others, apparently with little care or regularity. It did not appear to have been embalmed, as the sheaths of larvæ were plentifully found within; and the whole mass, though perfectly dry and free from what could be called a state of putrescence, gave out a disagreeable odour; which, however, on moistening some of the feathers with warm water, was overcome by a singular, but not unpleasant effluvium something like the smell of cochineal.

But on thoroughly boiling the fragments afterwards, the flesh, and especially the tendons and sinews returned to their original corruption, and became so offensive, that I was glad to bury them.

It did not appear that any conservative process had been adopted with reference to the specimen I am now describing, farther than the external application of seasoned bandages; the embalmers presuming on the desiccating character of the atmosphere, to which the mummy was to be subjected, and which was frequently sufficient to preserve entire and uninjured animal substances of the like nature. There are at present in the British Museum, two ducks, plucked and trussed, but in no other way prepared, which were taken from a tomb at Thebes, after the lapse of at least 2000 years, in a condition nearly similar to that in which they must have been deposited. In the beautiful story of Rizpah,* allusion appears to be made to this antiseptic property of a dry atmosphere; as decomposition does not appear to have taken place on the bodies of the seven sons of Saul, until "water dropped upon them out of heaven."

The second specimen which I examined, was simply wrapped in a dry mummy cloth, and contained the bones of an *Ibis religiosa*, as I found on comparing the head and back with a figure in Denon's "Egypt." Considerable portions of earth were mingled with them, and they were thoroughly bleached, as if they had lain exposed to the atmosphere till the feathers and flesh fell from them. They were, consequently, I should presume, the remains of a bird that had died in some secluded spot, where they were not discovered till reduced to this condition; or had been first buried in the earth, and then removed to a more honourable sepulchre, as Herodotus tells us was the case with the sacred bulls which the Egyptians interred in the vicinity of their cities, leaving one and sometimes both horns by way of mark, protruding from the ground. Here they remained a stated time, till they began to putrefy, when a vessel appointed for the purpose was despatched from Prosopitis, an island in the Delta, in which were several cities. Atarbechis, one of these, in which was a temple to Venus, provided these vessels, and in them the bones were collected and transported to one appointed place, for burial.*

It is worthy of notice, as illustrative of the ridiculous height to which the Egyptians carried their superstitious veneration for this bird, that the very earth with which its holy bones had mingled should be thought worthy of preservation; as I think it must have been, from the fact of its occurrence in such quantities in this mummy, and from its retaining so distinctly the impression of the bandages, which must have consequently enveloped it in a soft state.

In this, as in the other specimen, I found considerable remains of the usual food of this bird in the form of two conglomerated masses of wheat, like that of the full ears in Joseph's dream—"rank and good." It may appear rather singular that this valuable grain should have been applied to such a purpose, did we not know that, as an article of human food, it had fallen into disrepute when Herodotus visited Egypt. "Wheat and barley," says he, "are common articles of food in other countries, but in Egypt are thought mean and disgraceful; the diet there consisting principally of a kind of corn, by some called "Olyra," and by others, "Zea."† So little, indeed, were the uses of wheat known in Ethiopia about this time, that the ambassadors whom Cambyses sent thither, in speaking of it as the customary food of the Persians, were obliged to describe its nature; and the Ethiopian king is recorded to have remarked contemptuously, that those who lived on such stuff might well die at *fourscore;* whilst his own people, whose fare was different, attained, customarily, the age of one hundred and twenty years.‡

Amongst this corn, I found two fragments of stone, swallowed possibly for the purpose of aiding digestion: one small and of lenticular form, white, vitreous, and semi-transparent; the other larger, amorphous, and containing the character and colours—black, white, and red—of the Egyptian syenite, and precisely similar to a piece of the Alexandrian pillar, falsely called Pompey's, now in my possession. This circumstance clearly proves the claim of the bird that had swallowed it, to be considered as a genuine denizen of the Nile valley.

The third of my Ibis mummies was bandaged with considerable care—the outer cloths having the appearance of being much carbonized. On unrolling the first layer, which was wound spirally around it from the feet to the head, I found three or four thicknesses of corded fringe, connected with the remnants of the fabric they originally ornamented, disposed with some regularity down the sides and front of the mummy. When these were removed, the next surface appeared covered with ravellings from the rough edges of another series of bandages; on displacing which, I discovered two bundles of feathers,—one of them crossed and re-crossed by a narrow slip of cloth, which held them together, and the other unfastened. They were all white, with black tips, very brittle, but otherwise well preserved, and belonging apparently to the Ibis religiosa.

* 2 Sam. xxi. 10.

* Euterpe, 41.

† Euterpe, 36.

‡ Clio, 22, 23.

Amongst these feathers a quantity of sand was observable; several leaves like those of the olive, which on burning crackled and threw out jets of gas, emitting a smell very like that of rank tobacco; and the shell of a small berry, brown, glossy, and of the size and form of a plum stone; a few pieces of delicately reticulated bark, and fragments of wood.

Although all these specimens were far from perfect,* they furnish matter for a variety of curious and interesting speculations. When we consider, indeed, that by the laws of Egypt the penalty of death was inflicted without mercy on those who destroyed an Ibis, even by accident, we may rather wonder that *any* perfect samples have come down to us, and can only account for it on the supposition that this bird was domesticated, as Cuvier has ingeniously surmised from the fact that the left humerus of one which he examined had been fractured, and reduced, apparently by art, as it had grown well together.

The examination of my hawk mummies afforded few materials of interest. The first of them was so exceedingly rotten as to fall to dust if roughly handled. The projection, shaped to the form of the bird's head, contained nothing but a bundle of knotted cords, such as I have before mentioned. The other part still retained traces of the beautiful fret-work with which it was originally ornamented. The outside wrappers were from their highly carbonized state detached without difficulty, though those at the back were firmly glued together. As I approached the body they became more compact, till I had cleared them all away, when I found the wing feathers strongly agglutinated with a bituminous matter, and forming a solid mass similar in size and form to a small herring.

On the right wing, and in front of the body were two pieces of hard clay or Nile mud, which *might* have been Scarabæi, though it would require no little ingenuity to prove the point, nor should I have referred to it at all, were it not well known that the hawk and the beetle were intimately associated,—both of them being regarded as symbols of the Sun. Some of the wrappers were of unusual fineness, but so blackened either by heat or moisture, as to fall to pieces under examination, and amongst them were some fragments of canvass, similar to that which has been patented within the last half century as a *new* invention!

On the right breast, held down by one of the quill feathers, was a small sprig of wood, which as far as I can ascertain, by comparison with a recent specimen, appears to be rosemary. This is the more probable as Pettigrew mentions the discovery of a slip of the same plant in the hand of a young human mummy which he examined, and is interesting, as proving the very early association of this shrub with the dead.

The second hawk mummy offered no peculiarity; the outer fret-work was unusually regular and beautiful. On removing it, I found a continuous spiral bandage rather carelessly whipped, and some pieces of cloth which had been more neatly run together, and the edges turned back and hemmed. The third layer consisted of ends and ravellings placed without any regularity; and the fourth, of very coarse binding of corded fringe. The feathers, which were not very numerous, were not barred as in the common kind of hawks, and were only distinguishable from those of the white Ibis, by a slight tinge of brown.

* Perfect specimens, it would appear, are very rare indeed. Hasselquist exactly describes the usual character of these mummies. "In such urns," says he, "as have been well preserved, is found a piece of middling coarse sleasy linnen, artfully wound in foldings, and kept together by twine, which is obliquely wound over from the upper to the lower part. Within this linnen is preserved a quantity of dark grey ashes, mixed sometimes with a beak or bone of a bird. These ashes, covered with the linnen, are in the same conic form as the urn, and are commonly found packed close within it. It happens, sometimes, though very seldom, that they find in the urns a bird, in which the feathers, head, legs, and feet, and even the colours are so well preserved, as that one may know what kind of a bird it is."—*Voyage to Levant*, 1766, p. 90.

ADVENTURES OF A BROCADE PETTICOAT.

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINCESS OF * * * * * * * *.

Milan, 1841.

MADAM,—As it is your Serene Highness's wish that I should communicate my numerous adventures and vicissitudes, for your amusement and the delectation of your maids of honour, I have much pleasure in complying;—but must request that your royal and taper fingers will become my amanuensis, and pen down what I shall relate;—my existence dating from a period when even your princely ancestors were more celebrated for wielding the sword than the pen.

I will not fatigue your Serene Highness or myself with the origin or pedigree of my toiling ancestors, the silk-worms, though their genealogical tree may be considered a pretty extensive one, stretching over the vast and fertile plains of Lombardy, and, like many other noble and illustrious families, stripping all the branches for the exclusive consumption and profit of themselves.

My first sensation was being huddled, very unceremoniously, with a thousand other cocoons, in a sack, and deposited (with a jolt sufficient to pulverize our delicate natures) in a spinning manufactory near Brescia; the place was merely an open shed, but the pillars which supported the roof were garlanded with vines, the air was balmy which breathed around, and the view from it delicious, looking out upon the swelling hills that surround that city. By some chance the sack, in which I lay with my companions, was neglected for some days, and the heat of the place maturing the germs within their silken cradles, our vitality, or sylph, sprung into creation,—a swarm of pretty feathered spirits fluttered away at the very moment when the overseer laid his cruel hands upon the heap, to precipitate it into a scalding abyss. Nothing could exceed his rage and vexation, while he swore as many heathen and catholic oaths as an emperor could have done upon the escape of a handful of Carbonari.

"Corpo di Bacco! e beato Sant' Antonio!—I am ruined," he exclaimed; "these cocoons are every one burst, and the silk has lost half its value; Corpo di Diana!—che imbroglio:" all the women and children left their chaunting and came running and gaping, many of them not displeased with his disaster, as he was a severe taskmaster, and for the slightest fault would stop a portion of their scanty wages. "Ah! che seccatura!—che Diavolo! Per la Santissima," &c. &c. &c., was echoed around. "Return to your work, *Bestie*," roared forth the enraged overseer, who detected the lurking smile issuing from their grinning white teeth, "or by L'Osteria di Dio, I will put you all to stoppages." This threat sent them scampering to their wheels and reeking heaps, and the monotonous but pleasing old chaunt was taken up at intervals by the shrill voice of childhood, and the more mellowed one of girls and matrons.

After a few moments of consideration, the wily over-

seer, who was placed in his situation to repress fraud in others, determined to repair his negligence by appropriating the damaged cocoons to an order he had received from the charming Countess Fiordespina, who was esteemed the most beautiful and accomplished woman of her time—the patroness of arts and artists, and the benefactress of the poor :—this very order was for a bridal present to one of her tenants, the daughter of her nurse. "The Countess Fiordespina," thought this wretched cheat, "is so gentle and so good, she will never suspect or examine into the material; and when it is woven into a pattern of her own designing, she is too good-natured to return it upon our hands, even if she should discover any little flaw :"—so thinking, he distributed us among the spinners, and by sunset we appeared in golden, glossy skeins, with only an additional number of knots, which served to bind us more closely together, like a family who have endured repeated misfortunes, and who, in consequence, are become more firmly united.

The moon having risen upon the spinners' labours, they were dismissed, and the place left in silence, except that delicious hum which is created by the thousand fireflies and beetles and musquitoes, which swarm into life and pleasure during a summer night; some of these latter may have incurred your Serene Highness's displeasure by a too free use of their stings upon your delicate skin—but recollect the temptation to their refined natures of sipping from such delicious fountains as your perfumed pores, and banquetting on the roses of your lips—and forgive them as you would a too enterprising lover.

After the torture we had undergone upon the wheel that day, you may imagine the soft repose we were enjoying, lulled by such fairy music, when suddenly a rushing sound filled the place, and myriads of our fluttering progenitors were discovered dancing in the moonlight beams. A sense of the presence of our winged primogenitors, and the consequent feeling of respect they inspired, prevented the utterance of any vexation at this interruption to our quiet, and after a few seconds we clearly heard the following discourse hummed gently forth :—"This bad man thinks to defraud the lovely Countess Fiordespina; but shall we, who miraculously escaped a cruel death at his hands, suffer such a proceeding? No, my sister sylphs; before we quit this terrestrial shape, let us confer grace, beauty and durability upon the produce of our own bodies, the soft covering painfully wrought by us in our mundane state, to nourish and mature our present transmigration to beauty and pleasure :—let these clumsy knots disappear, except to the eye of the overseer, whose conscience may they annoy with the constant dread of this and his numerous other knaveries being detected; may the weaver exert his utmost ingenuity to combine the rarest pattern of this material; and, above all, may the texture, thus produced, endue the wearer with a nameless charm and elegance, without which clothes are of no avail to heighten female loveliness." So murmuring, the whole tiny tribe fluttered their streaked wings as in approbation and unanimity ;—and from that moment, a consciousness and individuality sprung within me, and rendered me observant and sensible of outward things, amounting to a participation of pleasure and of interest in them. I am sorry to confess that one of my first sensations was inordinate vanity, on discovering myself, a few weeks after, transformed into a rich silk of cerulean hue, with stripes of silver white intertwined with dainty buds, and between, bouquets of roses, red and yellow, and the pretty lilac flower that sheds a perfume for many weeks ;—in short, such as you now behold me, Princess ; for though I have been extant many years, I flatter myself to be but "little the worse for wear," and to have lost none of my pristine loveliness :—fashions may change, but what is intrinsically beautiful must ever claim admiration; and though in my time I have sighed over many a contemporary beauty who has been degraded into bed-quilts and settee-covers, yet a better taste is arising, and curiosity-shops and lumber-rooms are now ransacked to discover brocades that have lain by neglected for years.

But to return to my youthful days :—the elegance of my appearance could not fail of pleasing the Countess Fiordespina, who, as I before mentioned, was a woman of taste, and I was forthwith converted into an ample petticoat for her foster-sister Theresa, which, with a jacket of rose-coloured silk, laced with gold, was to form her wedding costume. In my first flush of youthful glossiness, I own that the conjunction with this *plain* silk offended me; but I have since grown wiser, and found that contrasts heighten effect.

When I had been sufficiently displayed and admired by the Countess and her friends, I was carefully folded and laid across a settee, where I had ample time for observation and comment upon all that was passing around me. The palace of the Countess was situated in one of the best streets of Milan, stately and grand, furnished with splendour and fashion; numerous domestics were at her command, but I soon discovered that happiness was not among her attendants :—brought up in a convent, and married by her parents at fifteen years old, without previous acquaintance with her husband, she, an enthusiastic girl, experienced a terrible revulsion of feeling upon discovering him to be plain, selfish, and cold-hearted. Still, as his manners, when he chose, were specious and pleasing, and *her* instincts good, he might have won her regard, or at least her duty ; but this he was careless of obtaining; and shortly, separate pursuits, separate friends and pleasures, confirmed them in habits of indifference. He became a voluptuary of the worst kind, she employed her energies in acts of kindness to all who came within her sphere, both rich and poor. Her wit and vivacity led her also to seek the society of travellers and men of letters, and her conversaziones were therefore celebrated as the resort of the beautiful, the elegant, and the talented.

Amongst her visitors was a young English *Milor*, who, with his tutor, was making the grand tour, as in those days it was called.

"Pray, Milor," said my sprightly Countess, "may I, without offence, ask you a question?"

"A thousand, dear lady, if you please to honour me so far," was his Lordship's courteous reply, bowing very low.

"I am aware," she returned, "that your nation are all heretics, and that since the time of that bad king who amused himself with cutting off the heads of his poor wives, you do not believe in the Madonna and a thousand other things which console us; but is it really true, that you do not allow your poor people to enter your churches, not even your metropolitan cathedral, without paying four soldi?"

"It is but too true," he replied; "but the exclusion extends to every one equally after service is finished."

"Not equally," she rejoined; "you are a nobleman, and four soldi are of no importance to a rich man, whilst to a poor one they curtail a large portion of his daily means of existence: besides, you have leisure and can attend the regular hours of service; whereas the peasant, the workman, the servant, can only snatch at intervals a few hurried moments to pray a blessing upon their toil, or pour forth their overburthened hearts before a God of mercy and kindness:—enter our glorious Duomo at mid-day, or of an evening, and you will see the poor cripple, or infirm old age, wrapt in a pious extasy, and finding a solace from pain and poverty in solitary communions with their Maker."

"I perfectly agree with you, charming Countess," answered the Englishman, "and wish our beautiful Abbey of Westminster and noble Cathedral of St. Paul's were equally accessible to passing piety: but such is English inconsistency,—glorying in her extensive commerce and her lavish wealth, yet with contracted two-penny notions in religious matters."

"I have always imagined," she replied, thoughtfully, "that your nation boasted of its liberty and equal justice—and is religion a sealed book to the poor, who most need its instructions and its solace? Can you not, who are of the legislature, remove this disgrace from your nation?"

"My uncle," answered the Englishman, "is a bishop, and my father has two rich livings in his gift; both sit in the Upper House; yet if I were but to breathe a word on this subject, they would cry out, Blasphemy! Atheism! and 'the church is in danger!'"

The Countess looked at the young foreigner with amazement, but was too polite to press the question farther, as it showed his nation to such disadvantage. As for myself, who had only heard of the English in the silk manufactory, as of a people living far beyond the Alps, in a foggy little island, and whose merchants, and their fleets for the import of every foreign luxury, were compared to the ancient ones of Tyre and Phœnicia, or as rivals to ours of Venice and Genoa, I could not but feel a portion of contempt and pity, that such tyranny should exist over the poorer classes, who had been represented as deriving especial comfort from the practice of religion, in compensation for their many earthly privations: but since the great French revolution I have become something of a philosopher, no doubt assisted by the various mutations I have personally undergone; and understand, with much satisfaction, that this and many other abuses have been removed in England and all civilized countries, and that the people enjoy equal privileges with the great of the land, both in Church and State.

The following week I was taken to my destination,—the cottage of Camilla, beautifully situated in the Brienza. Camilla had nursed with her milk the Countess Fiordespina, and she, in return, loved her as a mother, and doated on her pretty foster sister, Theresa, as if she had been a twin; but, with judicious affection, she never introduced her to a town life; and though, above all things, she would have desired such an attached friend to reside with her, denied herself this gratification, and was content with embellishing their humble dwelling, adding to their stock of poultry and cattle, and providing for the approaching wedding by additional domestic comforts, and a splendid bridal dress, and ornaments of gold. These fresh instances of the Countess's bounty were received by mother and daughter with tears and smiles of gratitude. It was difficult to say which was most pleased, the donor or the receivers; perhaps the latter,—at least Theresa,—for there was one to whom she could communicate her happiness, who would look in her dark eye with rapture, and sympathize in all her feelings. This was Giacomo, her betrothed, the handsomest youth in the neighbourhood, merry and industrious, who had loved Theresa from childhood, and thought himself the most fortunate man in the world to have won her for his bride.

After the wedding took place, the newly-married pair came to reside with Camilla, who wished not to be separated from her only child; besides, her dwelling could boast of many more advantages than that of the bridegroom, whose fields and vineyards, however, made a handsome addition to their possessions, and caused the young couple to be considered rich landholders for that period.

After the customary bridal visits to relations and friends, to Milano and its sights, had been duly paid by the bride and bridegroom, I was carefully folded, and laid by in lavender flowers for Sunday wear, and the high festivals of the Virgin and Saints, on which occasions I received my due share of admiration with the tissue garments of the Madonna herself; but after the birth of their first-born, I was left undisturbed for months together, in the carved wooden chest, where I was deposited with their other treasures, and should certainly have fallen into a state of apathy and misanthropy, but for the occasional airings and re-foldings of the good Camilla, and the interest awakened in me by frequently overhearing detailed accounts of my first patroness, the charming Countess Fiordespina.

It seems that among the many vices of her husband, gambling shone conspicuous, which naturally increased his selfish humour; and as he generally played with little skill and less success, he not only considerably diminished his fortune, but losing his temper and his assumed affability, became, at times, ferocious and insolent to his more fortunate competitors, to a degree resembling madness.

In one of these paroxysms of uncontrollable rage, he struck his opponent, the Prince of D——, calling him cheat and scoundrel. The insult being offered publicly, and, in the first moment of passion, the Count refusing all overtures for an apology, the authorities interfered, and he was conducted to prison, where the affair took a very serious aspect, in consequence of the outrageous ravings of the infuriated gambler, who heaped random abuse upon the government, royalty, &c. In a few days, however, he became proportionably abject, and pleaded for pardon in the most servile terms. The scandal of his vices, and his utter disregard of appearances, having rendered him particularly obnoxious, he was considered a fit subject for public example, and this punishment an excellent opportunity of proving the paternal vigilance of government in reproving sin and disorderly conduct. His pleadings were therefore disregarded; heavy fines were inflicted, and enforced; and public ignominy awarded at the termination of his imprisonment. To avert this latter disgrace, all his powerful family influence was exerted to the utmost; but this failing of success, by the com-

mand of her husband the gentle Fiordespina was despatched to intercede with his prosecutor, the Prince of D——. This latter was a mere soldier of fortune, raised to his present rank and title, it must be confessed, by his bravery, but with little of any other merit in his character—jovial and free-hearted amongst men, but cruel and merciless towards women, whom he knew in no other relation than as ministers to his appetites.

The beauty of the charming Fiordespina at once aroused his desires, and the price of her husband's favour was coarsely and unhesitatingly named by this *honourable* man. Her indignation and threats of public exposure only served to increase the Prince's brutality, and her husband's danger; for she was told plainly, that nothing but her compliance could now save him from the threatened punishment. By turns she knelt, raved, and weepingly implored—the Prince was inflexible,—and she left him in despair, to convey the sad intelligence of her want of success to her humbled and sullen lord. He received the communication of Prince D——'s proposal in a far different spirit to that in which it was imparted by his outraged wife: habitual vice had debased his mind, and he gave her to understand that he considered her as fastidious, and wanting in the duty of a wife, in refusing any means that might ward off such imminent danger as threatened the life and honour of her husband.

Mortified and overwhelmed at this confirmation of his selfish and degraded character, she withdrew to her palace, to mourn in secret over her blighted happiness. Still in the first freshness of womanhood, in the full glow of loving tenderness, to find herself connected for life with one so unworthy—so utterly unfitted to participate in her generous moral feelings, her enthusiastic love of poetry and beauty—was desolating, was wretchedness sufficient: but this she had borne for years,—now had come upon her the additional horror of finding the man who was bound to shield her from insult, tempting her to dishonour—urging her to sin—that he might escape the just punishment of his vices: there was utter misery—there was madness in these thoughts: yet evening found her brooding over them—and later still, the moon and her attendant bright star poured their mild light on her statue-like appearance, as she sat with her head drooped, like a flower untimely crushed, the pallid impersonation of hopeless loneliness.

From this trance of grief she was aroused by the entrance of a visitor, the Prince Tancred. He had been long a slave to the fascinations of Fiordespina, but, with the delicacy of true love, had forborne to utter a sigh or word that might sully the purity of the object of his admiration,—content to breathe, at times, the same atmosphere—to listen to her sweet voice—to gaze upon her kind, expressive countenance.

By accident he had been an unseen witness of her interview with the Prince of D——; and whilst his delight was unbounded in her virtuous indignation at the licentious offers of the hoary debauchee, he grieved for her alliance with one whose evil conduct had placed her in so revolting a position.

Full of compassion and admiration for one so young and good, ensnared with many ills and sorrows, he expostulated with her aged wooer, representing the tyranny and injustice of his conduct towards a woman whom he urged to crime at the moment she was pleading for her husband's honour. Finding all his arguments answered by libertine defamations of women in general, he hastened to the Court, and so well timed and urged his suit, that hopes were given of mitigation of punishment for the offending Count, if not of entire pardon.

To impart this consolation to the afflicted Fiordespina was now the object of his visit; but upon discovering her attitude of woe, a jealous pang shot across his heart, that such a treasure of love and tenderness should be lavished upon so unworthy an object. Then came a hurried, tumultuous hope, that perhaps a self-pitying sentiment mingled with her dejection, and might render her susceptible to the consolations of sympathy—(it being well known that her heartless husband had boasted of the uses to which a beautiful wife might be available); but he checked these unworthy suggestions as they arose, and yielded himself entirely to the delightful task of assuaging the grief of his beloved; urging every possible topic of hope, and future happiness. Alas! in vain were all his kind endeavours; her heart refused comfort, and rejected his cheering accents. She felt too surely, too hopelessly, that with her husband there was no delightful future—no possible communion of love or sentiment: her best feelings had been outraged, and no argument, no persuasion, could take away the sting from this thought, or restore her respect and confidence.

Something of this, perhaps, betrayed itself in her words and manner, and encouraged the latent tumult of his feelings; for he dared to utter what had hithero been only acknowledged in the silent communing with his own heart, in delicious day-dreams of what might have been, had they met earlier and unshackled:—and she listened to him unreproving, nay, allowing her blushes and quick-coming emotions to assure him that she was not insensible to his merits, nor to his long-suffering in secret for her sake.

Alas! for poor human nature, when passion misleads; Fiordespina, who had shrunk from the coarse avowal of the Prince of D——, and would have withered him with the lightning of her looks, now hung enamoured on the impassioned accents of her more youthful and graceful lover; and Tancred, who had reproved the hardened profligate, now wooed with words of fire the neglected, injured wife. True, as some excuse for them, they were both young, and had long in secret mutually acknowledged each other's perfections—had long felt that nature had destined them for each other's happiness, though unkind fortune and injudicious friends had separated their destinies: blameable they surely were, to avow their love; but some extenuation must be admitted in consideration of her sad fate, and his generous pity, which led him to share in her sorrows, and seek to alleviate the hardships of her lot. Let it be also remembered to their honour, that after the first burst of passionate avowal—after the first brief embrace of mingled frenzy and delight, they started as from a dream of horror, and recoiled from the dizzy precipice of perdition upon which they found themselves standing:—could he urge to dishonour the pure being he had hitherto worshipped, or she depart from a life of unsullied innocence?—No; a moment's reflection recalled them to the path of rectitude: she pleaded to his love and generosity for protection, and he with glorious self-denial admitted her claims:—they might be weak, they were

most unhappy, but guilty they would not become; and therefore, after many and conflicting struggles, resolved upon an eternal separation, and parted with agony greater than death. To complete his magnanimity, Prince Tancred never relaxed in his endeavours, until he had obtained the remission of her husband's sentence, although he could not prevent the greater part of his remaining fortune from being sacrificed to the heavy fines imposed by an incensed government.

I have before observed to your Serene Highness, that although a beauty, I am somewhat of a philosopher, and like to speculate, in my moments of repose, upon the amazing contradictions of the human mind: none have amused me more than the judgments passed by mortals upon the actions of others—nay, even upon their most hidden thoughts, which they supply and pronounce upon with the utmost promptitude and presumption, when it is utterly impossible they can have the remotest knowledge of the subject; and so it fell out in the case of Fiordespina and the Prince Tancred, who, scarcely daring to acknowledge their fatal secret to each other, had heroically parted, for fear of abandoning the high standard of excellence they had erected as their guide; yet, upon the liberation of the Count, no one hesitated to pronounce his pardon had been procured by the sacrifice of his wife's honour to the Prince Tancred, his benefactor. It is true, the husband lent himself to this sullying of his own escutcheon; for, not believing in the existence of disinterested virtue, but that *self* was the ruling principle in this world, he could not imagine that Prince Tancred (who had ever manifested a distaste for his society and pursuits) should interest himself to procure his freedom, without being secure of his reward in the possession of Fiordespina,—not that this consideration pained him, as he valued not a jot either her person or affection. Italian custom and manner of thinking had long rendered him indifferent on such subjects; but he remembered her expressed horror of Prince D——'s proposal, and thought himself justified in despising her affectation of vice, and hating her for refusing to purchase his enlargement upon any terms. His gross mind knew no distinction between the shameless barter of her person, and the yielding to a tender sentiment. In these calumnies he was joined by the Prince of D——,whose mortified vanity found a solace in such petty revenge; and the thoughtless world joined in these revilings, because it delights in scandal, and the lowering of excellence in man or woman: thus, poor Fiordespina and her noble lover gained nothing by their self-denial, but loss of reputation and of friends, except, indeed, the cheering voice of their own consciences. It is true he had quitted Milan, in pursuance of the honourable forbearance enjoined by himself; and, therefore, evil tongues might rail, but she had neither champion nor comforter.

Her despicable husband, soon after, having converted the remnant of his possessions into money, and not forgetting to load his poor wife with unmerited taunts and reproaches, departed to consume the remainder of his life and property in Paris, where, after his slender resources failed him, he might turn and prey upon the rich and unwary, who are ever ready to trust a *Count*, and a man of specious manners, which, as I before observed, he could assume at pleasure, unless when under the influence of sudden and violent anger.

Abandoned thus by rich and fashionable friends, and by him whom the laws of State and Church had made her protector and support, Fiordespina found herself utterly destitute and helpless, but for the fidelity and attachment of her humble nurse and foster-sister, who flew to console and succour their beloved, and, as they rightly judged, innocent benefactress. They urged her immediate removal to their cottage, and she accepted the offer with the delighted trustingness that characterises true benevolence. Behold then the lovely and refined Fiordespina associated with peasants and tillers of the land; and she who had been brought up with luxurious care, now insisting upon taking her share in the domestic duties of the household:—in vain were the protests of Camilla and Theresa, or the more energetic ones of Giacomo, who, on his knees, entreated her to consider herself mistress of all their possessions, and themselves but her attached servants;—her tears flowed at these expressions of their gratitude and affection, but she steadily refused to become a mere burthen upon their industry, and assured them that employment would tend to dissipate sad remembrances, and enliven thought. A compromise was at length agreed upon between the parties, that Fiordespina should abstain from the more laborious occupations (for which indeed she was wholly unequal), and employ herself with the needle and lighter duties in-doors.

In the course of a few weeks, her presence in the Brienza operated like the transformations of a fairy tale; the garments fashioned by her taper fingers gave the wearers an Arcadian air; neatness and order had ever presided at the humble board, but now was conspicuous an air of elegance in the tasteful arrangement of the milk and fruits, embedded among leaves and flowers: but, above all, the baby was her especial care, —the sturdy little rogue could clamber about, and was in every one's way, and in every sort of mischief. Fiordespina watched his steps, and guarded him when his infantine darings led him into danger: her smile hushed his cries, her voice soothed his little sorrows.

Thus months passed away; and if she were not completely happy—if regret for other scenes, or the image of her generous lover arose—she checked the rising murmur; and, in the discharge of her simple duties, in the perusal of the few books she had preserved, and above all, in communion with God amidst the beauties of nature, sought for consolation and cheerfulness. To avoid notice, she had adopted the dress of the peasantry; but the elegance of her carriage and the whiteness of her skin were easily distinguishable, if not heightened by this simple attire and the becoming black veil: she never, however, wandered from the fields and vineyards of Giacomo, unless on Sundays and festivals to hear mass at the neighbouring rustic chapel, where she was regularly seen supporting the feeble steps of Camilla, or leading the prattling infant by the hand; and the honest villagers respectfully made way for her, in deference to her fallen fortunes, and admiration of her gracious aspect and manners.

So passed the bright spring and the sultry summer; the glorious autumn was in advance, and yielding its rich treasures of fruit and oil and wine, for man's solace during the inclement winter. Around the farm were already conspicuous the thrifty preparations for that gloomy season's occupation, when snow and frost should keep man and beast under shelter; the flax and

hemp were beaten, washed, and combed, for spinning during the long and dreary evenings; stacks of wood and turf piled up for repelling cold and storm; whilst at a distance, under the festooned boughs and yet brilliant skies, stood groups of sunburnt peasants and children, tearing down the purple clusters of grapes, and depositing them in tubs and vats, drawn by the sweet-breathed, dove-coloured oxen of the country. Fiordespina listened to the merry laugh, borne upon the fresh breeze, and gazed upon the classic group, which might have recalled the Valley of Tempe, from the cottage-door (whither the child had drawn her by urgent cries of "Mamma, Mamma, Andiam, Andiam,") when her attention was roused by the tramp of a horseman, who, with his servant, came slowly riding down the path which led before the house-door. In an instant she recognized Prince Tancred, and, involuntarily shrinking from notice, would have withdrawn inside, but greatly agitated, and missing her step, fell over the threshold: she was not much hurt, but the shrieks of her little companion were piercing, and the Prince dismounted, and was hanging over her still prostrate form, demanding, in the most compassionate tones, if she were greatly injured, and if he could assist her?

The sound of that beloved voice, the touch of that dear hand, the suddenness of his appearance, were too much for her sensitive heart: she turned away her head, and for a few moments became nearly insensible. Imagining she was suffering from great bodily pain, he lifted her in his arms, and carried her in-doors, gently depositing her on a settle which was the usual seat of Camilla. Still her face was concealed from his view, and her silence continuing, he ran to seek for water, thinking she had fainted:—great was his surprise, upon raising it towards her lips, to find his hand grasped in both of hers, and a warm kiss impressed upon it; still it was the country fashion, and might proceed from female gratitude; but, at the instant, the little fellow, who had climbed up the back of the chair, drew aside the lace, and revealed the pale and agitated countenance of his beloved Fiordespina.

Delight at meeting her, wonder at finding her domesticated in such a place, kept him, for the first moments, in wrapt astonishment; but soon a thousand endearing words broke forth, and as he listened to her sad narrative, love, admiration, and pleasure increased a thousand-fold. That one so young, beautiful, and good, should have experienced such sad vicissitudes, such unmerited injuries, excited his pity; and that on his account her fair fame should have suffered, awakened indignation and remorse: he would immediately hasten to Milan, and openly disprove the foul scandal; he would extort justice from her cruel husband, and restore her to the state and magnificence from which she had been so wantonly ejected.

Fiordespina smiled at his warmth, but mournfully shaking her head, "You would not increase my happiness by such proceedings," was her meek reply; "and would only strengthen evil rumours by appearing as my defender:—the Count has fled, and is immersed in the gaieties of Paris: among my former fickle friends I could never find society or pleasure; whilst here, unknown or pitied, I am at least tranquil, if not happy." To these arguments he at last yielded, and even suffered himself to be persuaded from his earnest desire of visiting her in her present abode. He pleaded the inefficacy of their former self-denial, which she answered by reference to their conscious satisfaction—to the presence of Camilla and Theresa, as her safeguard from scandal,—she was certain these humble friends would themselves disapprove of such dangerous meetings, whilst she should sink in their esteem and his love, which was now her only comfort and support:—all he could obtain was the privilege of corresponding by letter; and thus, with many tears and embraces, they parted a second time, victims of honour and stern fate.

I could not but think that Fiordespina was more melancholy after this meeting than she had been previously; she went about listlessly, sighed oftener, and after the receipt of a letter from Prince Tancred, or writing one to him, she would shut herself in her room, and weep for hours: perhaps endurance was exhausted in her, or, in the weakness of human nature, she recalled the arguments of her lover upon the uselessness of their mutual sacrifice—the passing away of their youth, separated and repining, when, had they set at defiance the rigorous laws of society, which nevertheless had treated them so unjustly, they might have constituted each other's happiness. Her humble friends perceived the altered tone of her mind, and used their utmost efforts to dissipate her despondency, alas! without the desired effect:—she was grateful for their care, ever gentle and caressing in her manner, but gradually faded away, like one who pines for genial love and converse.

The spring they hoped would revive her, but it passed away, and summer flowers were replaced by the more flaunting but less sweet ones of autumn, and she declined with the seasons: she seemed aware of her fast coming decay, and the wish naturally arose of bidding an eternal farewell to her beloved. She ventured to name this wish to Camilla, and the indulgent creature immediately despatched Giacomo in quest of him, according to the address of his last letter, which had been dated from Switzerland. Upon his arrival there, however, he found Prince Tancred gone, and no one knew whither, as his departure had been sudden and unattended, except by a single servant.

The faithful Giacomo returned slowly homeward, much disconcerted at the ill success of his journey, and as he neared home, meditating uneasily upon the best method of breaking the unwelcome intelligence to the sick lady; but Theresa would assist him—she was never at a loss when her benefactress was concerned. He secured his nag, therefore, in the stable, and was stealing noiselessly in at the back door, when his eye lighted upon a group through the open door of the sitting-room, which at once assured him his precaution was unnecessary: Fiordespina lay extended on the settle, her face still pale, but smiling, and her thin hands clasped in those of a handsome cavalier, who, he readily guessed, was him he had been seeking:—his infant boy was forcing upon her acceptance some grapes and flowers, and as he advanced, he perceived the aged Camilla knitting in the corner, and from time to time regarding the others with tearful but delighted looks.

Giacomo had the good sense to feel his presence was unrequired, so he withdrew quietly, and went in search of his wife, from whom, after a hearty embrace, he learned the happy change which had taken place during his absence.

The very day after he had set out on his useless

journey, Prince Tancred arrived at the farm, and the magic of his presence arrested illness and dissipated sorrow:—moreover when she had regained comparative strength he divulged tidings of her husband's fate, which he had learned from Paris, whither he had despatched a faithful servant to gain intelligence. The man readily acquired information of the Count, his vices and follies having long rendered him conspicuous, even in that dissipated capital.

Poverty had, soon after his arrival, induced him to practice the lowest tricks of gambling for a maintenance, and had, consequently, rendered him despicable, and shunned by all but the vilest sharpers:—but a few days previous to the servant's arrival some nefarious arts having drawn upon him a vulgar brawl, he had been severely beaten, and finally conveyed to prison for the assault, and disturbance of the public peace. Here, his hurts being neglected, a fever ensued, and when conveyed to the hospital, his previous intemperate life rendered medical aid unavailable. When the servant visited him, a mortification had taken place, and he died a few days after, having essayed to scrawl a few lines addressed to his wife, expressing a conviction of her innocence, and of contrition for his manifold injuries towards her: this paper the servant promised to deliver faithfully into her hands, and though unfinished, yet was satisfactory, in disproving all calumny against her, and evinced repentance, though late, on the part of the profligate Count. His compassionate wife shed tears of unfeigned grief upon its perusal and at the recital of his sad fate: but it would have been hypocrisy had her sorrow long endured:—on the contrary, a sense of freedom from the unfortunate ties which had hitherto bound her fate to his, shed a calm delight over her soul which soon restored health, and as she listened to the tender outpourings of her lover's tried affection, happiness revisited her bosom, and shortly completed the cure.

In a few months I was withdrawn by Theresa from my long repose, to wear upon the occasion of the lovely Fiordespina's second nuptials, with the Prince Tancred; and as all associations with Milan were painful to them both, they shortly after withdrew to Sicily, where his principalities were situated. Yielding to the solicitations of this noble couple, their humble but steadfast friends, Camilla, Theresa and Giacomo, sold off their property in the Brienza, and settled on the estates of Prince Tancred, through whose princely munificence they became even more wealthy than in the north of Italy.

Henceforth I enjoyed less repose, the Sicilians loving gaiety and festivity, and Theresa being in constant request at the palace on occasions of holidays and christenings; and, strange to say, the happiness of the wedded lovers seemed rather to increase than diminish; which proves, I hope, to your Serene Highness's satisfaction, that notwithstanding all the philippics against marriage, there is no rule without an exception.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

MY PHILOSOPHY.

Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade—
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made.
What though the summer day
Passes at eve away,
Doth not the moon's soft ray
Silence the night?—
"Bright things can never die,"
Saith my philosophy,—
Phœbus, though *he* pass by,
Leaves us his light.

Kind words can never die—
Spoken in jest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Aye—in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
"Kind words can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.

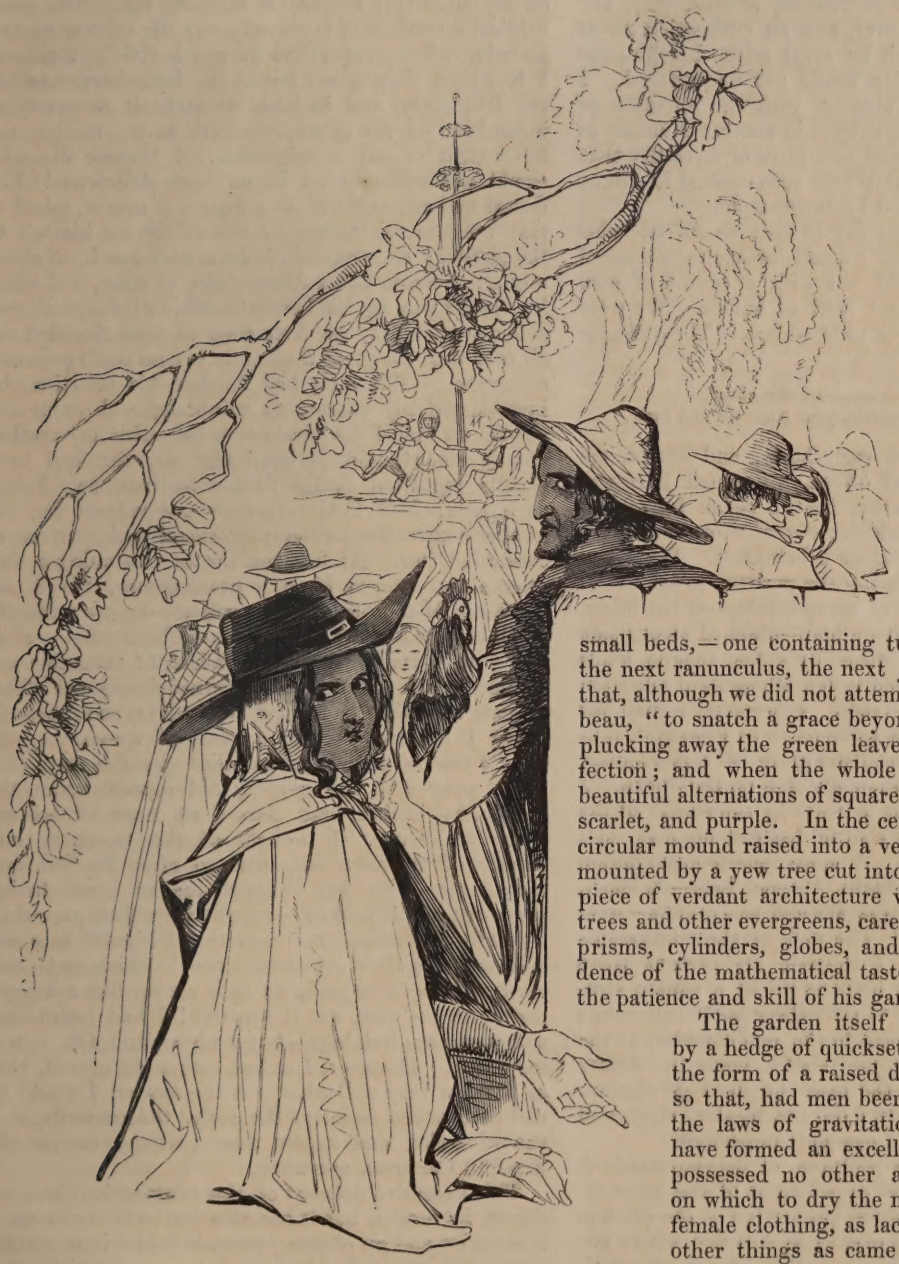
Childhood can never die
Wrecks of the past
Float on our memory,
E'en to the last.
Many a happy thing—
Many a daisied Spring,
Flown on Time's ceaseless wing
Far, far away.
"Childhood can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Wrecks of our infancy
Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die—
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind—
Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as day's earliest beam
Kissing the gentle stream,
In the lone glade.
Yet though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy—
"Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade."

C. H. H.

ENGLAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.



PART II.

The gardens of the gentry, sixty or even fifty years ago, still retained the characteristics of the days of William the Third; a description of one is nearly a description of all of them;—a level platform next the house, of finely mown turf—then a slope with steps—then a platform of gravel—another turf slope with steps—another level—another slope—and then a large lawn, perfectly square, surrounded by a border regularly divided into small beds,—one containing tulips, another auriculas, the next ranunculus, the next jonquils, and so on; so that, although we did not attempt, like Count Rochambeau, "to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art," by plucking away the green leaves, we bordered on perfection; and when the whole were in blossom, had beautiful alternations of square patches of red, yellow, scarlet, and purple. In the centre of the lawn was a circular mound raised into a very acute cone, and surmounted by a yew tree cut into an obelisk; while this piece of verdant architecture was surrounded by box trees and other evergreens, carefully shaped into cubes, prisms, cylinders, globes, and rhombs—bearing evidence of the mathematical tastes of the owner, and of the patience and skill of his gardener.

The garden itself was generally enclosed by a hedge of quickset, hornbeam, or yew, in the form of a raised divan with a back to it; so that, had men been twenty feet high, and the laws of gravitation suspended, it would have formed an excellent sofa. As it was, it possessed no other advantage than a shelf on which to dry the more delicate articles of female clothing, as lace, frills, caps, and such other things as came within the province of clear starchery.

This thick and impervious hedge had one advantage, however—no doubt intended by its contrivers—it concentrated and condensed your pleasures by confining them to a small space; for the world at large was as effectually excluded as if you had been surrounded with a high wall—so that all that came within the compass of your vision was *Nature perfected*, and not Nature in its brute form.

"I cannot but think," says Addison, after describing

the gardens of Stowe,—"I cannot but think, however (says he, modestly and diffidently), that there is beauty even in the natural shape of a tree." He was very properly laughed at and ridiculed.

This studied formality pervaded every thing. Dress deserves a chapter by itself, if not half a dozen chapters; for the vagaries of fashion were so extraordinary, so inconvenient, and so preposterously absurd, that, but for the aid of the engraver, and an authentication of the originals from which he must select his illustrations, the mere narrative would not be believed. I pass over this for the present, with the intention of doing full justice to the subject in another Number of the Magazine, and proceed to a piece of formality that I do not remember to have ever seen noticed in print; it will be best understood by an example.

My father took me one day to visit an old bachelor of high family, living on a small income as compared with the station he held, but with a couple of men servants, and an excellent stud of horses. We were to arrive about ten o'clock to breakfast. The prologue to the entertainment—

"———————— the ghost
Of an Englishman's breakfast, your curst tea and toast,"

we had swallowed at an early hour; and after a ten miles ride, at the age of fifteen, my gastric juice was formed in such abundance, that I began bitterly to regret that the meal of which we were about to partake was not a dinner instead of a breakfast. What was my delight, then, on entering the parlour, to see at one end of the table a dish of rump steaks—at the other, veal cutlets—in the centre a ham—flanked on one side by roast ducks, on the other by a fine tongue, while minor luxuries were placed with mathematical precision on different parts of the table. I prepared myself for a glorious repast; and as some pains had been taken in teaching me the then emphatic grace of a gentleman, *carving*, I proceeded to show my skill on the ducks. I was, however, soon called to order by the master of the feast, who bade me look a little closer at my dish, and mind what I was about. A more minute examination showed me that roast ducks, tongue, ham—in short, every thing but the rump steaks and veal cutlets—were made of papier maché! The skill of these imitations was extraordinary, but I suppose my present more practised eye would not be deceived by a similar stratagem. It was contended that these table ornaments were as legitimate adjuncts to the real eatables, as the cruet-stand and the epergne—that it made the dinner complete, and set out the table fit for a gentleman. All right, I dare say; but I did not think so then, and looked on the whole as a complete imposition.

About this time the progress of delicacy made it imperative to change the appellations of the most familiar objects. We had not yet arrived at the pitch of refinement which is said to exist in America, where you may not talk of the *breast*, but of the *bosom* of a fowl; but we were making rapid strides thereunto, and, for any thing I know to the contrary, this refinement of language might have been caught by our army during the war of the Revolution, and imported into this country—a compensation for the loss of the Colonies. Indeed, an old general officer in that war, a relation of mine, was remarkable for his refined expressions, which, though he always put forth in affected irony, were, I dare say, the effect of his being beaten into good manners by the rebels; for I must confess that the only way he had ever shone as a general, was by means of gold lace and polished steel, and even this had not had due effect, from the accident that he had almost always, no doubt in contempt, turned his back to the enemy—a thing now entirely out of fashion.

This advancing refinement of language was impressed on my mind very forcibly at an early age. The usual medical attendant of my family was the celebrated Dr. Darwin, whose unpoetical person I vividly recollect. I had been visiting my friend the housekeeper rather too frequently, and had not thought it necessary or incumbent on me to communicate to my mother the full extent of my indulgencies. I became ill—who would not willingly be ill on such delicacies? The doctor arrived, and was, as a matter of course, asked to take refreshment before he should devote himself to the patient; he accepted his invariable lunch, of about a quart of cream and a dozen slices of toast, and while he was lapping up his beverage, with all the grace and delicacy of a sow, he from time to time fumbled me all over with his great fingers, to my no small pain and annoyance. When he had finished his refection, he investigated my case more minutely, and expressed suspicions that I had been over-fed—this my mother stoutly denied, and declared that my diet had been exactly regulated by his former instructions. I had such unbounded filial reverence and respect for my mother's character for veracity, that I took care not to contradict her. At last the doctor, assuming a very solemn air, said, in his own peculiar way, "Well, my d-d-d-ear M-m-m-madam, we will o-o-o-o-open the ch-ch-ch-child's b-b-bowels, and we shall see wh——at is the m-m-matter." *Open his bowels!!* Horrible announcement!!—Monster!!—I turned deadly sick. This delicate euphuism had never reached my ears before; *purge* I understood—but to talk of *opening a poor child's bowels*, merely to *see* what was the matter! I slunk away into the garden, hid myself under the gooseberry bushes, and passed an hour of solitary agony in silence. I thought of the treachery and cruelty of the man who had so often fondled and kissed me—who had allowed me to steal barley sugar out of his pocket—brought me a little pup when I was ill with croup, and ingratiated himself into my affections in spite of my awe at a poet!—this man!—this monster! was now going to split me up like a haggis, merely to *see* what was the matter! I had heard that surgeons were butchers—but a physician? Oh, it was too much. However, I at last bethought myself, that as *I* knew very well what was the matter, I would go and confess the furmity, the toffy, the custards, and the winecake, and might thus perhaps escape the dreadful Cæsarean operation.

This excessive delicacy of the imagination has, no doubt, its merits, but it has also its inconveniences—a sensitive and an obtuse person brought into contact give each other dreadful annoyance, of which, if I dared, I could cite some very ludicrous examples.

"But this eternal blazon must not be," in this purest of pure magazines.

One more euphuism I must notice, as an example of the mutability of language, and varying collocation of ideas presented to the mind by a single word.

Time was when the innermost garment of a lady was called *a smock*, and for centuries after Shakspeare the word suggested no indelicate ideas to those who

looked unmoved at the naked figures of Titian. The world became more and more refined—smock was inserted in the Index Expurgatorius, and the word *shift* took its place. What could possibly be more pure and unsuggestive—a shift! a change—that is all. A change of linen!

To the pure, all things are pure,—and "worsey worsey" (as a venerable old lady of my acquaintance expresses it). In time it was found that even this simple and diffused generality became offensive. A shift!—a change of linen!—all very well if you were thinking of men, to whom *shirt* has stuck with the tenacity of that of Deianira;—why could we not say a woman's shirt? No! Delicacy forbad. Purity itself however, could suggest nothing more inoffensive than a *change* of linen, a *shift*. Bashfulness (which is not always modesty) was inexorable, and in despair we resorted to France—the word chemise was adopted, and I now see written up in the shops a still further refinement, "chemises d'homme,"—can we go further?

A charitable lady visiting a child's school asked a young sempstress if the work she was employed on was a chemise?—the girl replied, "No, my lady, this is a he-mise—that there girl makes the she-mises." Now, when chemise in its turn shall become suggestive, I propose the adoption of this young lady's improvement, and that we should in future talk of he-mises and she-mises.

At the time I speak of, a large square tank or pond occupied the centre of Lincoln's Inn-square; at each corner was a gigantic leaden statue of a boy or an angel, I forget which: these figures did not let the water spout from their mouths in a large stream, like vomiting (as the tritons of Versailles), or in a small one, like drivelling (as the great bronze boar in the market-place at Florence); but supplied the pond in the most natural manner possible, and kept it always full. In the progress of refinement their office was superseded by an underground pipe: the figures being no longer useful, were truly judged to be no longer ornamental, and were ultimately removed—not however till they had been subjected to unspeakable mutilations by the boys of the district.

In my former paper I spoke of the gipsies in the country, where they exercised an uncontrolled tyranny—a large tribe of them, however, were located in the vicinity of London. In spite of every effort of the authorities—

> "They would not their unhoused free condition
> Put into circumscription and restraint."

In Norwood and Penge Wood, then most picturesque forest scenery (the former now covered with roads and houses, and the latter mutilated and disfigured by the railway),—in this sylvan retreat a large band of gipsies set law at defiance. The male portion had the prudence and decorum to absent themselves from public notice during daylight, lest the police should pay them a visit, preferring to be "not at home" rather than undergo the trouble of answering impertinent questions; but at night they returned to their "foyers" to enjoy the sweets of domestic society and the comforts of cookery. The lady who bore the name of Queen of the Gipsies, kept her state in a long shed built of bricks and covered with tiles; near her sat the princess royal, and the young princes and princesses, and the rest of the royal family lay about the hall of audience with a most philosophical indifference to the etiquette of their high rank. This permanent palace was surrounded by some hundreds of the picturesque tents of the tribe, and at night all these were filled by the peripatetics of daylight. His majesty the king was never to be seen—it was said he had had a quarrel with justice—and considered himself so ill used on that occasion, that he had determined to cut her acquaintance for ever. At night he was perfectly safe; for the boldest man never dreamed of sending policemen out after dark in search of thieves, because Norwood was known to be a dangerous place at night, and it would have been foolhardy folly to go in search of thieves except when they were known to be not at home. So, on the simple condition of dispersing themselves during daylight, they lived in perfect security, and enjoyed more than all the blessings of our free constitution. Much intercourse took place between the tribe and a certain class of the London community, to the comfort and advantage of both. *As yet docks were not*, and in the loading and unloading of ships in the river, ample opportunities were afforded of redressing the injustice of the law which exempted this kind of property from tithe. In the reports made to the government as a foundation for the establishment of a specific police for the River Thames, it was stated, I think, that the property plundered *in transitu* amounted to three hundred thousand a year. Coffee, tea, tobacco, cocoa, spirits, wine, and many other creature comforts were enjoyed under these tents, without that abominable flavour of silver which spoils the zest of so many of the good things of this life to those who pay for them.

At certain hours of the day, but more especially on Sunday, her majesty the queen, and her eldest daughter, the princess royal, held a levee or drawing-room, and with a liberality worthy of admiration, admitted to an audience the humblest individual who came prepared with even a simple sixpence. The reader may think I bestow these titles in derision; but I assure him they were regularly claimed and conceded; and when her majesty the queen, sitting on her tripos like the Delphic oracle, felt fatigued with her responses, she generally dismissed her supplicants in these words, "Go to the princess royal; she can tell your fortunes as well as I can." I rather think that her majesty and her royal highness were in concert on these occasions; that the former retained only those whose countenances made it doubtful if they would have sufficient faith in the daughter, and that she gave the benefit of her own superior knowledge of the world to those only who were less easily impressed.

A family of some rank and fortune, living at Dulwich, were in the habit of accompanying their visitors (among others, myself) to the royal levee above mentioned, on Sunday afternoons; nor was this thought by any means a desecration of the sabbath, although the family was one so emphatically religious, that they attracted much notice and some censure for the severity of their observances. Youths and maidens, then, forming a party, proceeded with affected indifference but real interest, to peep into the secrets of futurity, and were received with a solemnity befitting the occasion. Her majesty had great tact in estimating the worldly rank of her visitors, and immediately dismissed the πολλοι to make room for persons so "distingués" as ourselves, from whom she seldom obtained less than

fifteen or twenty shillings. Each of the party was admitted to a separate audience, and the rest ordered to keep out of ear-shot. Oh! what blessings, what pleasures, what ample fulfilment of sanguine hopes, were promised with more and more emphasis as the sixpences grew to shillings, and the shillings into half-crowns. Could half an hour of bliss be bought cheaper anywhere in the world? It is true, we none of us believed a word of what was told us, any more than we believed that the castles we built in our day-dream reveries were as substantial as those of stone and mortar; but a continuous stream of pleasurable ideas passed through the mind while listening to the detail of happiness in store for us; and if by chance the Pythoness had extracted from one of the party a scrap of information which could be used in the prophecy of the next, we came away in that sort of agreeable confusion of convictions which follows a visit to the "Wizard of the North." How could the woman know that the eyes I most admired were blue? Ah! those were happy days; but now, alas! they send these dispensers of bliss to the treadmill. Happily her majesty the queen and the princess royal escaped the misery of falling on such degenerate times, —the first by death, and the second in consequence of her conjugal duties leading her to the antipodes to console the sorrows of her husband. Poor man! he had increased the circulating medium of the country. Vanity was the ruin of him,—had he been satisfied with stamping his own image on the little white and yellow disks which formed the amusement of his leisure hours, no evil would have befallen him; but he had a snub nose, was personally modest, was ambitious and loyal, and he imitated the productions of Mr. Pistrucci,—the man who of all engravers was most successful in satisfying his employers, without breaking the second commandment.

The enclosure of Norwood, and the abuse of the press gang, broke up this interesting society. Let me not be misunderstood—my allusion is not to the vituperations of the broad sheet, but to the unauthorised extension of the powers of the broad arrow.

PART III.

It is scarcely congruous with the plan of these papers, if indeed any thing so desultory can be said to have a plan,—it is scarcely consistent with my object of comparing the last century with the present, to introduce a subject peculiar to neither. I flatter myself, however, that the little episode I am about to put before the reader will excite an interest in some degree proportioned to that with which I look back upon one of the happiest chapters of my long and arduous life. Should he set down my reminiscences as senile twaddle, he will neither surprise nor offend me. "Nature has done with her resentments" after threescore years, and if I please not the young and buoyant, I may renew pleasurable recollections in the aged.

One of the earliest friends of my childhood was an old gentleman, named Captain Sullivan—though I believe his only claim to the title arose from his having in his youth held the Lord Lieutenant's commission in the militia—once a captain always a captain, however, and he was never spoken of by any other appellation. He had been a "Squire," at a time when the word squire implied at least a man of independence and territorial influence. His father had been a profligate debauchee, and had induced him to join in cutting off the entail of an estate which had been in the family for several centuries. In one portion, however, he had retained a life interest; and, with an income of about twelve hundred a year, he kept up the old English hospitality at a place which I will call Brockleby Hall. Here he lived the life of a merry bachelor, kept a pack of foxhounds, and the best hunters of the country. With the profuse hospitality of those days, and the habits of excess then universal, he soon dipped deep into his twelve hundred a year, and he was presently in hopeless difficulties. He was a man of some talent, of regular university education, of which he remembered a little—had made the grand tour, as it was called—had been at the court of Frederic the Great—had been exceedingly intimate with Count Lucchessini his secretary, who often took up his abode at Brockleby Hall—and altogether possessed better personal claims to the title of gentleman than the great majority of persons of rank with whom he was accustomed to associate.

All this, however, was matter of tradition when I first became interested in the affairs of the world. At the time I made his acquaintance he had "spent his fortune like a gentleman;" and having, I presume, in the regular progress of his downfall exhausted the kindness of friends, he had now no other resource than to travel about from one great house to another, within fifty miles of his late home, and volunteer his society, till distinct indications that he was beginning to be "M. de Trop," compelled him to change his quarters. This did not, however, arrive all at once. Among the treasures he had possessed in his days of glory, there remained to him a gold snuff-box, a good stock of fine linen, and a horse called the Great Mogul, —father of a numerous progeny, and enjoying a reflected reputation in his descendants; his own high character was beginning to fade in some respects, but he still retained the reputation of an admirable hunter and roadster, and was, for a horse of his class, one of the most docile and intelligent of quadrupeds.

Captain Sullivan and his horse were for some years welcome visitors at the houses of the nobility and gentlemen of fortune in the district; and when this class of acquaintance was exhausted the farmers were still competitors for the honour of his visits, where both master and horse did their best to render services equivalent to their board and lodging. The Great Mogul did not disdain even to aid his master in lessons of equitation to the younger branches of the family; and the master was not only capable of giving advice as to draining, succession of crops, irrigation, and other novelties recently introduced into the science of agriculture, but it flattered the vanity of the farmer to receive as a guest the man who had recently been visiting lords and ladies, and could give anecdotes not merely of our own aristocracy, but of a man scarcely less an object of interest at that time than Buonaparte himself in later days—the Great Frederic of Prussia—

"Amicorum neglectio improbitatem coarguit."

So says Cicero; but if there be only one exception to his rule, it was Captain Sullivan—a man more honourable, more punctiliously honest and veracious, more

humane, more gentle, more devoid of selfishness and guile, never walked the earth. The rebuffs and rudeness which were sometimes the consequence of his prolonged visits, fell off him innocuous like hail from armour. He either could not, or would not perceive them, but always acted on the hints thus ungraciously given, and on his departure returned his thanks with a warmth of gratitude, which made the host ashamed of his previous conduct, and sometimes tempted him to request a speedy renewal of the visit.

Captain Sullivan was a distant relation of my family, and although the connexion could only be satisfactorily established by a lengthy investigation of a very apocryphal pedigree, it gave a sort of claim to shelter of which he did not fail to take advantage. His visit was anticipated with the greatest anxiety by ourselves, and all the boys of our acquaintance. He was the best compounder of blackball (or toffy, as it is named by cockneys), that the world ever produced;—taught us how to make fireworks—to catch squirrels—to breed rabbits—to tickle trout—to troll for pike—to hunt the hare—to set traps for birds and moles, and make purses of their skins, and waistcoats of their feathers—knew all the mysteries of the mandrake, and the male fern seed—could manufacture birdlime, and paper kites of gigantic size, which struggled for freedom with a perfectly human impatience of restraint, as if like the unreasoning multitude they detested the hempen string which fixed a limit to their divagations, and were equally unconscious that the force which limited their ascent was that which alone enabled them to rise from the earth.

Innumerable were the attractions and accomplishments of Captain Sullivan; but that which bound him to the hearts of all, was the untiring zeal of his affection for children;—nothing was too much trouble—he would ride ten miles to fetch us a bit of sand-paper, or a little gunpowder for squibs;—and then his long white hair, his fair complexion, and his mild blue eye, gave a refined and patriarchal aspect to his countenance, which bespoke affection and veneration before he opened his mouth. His gentle voice and quiet manner neither inflicted restraint, nor yet tempted to undue familiarity. If we had committed a fault, he was always the intercessor; if we longed for a holiday, he was always the person to melt the stern resolves of the pedagogue. His absence produced a blank in our enjoyments that nothing could fill, and we were only reconciled to his departure by his assurance, that other boys, as much beloved as ourselves, were impatiently waiting his arrival in a distant part of the county.

The Great Mogul, too, was almost as much an object of interest as the Captain himself; he had been taught all the tricks of the most accomplished steed at Franconi's—would, at the word of command, fetch his master the handkerchief which he had been desired to notice half an hour before, as it was hidden in a hedge—stand on his hind legs, roll on the ground, lie down and pretend to be dead—allow a pistol to be fired off close to his ear, without starting—stand motionless when commanded by his master to wait his return, and resist every inducement to waver in his duty as a sentinel. In short, so perfect was the intelligence established between them, that one *will* seemed to animate biped and quadruped, and it was difficult to decide which of the two entertained the greatest affection for the other.

I have said that the Captain claimed relationship to the family. Boys entertain a high idea of the sacredness of such a tie;—it is not till we have mixed some time with the world, and been made painfully responsible for the conduct of others, that we sometimes learn to like the relations and friends we have made for ourselves better than those which God Almighty bestowed upon us.

My parents, however, did not estimate the Captain's claims upon us quite so highly; and he had many times been told, in plain terms, that company was expected, and his bed was wanted. The fact is, that he had no money, and the groom and the female servants preferred visitors that gave vails!—at that time a custom of most onerous observance. When once the servants of an establishment wish you to shorten your visit, it is easy for them to find or make annoyances that effectually overpower your resistance;—they *will* your absence, and out you must go.

On one of these occasions an exaggerated representation of all the inconveniences and troubles to which the old gentleman's visit had given rise, induced my mother to decide on renewing the gentle hints hitherto given, till they should be found effectual. He had resisted the painful conviction for several months, but at last it was impossible to delay his departure. As my mother gradually detailed the inconveniences which himself and the Great Mogul were inflicting on the economy of the house and stable, my heart bled at her cruelty. I was occupied in the recess of an oriel window, making nets of a new pattern which he had taught me, and I observed, as the list of petty complaints went on, his head gradually sank down on his bosom, and his long and silvery locks fell over his face; he took pinch after pinch of snuff with rapidity, and as he raised his head again, and his blue eyes, filled with tears, caught the rays of the setting sun, I felt a gush of compassion that almost broke my heart. He affected to have got the snuff into his eyes, and by an assumption of a cough tried to conceal the emotions which a vivid consciousness of his desolate position had excited.

"To-morrow, my dear lady," said he, and he threw back his white locks with both hands, and forced a smile through his tears, "to-morrow, then, I resume my homeless round."

Fifty years have elapsed since that sentence was uttered, and the tone still vibrates in my ears—"my homeless round!"—there was a tranquil despair in the words that made me burn with compassion for the poor old man, and with indignation at what seemed to me the hard-hearted cruelty of my mother. She was evidently making a great effort to suppress emotion.

"Where do you go next, Captain," said she.

"I know not," he replied. "God help me! I have outlived all my friends."

I rose from my seat—crept softly to his side, and took his hand,—"Don't leave us, Captain—you must not leave us,—my birthday comes in a fortnight, and Henry's at the end of the month, and you promised to accompany us and pass a day in the forest."

"God bless you, my boy," said the old man, and he threw his arms round my neck and wept like a child.

My mother left the room,—the Captain stayed for the birthdays, and long afterwards.

It may seem strange that a man who had been so extensively known and beloved should be reduced to such a state of destitution; and to those who are yet

innocent of the world, it will seem almost impossible that the story should be true. "Pour peu qu'on s'y connoit" however, such a state of things will be more than probable. The warmth of friendship is exercised in abundance when a man falls suddenly into distress, and much noble generosity is shown to him on all sides; but in time men become tired of useless efforts—the poor man is never furnished with more than half a pair of scissars, and can accomplish nothing. It is probable, also, that the same improvidence, perhaps the same inability to say *no*, which led him into distress, is really a part of his disposition—"it takes all sorts of people to make a world"—and the same disposition influencing the distribution of his now scanty resources, he is often in trouble and difficulty, from the exercise on a small scale towards others, of the generosity which had been shown to himself. Then he is blamed by his friends for missing opportunities of re-establishment, which seem to them to be within his reach, but which he who has now learnt to measure his own height accurately, knows to be beyond it. From time to time the mask he wears of cheerfulness and confidence falls off, and friends of pious habits are offended at his want of reliance on Providence. They give him contradictory advice, and each is displeased that his own is not followed. He struggles on with enervated mind, and dares not make the slightest effort attended with risk—and without some risk nothing can be accomplished—step by step he sinks lower and lower, and at last wears shabby clothes! This is almost the lowest depth; when once obliged to exhibit the tattered standard of poverty to the eyes of the world, all beyond, except absolute privation of food, is no longer pain nor humiliation. Give him from time to time from your superfluities the means of transient physical enjoyment, and you make him happy for the moment, but never hope to re-establish his own self-respect, or sense of personal dignity. He is become a philosopher, and reasons on the nature and origin of property. He has learnt the sad lesson *carpe diem*—enjoys the present—shuts his eyes to the future—sternly closes the book of the past—seals it with a malediction, and determines never to re-open its leaves.

To how many of our fellow creatures in this mutable world, and in these days of change and transition, is this brief history applicable! Let us return to Captain Sullivan and the Great Mogul.

Time passed on—the Captain went again his round of unwelcome visits, and recommenced his cycle at our house—the only one I fear which was now open to him. Age and rheumatism (which he called gout) had made sad ravages in his late active and vigorous frame—the teeth, the product of the then new art of the dentist, which had concealed the marks of decay, were worn or broken—he could not afford to replace them—and his boneless gums now allowed a closer approximation of the jaws—his lips were become thin, and his voice tremulous, and the little pouch of dropsy under each eye told of sleepless nights and weary days—he was humble almost to the extent of servility, and his salutation was like that of Cardinal Wolsey.

> "An old man broken with the storms of fate,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among you—
> Give him a little earth for charity."

Yet although he knew that the accompaniment of the Great Mogul made him less welcome, or indeed troublesome, where he himself alone might have been acceptable, his affection for his old friend was too vehement to allow him to listen to the suggestions of prudence. The Emperor, like his master, showed the marks of age and decay, and was no longer capable of rendering service in any way; his pendulous belly and curved spine took away all remains of the beauty in which he had once gloried, and no one could have recognized in his shambling lameness the elastic tread that once proclaimed his high descent. The Great Mogul was, however, admitted into the stable, to the great annoyance of the groom, who in a very few days made "a regular report," and declared him to be infected with a "catching" disease; and that he could not answer for the safety of the rest, if he were allowed to remain. It is always to be dreaded when a prophet has the power of fulfilling his own vaticinations, and the Emperor was removed to an outhouse, not without some emphatic advice from my father to the Captain to have him shot, as the greatest mercy that could be afforded him.

A few days after the Captain's arrival, the gamekeeper of Sir Charles Leverett came to the house, and asked to speak with him; the Captain descended to the hall, and demanded in a tone of suppressed feeling what was his errand—for Sir Charles had been one of his early favourites in boyhood, but now knew him not, and had often treated him with unnecessary disrespect.

"Your honour, I heard that Mogul was breaking up, and must be shot, and I came to offer my services, and ask his carcase for the hounds."

"And does your master know of the application, John."

"Oh, no, Captain, it was quite of my own head that I came—that is, master knew—of my—coming, but that is all."

"John," said Captain Sullivan, putting into his hand almost the last, if not the very last, shilling he possessed, "answer me truly and honestly. I have known your father and your grandfather—you are of a good race, and noted for truth—tell me, then, were you sent by Sir Charles?"

"Why yes, then, since your honour presses me so closely, my master did send me. He said he knew you could not afford to keep Mogul, and was sure you wouldn't sell him, and it would save forty shillings if I got him for the hounds."

"Thank you, John, thank you,"—and the blood mounted to his cheeks, and gave a momentary fire to his eyes,—he soon relapsed, however, into an apathetic calmness—told the man to go into the kitchen for refreshment, and wait for an answer.

The Captain returned to the drawing-room and requested pens and ink—made a violent effort for composure—took snuff repeatedly from his bare pocket,—for, alas, the Great Frederic's present had long melted into shillings!—and wrote the following note:—

"Sir Charles,—Had you offered me the run of your park for the remainder of the life of my old friend, it had been an act worthy of your ancient race.

"Mogul shall never be eaten by hounds, nor die by any other hands than those of "M. Sullivan."

A few days afterwards the Captain announced his intention to shoot the Great Mogul himself, and a day was appointed for what, to boys, was almost a festival. A consultation was held with the skinner of the village, who agreed to accompany us to the forest for the purpose of aiding in the execution, and to bring spades

for the use of all. When the time arrived, the Captain was ill, and the meeting was deferred,—again it was fixed, and again put off; but at last he became ashamed of his irresolution—and the next evening, towards sunset, we all marched off with the glee of Old Bailey spectators of a hanging match.

The great number of operators soon made an ample grave,—the scene was one of singular beauty,—a deep recess in the wood arched over by tall trees, and the sides thickly bordered with holly, was open only at the western end; and as the rays of the setting sun streamed up the glen, and marked the outline of the cathedral spire in the distance, they showed in strong relief the group of boys ranged on a little rising bank, and on the foreground the decrepit and tottering horse, and the pallid face of the venerable old man. He had deposited his hat on the ground, and pushed back his long silver locks behind his ears;—the horse was tethered, and his master advanced with a sieve of crushed beans;—fond as the Great Mogul was of the repast, he would not begin it till he had licked the hands of his benefactor, unwitting of the cruel mercy designed him;—the Captain placed the sieve on the ground, and with a deep sigh withdrew to a distance, and prepared his gun.

At last the dreaded moment arrived,—he slowly raised the gun to his shoulder, but his emotion made it impossible to hold it steady;—the horse raised his head at the moment he fired, and the only effect of the shot was to take off a piece of the ear.

"Cut me some sticks, boys, and make a resting place for my gun." This was soon done, and he once more prepared his musket and took deliberate aim. Long did he pause—passed his hand to the trigger again and again, and drew back as if it were red hot—took out a ragged cambric handkerchief, and applied it to his eyes. The horse had finished his beans—looked full in his master's face, and gave his accustomed neigh of recognition and gratitude;—it was too much—the gun dropped from his hands. "I cannot do it," he exclaimed, and staggered back fainting to the bank. The gun exploded as it fell, and its contents lodged in poor Mogul's knee. Reader, did you ever hear the scream of a horse in an agony of pain and terror? It is, of all mortal sounds, the most awful and unearthly. No one, who has not heard it, can conceive anything so full of supernatural horror. The horse turned his expressive eye on his master, and said as plainly as in words, "This is thy doing, monster—and this is my reward." The Captain fell senseless into our arms.

The startled deer rushed past the opening of the dell in groups, and were soon followed by one of the forest keepers, who had been alarmed by the forbidden sound of fire-arms, and had hastened up to see what was the matter. He comprehended our situation at once—walked up to the noble animal, and, putting his musket close to his heart, fired with fatal precision, and ended his suffering. Thus perished the Great Mogul.

When the Captain recovered, his first words were, "Is he dead?"

"Quite dead," was the reply.

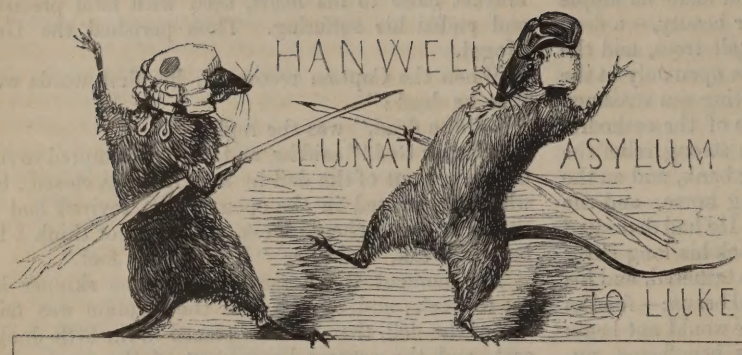
"Thank God!" said he, and slowly attempted to rise: till we got out of the dell he kept his eyes closed; but, when once seated in the open air, he revived and assumed an air of cheerfulness. "I did not think I had been so weak," said he; "I am an old fool."

The moment the horse was dead the skinner had set to work; and by the time the Captain was fairly out of the dell, the skin was placed in the little donkey cart, and the carcase buried out of the reach of intruders.

And now arrived the most touching incident of all; the skinner came forward with the few shillings, the price of the skin, and offered them to the owner of the horse. The Captain took them in his hand mechanically—looked at them as if he feared they would blister his fingers—shut his hand—opened it—held out the shillings to the man—withdrew it—and, after a long struggle between poverty and the price of blood, thrust the money hastily in his pocket, and burst into tears.

Peace to his ashes! He lived but a short time after the death of his horse—it seemed as if the sole tie which bound him to the earth was broken. I nursed him with affection, and listened with patience to the recital of the wonderful feats of the Great Mogul. In the delirium which preceded his death, his talk was still of Mogul: he held my hand constantly in his own, and from time to time said, "Be kind to Mogul—don't let him want for anything—look to his feet—he will miss his poor old master sadly; remember he has no teeth, and must live on mashes." Then the truth would flash upon him, and he would say, "Ask your father to let me be buried by the side of Mogul, and visit my grave sometimes with your young friends. Good bye—we shall meet in Heaven."

And if ever innocence and blameless simplicity were admitted to that sacred abode without other passport, there now is Captain Sullivan.



SIR The September number of the *Illuminated Magazine* contains a contribution under your name, called "A Day at the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum." In that article the Committee of Visiting Justices are held up to public odium, not only as "the very worst governing machine for an establishment of that nature, that the perverse imagination of man could invent," which is matter of opinion, but as "neutralizing and thwarting the plans of Dr. Conolly," which is matter of fact. I should not, although you have done me the honour to address a letter to me personally, have replied to your charges, save for your original introduction of Dr. Conolly, as the complainant against us, and the evasive nature of your last letter. In your first article you distinctly make him the authority for your statements, as I shall presently show; and, although in your second you declare that "you have received no information from him," there is so much vagueness in the whole composition, as to leave the impression unimpaired, that the supposed conversations with Dr. Conolly, mentioned in your first article, did actually take place, and that he made the charges against the magistrates therein enumerated. It is necessary both for the character of Dr. Conolly and the visiting justices, that the public mind should be disabused on this point. Unless backed by the authority of their superintending physician, calumnies like yours would fall harmless upon the committee. The only sting is in that authority: whilst on the other hand Dr. Conolly would sink low indeed, if he could have uttered such untruths, or have so descended as to have made an entire stranger the vehicle of secret attacks upon a body of gentlemen, from whom, according to his public declarations, he has always received the most generous and unqualified support.

And now, Sir, to my facts. After stating that "Being desirous of dwelling, on the present occasion, only on the reform produced in the treatment of the lunatics by Dr. Conolly, you *will pass over all but that which took place in his presence,*" you proceed to make him *in the first person,* give instances in which his efforts to diminish the amount of suffering, and increase the comforts of the patients, have been thwarted and neutralized by the visiting justices. For example: speaking of the nuns, you make him say, "They were amongst the most furious of the inmates of the place, and were formerly manacled and fastened in their beds. They entreated to be allowed to make themselves nuns, *and after a time I persuaded the governors* to allow them to employ themselves in making dresses, in their own fashion, out of the common materials of the Asylum. *It was at last allowed:* they dressed themselves as you see, and they are *now* perfectly orderly, quiet and happy." Again, speaking of the sailor on board Lord Nelson's ship, whose room you found decorated all over with stars, &c., "*which had been given him by Dr. Conolly and his family;*" you say "*It was long,*" said the Doctor, "*before I could prevail on the governors to allow the man to disfigure the room, as it was called;*" but you go on to observe, "it is scrupulously clean: he is one of the very happiest beings in the Asylum;" and after having, by these and similar expressions, indicative of the fullness of Dr. Conolly's heart at the usage he experiences, (and full indeed it must have been before he could have so committed himself with a stranger,) laid a foundation, and prepared the minds of your readers for the attack, you proceed with those observations and strictures, which, barring their bad taste and invective, might fairly follow, if your premises were true.

You seem, however, between the publication of your first and second article, somehow to have learned that you had got yourself into a scrape, and endeavour to get yourself out of it. Your visit was "eighteen months ago." You are, though an old man, "a young writer;"—"the white sheet of your memory has become scribbled over:" you wrote too long an article, and cut out part, and "so your meaning became confused:" your errors must have arisen "from mixing together different explanations, and applying to one what belonged to another;" "your information does not come from Dr. Conolly," with whom "you *never* had any communication before the publication, nor any subsequently, *on that or any other subject.*" But there is no manly avowal of error or regret for departure from truth. Now what are the facts? You forget that when you enter the Asylum, you "enter your name in a book at the porter's lodge;" and I tell you, that you, Luke Roden, M.D., the writer of the articles, are well known at the Asylum, and have visited it *four* times within twelve months—one of those visits being in the month of April of the pre-

sent year, and the last exactly *one month* before the publication of your article—undoubtedly after it was contemplated—(witness the wood-cut illustration)—and probably after the rough sketch was completed. And to whom were your visits?—the book will tell us. The visits were to Dr. Conolly himself, without any orders from any visiting justice; (one of them being on the celebration of the Anniversary of the abolition of non-restraint, when the officers assembled together, and when I trust you passed a pleasant evening;) and yet you have had the rashness to declare that you have had "no communication *at any time* with Dr. Conolly, *on that or any other subject.*"

Who, after this exposure, will believe that your last visit to the Asylum was not with reference to your intended publication, or that you went not there to refresh your memory, and glean what tales you could against its managers? There is a freshness in your abuse of us, which cannot be mistaken, and yet you say "that your information did not come from Dr. Conolly." Strange as it may appear, and directly as it contradicts the declarations in your first letter, you, nevertheless, in that respect speak truly. So far as relates to all you have stated in your publication—you did not receive your information from Dr. Conolly, *nor from any other person whomsoever*, and from this simple reason, *your statements are pure fiction.* The question is not, whether you were mistaken in supposing the nuns had been in previous confinement, or that you had confounded the deaf sailor with some other patient, as insinuated in your letter to me. These would indeed be venial errors, into which the most accurate or fair-dealing observer might fall. The true question is, whether Dr. Conolly or any other person could, at any time, have so spoken of the visiting justices as you represent, namely, as resisting his efforts to provide moral means for mitigating their sufferings and increasing their enjoyments. There never has been, at any time, the slightest obstruction by the visiting justices, or any of them, to any such plans or schemes. With respect to the clothing of patients, for example, every invention for indulging their fancy or adding to their comforts (and many press upon my mind), has had the cordial co-operation of the committee; and so far from its being true, "that it was a long time before Dr. Conolly could prevail upon the committee to allow the other patient named *to disfigure his room, as it was called*"—there has been no period within my recollection (and I was a visiting justice before Dr. Conolly was superintendant), in which he and many other patients have not so decorated their apartments; *the greater part of the ornaments having been presented by the visiting justices themselves.* So likewise with respect to your scandalous charge respecting amusements, and the remarks following, which you say were not intended to apply exclusively, if *at all*, to Hanwell: "many of the visiting magistrates," say you, "carry out their principles to extremes, and it is with the greatest difficulty that any plan for the cheerful employment of the insane can obtain their sanction. They look upon it as wicked to interfere to try to mitigate the effects of God's displeasure, and to oppose his benevolent determination to render a large portion of the human race eternally miserable." How dare you, Sir, with your profane sneers insult the Governors of Hanwell, or of any other public Asylum? I have devoted much time and labour to the investigation of this subject, and have some knowledge of the management of other Asylums as well as Hanwell. I do not believe there is an Asylum in the United Kingdom of which the visiting committees, or any of them, hold such opinions as you ascribe to them, or where any such difficulties exist as you represent. I am able from personal inspection, or authentic data, to deny the truth of your charge as far as regards the Asylums at Maidstone, Northampton, Ipswich, Surrey, Dorchester, Haslar, Bethlem, St. Luke, Leicester, Dundee, Montrose, Stafford, Wakefield, Lincoln, Belfast, Crichton, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Lancaster, and Gloucester, and I never heard a breath of such slander against any other Asylum. With respect to Hanwell, not only has every amusement proposed by Dr. Conolly been sanctioned, but many, as for example cricket, bowls, bagatelle, dominoes, &c. &c. have been introduced independently of him; and the magistrates have long been waiting with much anxiety a report from him upon further amusements and employments in pursuance of a resolution passed by them twelve months ago.

Let me next, Sir, as an act of mercy, relieve Dr. Conolly from the mortification to which other parts of your supposed conversations must have exposed him. My experience of Dr. Conolly's character enables me to state, that those paragraphs in which he is made to bepraise himself, are fictions as pure as those in which he is made to calumniate his supporters. Dr. Conolly is an enlightened physician, not a showman, and never in all his life wrote or spoke the egotistical balderdash you have made him utter. Self praise is a vice from which, both in his writings and his conversation, he is remarkably free. How different have been the conversations, which it has been my good fortune to hold with him, when we have together passed throughout the wards! Coarse as is your brush, your portraits can still be recognized, and my very soul is sick at the contrast of your common-place puerilities, with the philosophic and enlightened exemplifications and truths with which he has favoured me. Is it all a mistake? Can it be that, although your visits were expressly to Dr. Conolly, they were made at times when he was absent from the Asylum, and that some inferior officer has palmed himself upon you for him. You are, you know, "entirely unknown to Dr. Conolly and every other officer of the Institution;" may it not therefore have happened that some subordinate, like the mock Duke in the "Honeymoon," has assumed his name and usurped his dignity? Such an incident might also explain an obscure passage in your letter. "This," say you, "I *do* know," (with an emphatic *do*, as if to say, though beaten out of all else, I am certain I am right here,)—"this I *do* know, that the committee never visit Hanwell without exciting alarm and uneasiness throughout the whole establishment. It is not improbable, Sir, that, at the periods of your visits, persons were on the establishment in whom the presence of the committee excited alarm and uneasiness.

One extract more from your letter, and I have done with it. You say "the visitors, if always the same, might in time be either informed or convinced, that they do not understand the subject; but when the regulations laid down by one set of controlling visitors, are, in a week or two, to be subjected to the revision of another set, equally ignorant, an dequally *ignorant that they are ignorant*, the case becomes hopeless."

Your want of knowledge upon this, is on a par with your want of veracity on other points. By the stat. 9 Geo. 4. c. 41, which regulates County Asylums, the whole management is vested in a committee annually appointed. In Middlesex the committee consists of fifteen. The original appointment is considered to be for three years (five going out annually), but the services are continued much beyond the original appointment. One of the present committee, the Dean of Carlisle, has been a member of it for thirteen years. Our present estimable chairman, Mr. Tulk (whose valuable reports I would commend to your perusal and study), is in the seventh year of his service. Of the remaining members, seven have given their time and attention to the committee for various periods, from five to nine years; and there are only two who have not completed two years.

Let me, now, Sir, relieve your mind from your fears, that the Middlesex Magistrates will hold Dr. Conolly responsible for the words of a writer, whose "*status* in society is utterly unknown." The Middlesex Magistrates have too much discrimination to make such a blunder; but they are men of veracity as well as discrimination, and are not lightly induced to believe that any man will knowingly propagate falsehood. When therefore you declared you should confine your article to what took *place in Dr. Conolly's presence*, and followed that declaration by *details of conversation with him*, they did believe the details to be true, and that the conversations took place; and were not prepared to expect a counter declaration, that you had received no *information from* him, and had never had any communication with him on any subject. But be not uneasy; your chance of inflicting an injury upon Dr. Conolly, or anybody else, is at an end for ever, after a perusal of this letter. Neither the Middlesex Magistrates, nor any other thinking men, will give any credit to your past observations, or place the slightest reliance on your future testimony.

If, Sir, you had wished to obtain a real knowledge of the support which Dr. Conolly has at all times received from the committee, it should have been sought for from legitimate sources, and not in prying visits to the Asylum to worm out some slight passing discontent. You may obtain that knowledge in the published reports and general minutes of the committee, when they had to encounter treachery from within the walls of the Asylum, and the fiercest opposition from without. You may learn it from the records of the Court of Queen's Bench, where Dr. Conolly's character and system were once so basely attacked. It may be read in the gratitude of the medical profession for the lectures, which, under the auspices of the committee, have been established at Hanwell. It is to be inferred from the reprint and extensive circulation through the civilized world, of Dr. Conolly's Annual Reports; and it is conclusively proved by the generous gratitude of their writer expressed in the documents themselves, and to which he now refers, to save him from the aspersions cast upon his truth and fidelity in those productions of which you are the unenvied author.

With regard to myself, Sir, to whom you have been pleased so pay some extravagant compliments, and with whom you claim an acquaintance of very old standing, allow me to say that I hope you misunderstood my character, when you thought me willing to take merit to myself at the expense of my friends and associates, or that I should assume myself to be one of your "splendid exceptions," and therefore "readily acquiesce in your censure of the others."

What course you will now pursue, is not for me to dictate. If you will take my friendly advice, you will let the subject drop. You are not a powerful reasoner,—nor accustomed to deal with facts,—indeed, you seem to want the power to state them,—but you have much invention and a lively imagination—admirable qualities in works of fancy, though out of place where truth is concerned, and character at stake. I have read with delight your contribution to the October number, entitled "England Sixty Years Ago." Cultivate that style of writing,—it is harmless, and suits your powers. *Au reste:* Follow the example of *Lady Teazle*, and return your Diploma to the Scandalous College, with the ordinary message, that "you, Luke Roden, M.D., *Licentiate*, have retired from practice, and kill characters no more."

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN ADAMS,

One of the Visiting Justices of the Hanwell Asylum.

No. 1, *Serjeant's Inn,*
October 12*th*, 1843.

TO MR. SERJEANT ADAMS.

SIR,—

The Editor of the *Illuminated Magazine* has forwarded to me, at this late hour, a proof copy of your letter, with an intimation that the subject *must be closed* in the present number. This allows me very little time to reply to the mass of quibbling and misstatement in your long and clumsily-written piece of vituperation. The last paragraph alone is smart and pointed, and is the only one in your letter which, as a literary composition, I should not be ashamed to have written.

My first impression, on reading your distortion of facts, was indignation—my second, unqualified contempt. Such a mutilation and collocation of detached sentences, in order to give them a meaning directly opposed to their natural sense, I never yet saw on paper. This might give to new subscribers an idea that there was foundation for your strictures.

You quote with inverted commas, " neutralizing and thwarting the plans of Dr. Conolly." There is no such sentence in my paper.

You make me assert that the Committee of Visiting Justices (of the Hanwell Asylum) is " the very worst

governing body that the perverse imagination of man could invent." I am shocked that any one, claiming to be a gentleman, could so distort the meaning of an opponent. I said *a* body so constituted was unfit for such an office, and I say so still—most unfit—mischievously unfit; and the more active, zealous, and well-intentioned, the more mischievous; but I also said, "It is no disparagement to the intellect of any one to be told, that in matters depending on an exact science (like anatomy, for example), all the sagacity that was ever bestowed on man will not avail him to draw a correct inference, when the foundations of the premises are unknown." You have carefully omitted all allusion to this limitation, and you were right—it knocks the ground from under your feet.

Your letter is altogether so confused, that it is scarcely possible to answer its allegations consecutively. Like the ink-fish, you have muddled the water to make it more difficult to follow your divagations.

You insinuate most distinctly, that my statement was concocted in the meanest spirit, and for the vilest purposes, between myself and Dr. Conolly. I should be ashamed to defend that gentleman from so gross an accusation. I went round the Asylum once, and once only —it was at my first visit, which was it appears twenty-five months before the publication of my "Day at Hanwell." I visited him several times afterwards, but on none of these occasions was the subject of Hanwell—its governors—its economy—or its annoyances, alluded to. I went there for the pleasure of literary society; and when we conversed on professional subjects, it was on insanity in the abstract, a matter on which he knows that I entertain new and peculiar opinions, which I was anxious to verify by the aid of his extensive experience. I knew from many quarters that his position was most onerous and annoying, and I admired the meekness and discretion which kept him silent on the subject. He never saw or knew of the existence of my statement till I sent him a Number of the Magazine, with a note, expressing a hope that I had not misstated his sentiments after so long an interval.

To this note I received no reply—(I don't wonder at it, after the hubbub the paper excited)—I neither heard from him, saw him, nor held any communication with him whatever afterwards. It is quite impossible that you could believe you had quoted me honestly in your pretended extract from my letter: thus—I had had "no communication *at any time* with Dr. Conolly on that or any other subject,"—the words *at any time* are interpolated by yourself, and entirely falsify the meaning.

Your bit of turgid cant at my "profane sneer" is perfectly transparent.

The article in the Magazine which has given so much offence (but which was written in a style of banter that could produce nothing but the most evanescent annoyance to any man of sense)—this article was neither written, contemplated, nor the intention conceived, till three days before it went to the printer; it was composed hastily, and corrected carelessly, as unhappily is evident on the face of it. As a composition, I am ashamed of it.

You say, that the magistrates will not hold Dr. Conolly answerable for my statements. How does this tally with your assertion at the publisher's, that his bitterest enemy could not have done him a greater injury? How could I injure him if he were not privy to my act, and not held responsible for it by the magistrates? The whole paragraph is a piece of quibbling; and when you add, that after the publication of your exposure, it will be for ever out of my power to do injury to him or any one else, I can only characterize the assertion as the very climax of complacent vanity, and supremely ridiculous.

I have read the Reports to which you refer me, but can you, sir, venture to assert, that the harmony between you and your superintendent has been continued to the present time? If Serjeant Adams were to die, there are in the kingdom half a million of persons fit to take his place and perform his duties without loss to the community; but if we lose Dr. Conolly, where shall we find one to replace him?

The whole extent of my delinquency is this:—In narrating the particulars of a visit, after an interval of more than two years, I made some unimportant mistakes. It is expressly stated to be a description of my *first* visit. Whether I was right to depend on my memory after so long an interval is a different question.

I contend, that he who holds a permanent office of responsibility should be paid, and then the law which confers rights, imposes duties, and the public have a proper control over his actions. You no doubt coincide in this opinion, since I understand that repeated applications have been made to Government in your behalf for a salary—though hitherto unsuccessful, perhaps you have not abandoned the hope. A stranger reading your letter would imagine, perhaps, that Dr. Conolly was somehow or other an obstacle to this project, and that you were actuated by jealous rivalry. It really seems to me that it is what I have said in praise of that gentleman, and not my censure of others, that constitutes my offence in your eyes.

With a man who can garble quotations—interpolate quotations, and suppress qualifying clauses, it is impossible to continue a controversy—"Talis cum sis utinam non noster esses"—which I translate, "I should be very sorry to have you on my side of the question."

I conclude, like yourself, with a bit of advice:—If you have a friend to whom you wish well, in mercy to him never undertake his defence.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

London, Oct. 20, 1843. LUKE RODEN.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

I WANDERED in a country full of tombs,
Whose atmosphere was life's departing breath;
Tall shadowy cypresses threw formless glooms
Across that drear abiding place of death.

A black and moveless sky hung always there;
The awed winds hushed their elemental strife:
The light that faintly dyed the stagnant air
Came from the close adjacent realms of life.

Stone, tablet, obelisk, sarcophagus,
The mausoleum and huge pyramid,
Were there,—the outward symbols that to us
Emblem the mystery within them hid.

Portals that led to mighty catacombs,—
High pillar'd urns,—as man to death had given,
Wherein to keep his dead, these chosen tombs,
When the freed life should find its home in heaven!

And of the sepulchres a few were old,
Beyond a date—whose names had passed away—
Yet monuments of power they stood, and told
Of life in some far age-ancestral day!

And some were new and richly carved, and some
Were worn and bare of all their useless pride;
Their ornaments defaced, inscriptions dumb,
Mere marks to tell us that a man had died!

There was the blazoned tomb of yesterday,
By human ceremonies consecrate,
That in it a God's image made of clay
Should rot to dust and nothingness in state!

There was the lowly stone that marked the spot
Where all the mortal part of humble worth
Had narrow grave room, where, by time forgot,
It mingled slowly with its parent earth!

Darkness was heaped around the pyramid,
But rested lightly on the low grass grave,
Yet time alike their memories had hid,
And stone and earth were all that fame could save!

Tombs, epitaphs, can only tell of death!
And all must die. But let thy deeds abide,
That future men may feel thy living breath,
And only at thy tomb know thou hadst died!

O build not sepulchres of haughty mien
As shrines for conquered strength! Let flowers grow
Round simple stones enchased with tendrils green;
For so round death's cold isle life's waters flow!

O twine not wreaths of artificial flowers
For tombs oft haunted by true memory!
Dead things that never died, yet ape life's powers,
And mock the heaven-sent flower that blooms to die!

Their borrowed sweetness, a false-perfumed breath!
Their brightness, glitter—grace, stiff symmetry!
They are but forms of life like painted death:
O living flowers, tho' they fade, for me!

Musing I wandered: till a deeper gloom
Encompassed me—and then I saw a dim
Funereal train pass on into a tomb—
I quailed, for death was there, stern, gaunt, and grim.

Eyes watched me strangely from the cypresses
That o'er the dead kept moveless sentinel!
Upon my soul with silent awfulness
A weight of darkness and despair there fell!

The air grew heavy, cold, and black, and thick,
And gasping came each suffocating breath!
My eyes grew dim! my throbbing pulse beat quick!
I was afraid at the approach of death.

When suddenly in heaven a bright star gleamed—
And o'er the cypresses there came a voice,
Bending their boughs with music, and meseemed
They joined its anthem, singing "O rejoice!"

"Death lifts for aye, those gates beyond which lie
The everlasting realms, the bright, the blest!
'Tis kindly given the wearied earth to die,
That the freed soul may find eternal rest!"

And then I knew that tho' the body dies,
And must to death, and earth, and worms be given;
The Christ that is within us will arise
To a new being in Our Father's Heaven!

C. H. W.

FOR DECEMBER.

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☞ *The whole of the Engravings under the superintendence of* E. LANDELLS.

THE
ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

"THE MAIDEN OF THE ROSE:"

OR,

CAMBRIDGE IN 1261.*

It was about six of the clock, on a bright summer's evening, that the students of St. Nicholas Hostle sat over their rude supper. The frequent flagons and beakers that stood here and there among half-eaten fragments, well-gnawed beef-bones, and bowls of brewis, spoke ominously enough for the reputation of these younkers, alike the glory of the schools and terror of the sober citizens of Cambridge. And among those

* But little has been added to the recorded account of the disturbances in Cambridge about this period, except motives and parts to the different actors, who are most of them real personages, as may be seen from the king's letter afterwards quoted.

Fuller, in his account of the University, records the brawls of the Australes and Borealis, and considers the Northerns to have had the worst of it. In his quaint way, he says of the quarrel we have striven to embody in the present tale,—

"In vain did the care of the king (in favour of scholars) so lately remove tilting five miles from Cambridge, whilst now the scholars in open hostility tilted one against another, the Southern against the Northern men therein. What! can the Muses themselves fall out, and fight in the field five against four? I find not out the cause of the falling out betwixt Northern and Southern men: surely the mere distance of their nativity did not cause their difference, because the one was born nearer to the sun than the other. But, however the brawl begun, the Northern men were worsted in the end thereof. Indeed the Northern men appear rather to be pitied than condemned, in the whole managing of the matter, being only on the defensive to secure themselves; so that whilst the others fiercely and furiously assaulted them, a great riot was committed, and (too probable) some blood shed." He then relates how Egidius de Argentine with Henry de Boreham and Lawrence del Brooke were appointed a court of Oyer and Terminer to deal with the offenders; who, however, after much delay and quarrelling among the judges appointed to try them, were pardoned by the king, in a letter of which the following is a copy:—

"Rex omnibus ad quos præsentes literæ pervenerint, salutem. Sciatis nos de gratia nostra speciali pardonasse magistro Johanni de Depedale, magistro Hugoni de Thornham, Bartholomeo de Walton, Wilielmo fratri ejus, Wiliemo de Merton garcioni eorum, Wiliemo de Wethringsett, Mich. de Mereforde, Johanni de Deue, &c. &c. Walter de Wodeforde, Johanni de Lon, Ro-

who lounged over the heavy oaken board, or lay stretched upon the settles around it, were forms and faces that betokened long vigils and hot bloods, some pale with study, others flushed with wine or passion, but scarce one with the ascetic expression or unworldly air of the future priest. There were no tonsures among them, but long curling hair and mustachios, that seemed to bid defiance to the sumptuary regulations of the time.*

Neither was their dress altogether so sombre and humble as became the student of divinity. Here and there a gayer tunic, or a longer pointed shoe than ordinary, showed the wearer's impatience of restraint, and wish to be of the world as well as in it. At the moment which our sketch attempts to describe, the hall sounded with the noise of loud and almost angry voices, though a ringing laugh that rose, ever and anon, clear above the other confused sounds, showed that their converse was not so fierce as a stranger would have guessed. You might have stood some minutes in the midst of the strange scene, ere a word of what was passing had been audible: after a while you might have heard a deep harsh voice, with a most unclerical oath to back its assertion, exclaim:—

"By the rood, Hugh de Thornham, an' that rascally Northern had put so scurvy a trick upon *me*, I would have showed him a Southern dagger—ay, and mayhap given him an inch or so in the weasand."

And as the speaker, a burly black-haired youth of some nineteen years, said this, he laid his hand significantly on a dark-hafted dagger that hung half concealed in the folds of his furred tunic, and gave vent to a short and sullen "Humph!" The action seemed to amuse a smooth-cheeked merry-eyed stripling, who sat nearly opposite, as he replied with a light laugh:—

"And what is this trick that would have given food to thy ready whittle, there, Will Wethringsett? Has Joan of the Dolphin set a Northern purse above a Southern promise? Or hath this Hugh of Thornham, who sits yonder, as sullen as our manciple when oats are rising, been thrown a fair Northern backfall in the schools by that same John of Dalton, who gave him and thee so shrewd a turn last Lent-tide? Out with it man; and never knaw the good buck-horn so fiercely, nor pull the belt-band round, as if there were hilt to answer thy hand. What hath Hugh de Thornham, that he may not grin and bear it, as both he and thee have done ere now, and never slept a wink the less?"

"Hark'ye, Master Walter Wodeford, thy beardless cheek shall scarce save thee a buffet, if thou chafe me to it; and for Hugh de Thornham, let him tell his own tale. If ye stand not by him and me in this matter, then are ye neither sworn roysters of St. Nicholas, nor true Southerns."

"Let him speak;"—"Let him tell it," roared a score of voices, from the gruff bass of growing manhood, to the childish treble of sixteen; "we'll see him righted!" "The dues of St. Nicholas, and down with the false Northerns!"

The rising of Hugh de Thornham soon checked the outcry. He was a young man somewhat older than the first speaker, with a bold eye and marked features, thrown out by the masses of black hair that fell on each side of his Norman face. His dress was ambitious;—his *chausses** and tunic were of costly cloth of Baldekins (as it was called from Baldeck, where it was manufactured), and the latter was richly scalloped both in front and sleeve. As he rose, he dropped his bonnet, and springing on the table before him, said with great vehemence:—

"Have we rights, my masters? Are we frocked Carmelites of Newnham, or shaveling scholars of St. Augustine's? Or are we the merry men of St. Nicholas, who never turned back on a wench, nor face from a friend?—who hold the schools by day with our wits, and the streets by night with our weapons?—who love short fasts and frequent feastings—eat no salt fish, save to give us a relish for our wine; and keep no Lent while beef is to be had for the buying? Are we these roysters?"

"Even so, De Thornham—We will stand by thee."—"To thy tale," roared a score of his hearers, getting excited by this prelude and by the delay.

"Then harken, trusty *frères*, and say if we must be put upon longer by certain that ye wot of. Who here knows not pretty Maude of the Rose?"

The looks and smiles and winks that passed from one to another, in the throng, showed how the name worked upon them. The speaker continued,—"Who here knows not that I and you John Le Cryur, and you Robert of Frassenden, and you Roger Parlebone, and you Thomas de Lon——" he continued, pointing rapidly to the youths he named, "love her one and all, and will win and wear her, the best man of us, stout hand and heart aiding, and our Ladye's grace? This noon, my masters, I went to the Rose, as is my wont, for my morning draught of *morat*†—when who should be my drawer, for the nonce, but the pretty Maude. I spoke to the maiden of her fair face and my strong love. She pouted, forsooth, and flouted; flung her pretty head high, and would nought with the mad-cap Hugh of Thornham—I had my morning draught seething in my brain, and my own hot head to boot, and what would ye have on't? I seized the saucy minion, and despite her screams would soon have taught her the strain of a true Kentish love-hug;—when, lo! you, who should be passing, but my John of Dalton. The young cockeril must through the open casement to the girl's rescue. He lent me an ugly buffet which went nigh to overset me, (and faith my cheek tingles yet)—snatched the girl from my arms—bore her to her chamber, 'ere I could say nay; and when I would have done me right with my dagger, sneeringly bade me back to my disorderly kennel; he held no words with such as I. He had paid it with his life where he stood; but somehow his words held my hand, and I let him go his way scatheless as he came.

gero Parlebone, Bartholomeo Matelast, &c., Roberto de Frassenden sectam pacis nostræ pro insultu nuper facto in quosdam scholares boreales Universitatis Cantabr. et pro transgressionibus ibidem factis contra pacem nostram, &c. &c. *Ex Rotulo patentium de anno XLV. Regis Henrici tertii, Membrana* 15, *in Turre London. Ex. per Guib. Ryley.*" Many peaceable scholars quitted Cambridge by reason of these disturbances, and proceeded in conjunction with some Oxford students, who for similar reasons had left Oxford, to establish a University at Northampton, which, however, was put down, three years after, by royal letters.

* *St. Nicholas Hostle.*—At the period of the tale, no college existed, with the exception of Peter House, founded by Hugh de Balsham, A. D. 1257. The students lived in hostles, "under the rule of a principal, at their own proper charges." Of these hostles, that of St. Nicholas stood over against Christ's College, and its students were, as Fuller says, "as eminent for hard studying, as infamous for their brawlings by night." It was appropriated to law students.

* *Chausses.*—Tight hose, worn universally at this time, and comprising in one, breeches and stockings.

† *Morat*, a rich spiced drink, resembling hippocras.

Shame on my craven heart for it! But say, my brethren, shall we bide such insults tamely? Have ye not all a part with me against these scurvy Northerns? Ye have all quarrel to take up,—have ye not?"

"Walter of Thirsk shall pay for the laming of my jennet—" said one; and "My boots shall not be bespattered for nought," said another. "Did not Humphry de Bonne kiss Cicely Marchpaine, and laugh at me on Lammas Day last?" muttered a third. "Ay, and called us soft-pated Southerns all, at supper, in St. Botolph's; and said that ne'er a one of us had wit to see through the cozening tricks of our manciple,"* sung out some six at once. In short, the train was fired; Hugh de Thornham had done his work, and after surveying the kindling passions from the height of the table for a few moments, jumped down, and moving rapidly among the fiery groups, aided Wethringsett, who had been foremost in seconding his friend's speech, to organize a plan of vengeance on the unsuspecting Northerns.

It may be reasonably asked by the reader of this tale, especially if he be a member of either of our universities—What was become of the master, and fellows, and tutors, while all this row was going on in hall? Alas! fellows and tutors there were none in such hostles as that in which this scene took place; and for master, it is true there was a very old and very learned Doctor of Canon Law, who was called, at St. Nicholas, "Magister;"—but if ever there was a title granted in courtesy, this had been so bestowed. He possessed no power over his wild charge: nay, his only hope of peace and privacy depended on his never attempting to put any check or bridle on their lawless spirits. Volumes of unholy rhymed Latin canticles, of which wine and women were the everlasting burden, had been often substituted, under his very nose, for his beloved and revered decretals, and canons, and commentaries; spurs had been planted in the leather of his reading chair; the legs of his desk had been sawed half through, so that the weight of a heavier volume than usual brought desk and book together to the ground, to the sore detriment of gilded brass and painted cover. Accordingly a louder clamour than usual was the signal for him to bar his chamber door, and burrow still deeper in the "Decretum" of Gratian, the "Lectures of Irnerius," or any other tome that might then be before him, and so endeavour to remain deaf to all he heard, and blind to all he saw—

"Oblitusque suorum, obliviscendus et illis."

On the present occasion, however, so terrific was the hubbub that followed the conclusion of Hugh de Thornham's speech, that even his steeled sense was painfully smitten by it. He ventured accordingly to open the door of his little cell, and advancing along the low broad passage which led towards the hall, peeped cautiously through the half open portal. The students were, at this moment, priming themselves for their evening's work, with frequent potations of ale, wine, and rich pigments; and just as the poor old "Magister" assumed his post of vantage, struck up, in deafening chorus, that most jovial of all cloister chants, "Walter de Mapes' *chanson à boire*—"

"Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori, &c."

* The *manciple* comprehended in his own person the offices of bursar, steward, and purveyor. He was a very important character in his college, and Chaucer makes frequent mention of him.

The spirit with which this was pealed out struck a chill to the heart of the reverend and water-drinking Geislebert (for so he was named), and he shrunk back trembling to his quiet study, determined not to strive against the mad current. "God forgive them, for mad springalds!" was his mild prayer, as he turned again to his decretals, and in their red-margined and illuminated pages soon forgot the whole scene.

In the mean time the wild rout in the hall were arming and equipping themselves for the affray. Almost all wore daggers—some now appeared furnished besides with swords and small bucklers; and many bore heavy piked staves, which for a *mêlée* looked very like mischief.* Hugh de Thornham himself, under his tunic, wore a light hauberk of chain mail, and looked, as he marshalled his troop, like one who beseemed the mail coat better than the gown. Amidst the general bustle, there was one present who seemed in no way to share in the alacrity and fierceness of his companions. This was the same fair-haired, light-eyed stripling who at first taunted Wethringsett, and who now sat, inactively, in his original place, unbonnetted, and unarmed. His apathy drew upon him the attention of those next him; and not a few gibes and jeers, from these, he passed over without seeming to hear, or if hearing, evidently careless of them.

At length Thornham strode up to him, and pressing his hand heavily on his shoulder, said sharply, "This quarrel likes thee not, Walter de Wodeford? Is it the dash of Northern blood in thy veins that holds thee, or hast thou thought of the wench, and wilt not bestir thyself for my spoilt suit?"

"I like not thee, nor thy quarrel," said the boy, almost fiercely, "and will not budge a step in it—nor wert thou wise to urge me, lest perchance thou find me more foe than friend."

As he said this, he shook off the hand that lay on his shoulder, and rising, withdrew from the hall.

Sneers and taunts greeted him as he passed through the students; but he made no reply other than a look of unequivocal scorn at the speakers. Wethringsett roared after him "Let him go, for a white livered, bastard-bred cur, that knows no nurture, and turns on those of his own kennel. A murrain on all such sneaking knaves. Heed not him, but to our purpose. Thou Bartholomew Matelast with thy roaring boys, along

* *Students carrying arms.*—The great number of students who about this time thronged the universities, and their freedom from any collegiate discipline, gave rise to extraordinary scenes. Many of those who came to the universities, Anthony à Wood declares to have been "mere varlets, who pretended to be scholars:" he charges them with being habitually guilty of thieving and other enormities, and says, "they lived under no discipline, neither had any tutors but only for fashion's sake; would sometimes thrust themselves into the schools at ordinary lectures, and when they went to perform any mischiefs, then would they be accounted scholars, that so they might free themselves from the jurisdiction of the burghers." Fuller bears similar testimony; and even so late as the reign of Henry VIII., we have recorded in a MS. of Corpus Christi College, a scene which proves that arms were still commonly carried. "Mr. Bambryk sayd at dinner the same daye, or apone the Mundaye or Tuysdaye, or at the lest wayes this weeke last past—'I love Mr. Conerforth better than any regent in this town for his doinges, and yf he had given D. Glyn a blow or tow he had servyd him well.' 'Yf it had cum to that poynt,' says Sandes then being present, 'We had shearpyd our daggers, and every man had markyd where he wold be, and for my parte I wold have bene in D. Harvie,' or lyk communication." Caius says of Dr. Crayforde (Vice Chancellor in 1535), that he was "as good a gladiator as Vice Chancellor, for that he cut off one man's hand, and threw another by main force out of the Regent House."

Preacher's Street* to the market-place, and rouse the lads of Paul's.† Then on by the High Warde, and scour the knaves from Gerard's hostle.‡ Heed not gates nor gatewards. Any ye find in the streets, knock them about the mazzard. Spare not your staves. I and De Thornham with the rest will to St. Botolph's, and teach the unlettered rogues what it is to flout at Southerns. An' we look not in at the Rose, on our way, mine host's doors must be of stouter oak than e'er grew in Bernewall wood. And let pretty Maude look to her bolts, or her fair face may scarce save her from a brushing of beards. Master John of Dalton lies at Oving's.§ If our cry rouse him not from his books, he is craven, and no true man. If he do cross us, as he scarce may avoid, Heaven save him, an' Hugh de Thornham get within striking distance. Said I well, my masters, said I well?"

Shouts of approval and eagerness followed the address, and his orders were obeyed by Matelast and his party, who left the hall together. It had not been noted, so absorbed were the listeners in Wethringsett's speech, that Walter de Wodeford had returned to the hall, but not as before, apathetic and unarmed. His eye flashed as he heard Wethringsett exult in the prospect of his visit to the Rose, and his whole bearing was changed. He looked no longer the stripling of seventeen, but armed as he now was with short sword and round buckler, seemed an opponent a cautious man would not have lightly encountered. Ere De Thornham's band left the hostle, he rose to depart, but his departure was not to be so easy. Some six or eight who sat between him and the door rose and formed themselves so as to bar his further progress. His demand for free passage was met by a scornful refusal, and even daggers were drawn to stop him. The scuffle attracted the attention of the leaders, who cried out by no means to let him forth. In an instant, however, De Wodeford, by an exertion of unexpected strength, lifted a clumsy stool, which stood by him, and sent it flying in the direction of the door. Those who were not laid prostrate by this unpleasant visitor retreated from before it, and formed a lane, through which De Wodeford had passed before any further stay could be offered him. On leaving the hostle he turned rapidly to the right, and rushing down Dowdiver's-lane and through Fare-yard,‖ took his road, with all his speed, to the market-place. Two or three students whom he met in his way he bade, hurriedly, betake them to their hostles, as mischief was afoot. He had reached the market-place, when he stopped and hastily inquired of himself whither his present hurried flight tended, and what he had first to do? His original intention had been to put the Northerns of Oving's and Borden's¶ hostles, and particularly John de Dalton, on their guard; but the allusion made by Wethringsett to the Rose and its pretty inmate (and Wodeford felt a flush as he thought of her) made him reconsider his plan. Should not old Stephen Hepworth, her father, be put on his guard, both for his own sake and his daughter's? As Wodeford contemplated the possible consequences of the violence of Wethringsett and De Thornham, he shuddered, and half unsheathed his sword. In a moment, however, he determined to proceed straightway to the Rose and alarm the inmates, that, if the house was strong enough to defy the riotous attack, all precautions for this might be taken; and if not, that Maude and her father might at least be removed to a place of safety. The Rose stood between the churches of St. Mary's and St. Michael's, and was a long low building, with heavy stone porch, and a few small unglazed windows towards the street. These with their close shafts would not allow of ingress to a man; and if the door were but stout enough, nothing was to be feared. As Wodeford rapidly turned these thoughts over in his mind, he had reached the spot where Hobson's conduit now stands, when he suddenly heard the loud and rapidly approaching cries of those from whom he had separated himself. They had evidently divided into two or three bodies, one of which he thought was in his rear, and the other seemed, from the cries of "a Southern," "a De Thornham," and the counter shouts of "a Northern!" "a Northern!" "Down with the bullies of St. Nicholas!" to be already engaged in the High Warde (which answered to the present Trumpington-street). These sounds quickened his pace, and he was running along Market Warde, when suddenly turning a corner, he jostled against a woman who was walking hurriedly in a direction opposite to his own. Muttering an excuse he was proceeding, when a voice familiar to him, said, breathlessly—

"Oh Master Wodeford, the Virgin be praised that hath brought thee this way! Give me thy protection to my father's."

"Maude!" exclaimed the young man, "in Heaven's name, what makest thou here at this hour and alone, with a mad and drunken rabble within a stone's throw of thee, and about thy father's dwelling?"

"Oh! ask not, think not of that; I will tell thee all, but save me and him. What would these men you speak of with my poor father?"

"No good, fair Maude, I fear; but his danger is nought to thine. He hath stout doors and a stout heart, I doubt not, to hold them; and no fair face to turn men to beasts. Thou hast a woman's feebleness, and an angel's beauty, and thy safety must first be looked to. Hark! even now the rout cometh hitherwards. Hast any friend's house hereabouts, whither I may convey thee, till they are past?"

"Oh! yes," replied Maude, instantly, "close by; but yet—no—it must not be—'twere unmaidenly." The last words were spoken so low as to be almost unheard by her companion, who, however, could not but remark her sudden confusion. A short sharp struggle seemed to take place in his mind. It passed, and he said to the shrinking trembling girl who crouched close and more closely to his side, as the din grew more audible—

"Maude, thou hast kept tryst to-night, with John of Dalton?"

"I have, I have, our Ladye pardon me!" replied Maude, and seemed ready to faint at his feet.

"'Tis well. The rout is between us and thy father's house. That way we may not hope to escape. To our left lies Oving's hostle. There with thy lover thou mayest find harbour, and pray Heaven he be the man I hold him!—so wilt thou have no wrong under his roof. Art thou prepared to take shelter in his arms?"

"Oh! yes, yes," she murmured almost inaudibly. Walter heeded no more. Hastily drawing his sword

* Preacher's Street ran from Christ's College to Emmanuel.

† St. Paul's, to the north of St. Michael's church.

‡ Gerard's, near the river, on part of the present site of Trinity College.

§ Oving's Hostle lay between Caius and Trinity Colleges.

‖ Dowdiver's-lane and Fare-yard are now Emmanuel Street and the Pig Market:—This explanation will make the topography of the tale intelligible to Cantabs.

¶ Borden's in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's.

with one hand, with the other he clasped the thin waist of the girl, though his buckler was then hanging useless at his back, and with all the speed he could command, started with his precious burden in the direction of Oving's hostle. Meanwhile, the foremost rioters were within a few yards of him, and seeing a male figure with a female in his arms, rushed with a wild yell upon him. Unencumbered and maddened as they were, he was no match for them in speed; and he had to maintain as well as he could a running fight, in which he received more than one wound. Happily for him Maude was senseless, and so was a passive burden. Thus at swordstroke with his pursuers, who momentarily thickened, he contrived to make his way to the gate of Oving's hostle, where rapidly moving lights and clamour within showed that its inmates were aroused.

"Open, gateward, open!" he shouted, hastily placing the unconscious girl on one of the side seats, under the low and narrow Saxon porch, and striking stout blows at the pursuers from its entrance. "Open, in the Fiend's name, or here will be murder done." Finding this adjuration did not produce any effect, as indeed few nights passed in which similar appeals were not made to the porter, he continued, "Open, an' thou wouldst not have upon thy conscience something worse than murder—foul wrong to a young maiden. She lies on the south seat of the porch. Take her in, while I keep the place. Open, and quickly, for I am well nigh spent."

The porter, who with some difficulty gathered the above speech from amid the clashing of sword-blades and the oaths and cries of the assailants, happened to be a father of daughters, and felt pity for one like them in such a strait. He accordingly quietly unbarred the gate, and snatched the maiden into the building. Walter marked his time, and at the same moment dealing his nearest opponent a thundering blow, which broke down his guard and stretched him without sense on the pavement, sprang back, and ere the rest could make their way over their fallen comrade, was in the hostle, and had drawn the strong bar across the gate. The moment he had done so, he fell fainting from fatigue and loss of blood. The noise of the affray had drawn to the entrance some of the students, already roused and armed for the contest, should they be called upon to join in it. They gathered around the bodies, (for Maude lay near her protector,) and calling for a torch, proceeded to examine them. The moment they had removed her hood and wimple from the head of the female, they all recognized the pretty Maiden of the Rose, and one of the group dispatched another.

"Bid John de Dalton hither. I marvel much if he crack not some crowns to-night for this; for, truly, he loves this maiden, and will avenge bitterly evil done to her."

"And who may the youth be?" asked the porter. "Truly he struck well and lustily, and hath had sharp work to escape hither with his life. He bleeds sorely."

The torch was brought close to him, and more than one exclaimed, "It is Walter de Wodeford. If these be the men of St. Nicholas that are astir to-night, as they are like to be, he hath been at buffets with his own brotherhood, and hath been hardly dealt by. But here comes John of Dalton. What will he say to this ugly gear?"

"Way there, my masters, way!" exclaimed a tall and strongly-built young man, of expressive but rugged features and plain attire, unarmed, save with the customary dagger, and dressed in a long robe, faced with fur, as he put aside the thickening crowd round the bodies with wild haste. "Let me see this bloody work, and woe to them that have wrought it!"

Anguish and rage seemed almost to master his strong frame as he knelt beside the pale and inanimate form of his beloved. He raised the body in his arms, and caressed it fondly till he felt life returning under his embraces. Maude opened her eyes, and then, scarce recognizing her lover, shuddered, and clasped him closely, as if trusting to him for protection. He sprang up, saying, as he looked on those around him, "My masters, I will bestow this maiden in my chamber. Ye are good and true friends of mine, and know how I love her with a deep and pure love. So take heed that ye mock not her or me for this." With these words he strode away, tenderly bearing Maude in his arms, and gazing on her pale face as if for him there was nothing else in the world. "Thou wilt be roughly lodged, my sweet one! but at least thou wilt be safe, and bucklered with a true heart," he muttered fondly, as he made his way up the stone staircase, which led to his cell. This was a low and narrow room, with naked walls, and furnished but with a high, rude chair and table, and an uncurtained pallet. The only things at all remarkable were (as Chaucer sings),

> "At his beddes head
> A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
> More prized than robés rich, or fiddle or saultry."

On this low bed he laid his burden, and sitting down reverently by her side, watched by her till her returning senses might enable her to distinguish where she was. When she did this, her first act was to open her arms to her lover, and casting herself upon his breast to weep glad tears. Then, recovering, she told him, confusedly, what she remembered of the fray, and how she had been saved by Walter de Wodeford.

"Go and look to him," she said at last, "for when I lost my senses, he was sore bestead. He hath been to me, even what thou wouldst have been, dearest! and hath put his own life to hazard for mine;—so, prythee, look to him, that no ill befall him which thy 'tendance may prevent. I will sleep the while, for I feel weary and out-worn. But, oh!—" she exclaimed, starting up, "my poor kind father! He knows not where I am, nor with whom; and will know no peace till he sees or hears of me;—oh! thoughtless that I was, and selfish, to take heed of him, but after thee!" and angry with herself, the poor girl wept bitterly. Her lover promised to have her father apprised of her situation, and as he left the apartment to see after Walter, said to her—

"Sleep safely as in thine own chamber. Bar the door on the inside, and open not save to me. I will be back anon."

He left the cell, and Maude soon slept a profound and calm sleep.

In the mean time, Walter had been removed to the nearest chamber, and one of the students, who had, many of them, good skill in leechcraft, bound up his wounds. When John of Dalton entered the apartment, he stretched out his hand to him, and said feebly—

"I too loved her, and joy to have shed blood, had it been heart's blood, for her sake. But she loves thee, and hath shown a noble confidence in thee. Do thou

deserve it, and deserve her. If thou go forth to-night, beware of Hugh de Thornham and Will Wethringsett. They have a hot feud with thee, and will not spare thee if you meet."

"Who was it," asked the other, "that did assail thee when thou savedst the maiden? Tell me, that I may go and hew off the hand that would have touched her for dishonour."

"It was one of them or their band, I saw not clearly in the twilight. Beware them both, and God speed thee!"

The wounded man then turned away from the light, and Dalton, unwilling to press him with further questions, left him. As he passed into the court of the hostle, he found that a body of their old enemies of St. Nicholas was still before the gate. The air rang with cries of "A Southern!" "A Southern!" "Down with the Northern lechers, that carry off maidens and bestow them in their chambers!"

"Come forth, an' ye dare, ye cravens, and avouch with your hands the wrong ye have done us in word and deed!"

The Northern blood was up, and they only required what the arrival in the court of John of Dalton supplied them, a leader, to burst forth upon their noisy and numerous adversaries. Accordingly he had scarce set foot amongst them when he was greeted by cries of "Lead us, John of Dalton, that we may force the foul words of these braggarts down their throats with our dagger-hafts." They found him nowise loath. He was burning with rage at the outrage that had been offered to Maude, and crying out, "Forth, men from beyond Trent, and show them what slender barriers Southern blades be against Northern staves. Give them good oak for their iron, and let me deal with their leader." So saying he bade them throw open the gate, and ere the band outside expected any attack, John of Dalton and his stout Northern hearts were upon them like a torrent, and had driven them a stone's throw up the street ere they recovered their footing and their wits. When they did, the contest was stubborn and bloody. The air rang with the clatter of staves and swords, and the cries of the combatants. No officers either of the city or university dared to interfere, and as the contest grew hotter, each hall and hostle poured forth its opposed bands to swell the numbers of the combatants. John of Dalton ranged through the fight, furiously striking to earth with his long oak staff every one that opposed him, seeking for the leader of the men of St. Nicholas. It was Hugh de Thornham who had felt the weight of Walter's arm before the gate of Oving's, and he was *hors de combat*. But Will Wethringsett was still the foremost, and every blow he struck was backed by his cry of, "A Southern! a Southern! and nought to these scurvy men of the North, but bloody coxcombs." At last John de Dalton made his way to the spot where Will was dealing lustily about him sword in hand. The first warning he received of the approach of his old opponent, was the cry raised by those immediately behind him, as with tremendous sweep of his staff, John cleared his way through the press. Will turned, and manfully raising his cry, rushed on Dalton, who for a time had enough to do to guard his head. Soon, however, Will Wethringsett, worn out with the riot of the night, began to raise his blows less thickly, and then Dalton used his staff with such address and vigour, that Will's buckler, and his head under it, were broken across. His fall caused a momentary panic among his adherents, but the arrival at the moment of a strong reinforcement from Gerard's hostle, with the body under Matelast, restored their courage, and the fight promised to be of no speedy termination. Already more than a dozen men were stretched, dead, or senseless, on the pavement, when a sudden check was given to the affair, by the arrival of an armed and mounted knight, with a strong body of men at arms, and cross bowmen, who riding authoritatively up, stopped his foam-flecked war-horse in the very thickest of the *mêlée*, and in a commanding voice, cried out to the combatants, "How now, my masters? Are we in a peaceful town, or hath storm and sack put all into your hands, that you frighten honest burgesses with your mad cries and naked weapons? By St. Egidius, but ye answer this dearly. Ho, Rhadulph, clap me a horse girth round the arms of that lusty youth, who was doing such havock with the oaken pole as we came up e'enow, and pick me up these wights with the bloody coxcombs, who lie strewed here like sheep in a shambles. Surround me the rest, with your bowmen, Roger Bikkerdike, and march them off to the castle. By Heaven, they shall rue this brawl."

"Thanks to the noble De Argentine, true friend to loyal burgesses," exclaimed the frightened citizens, who had, in some scores, followed him to the spot, with a motley array of weapons, some with mauls, others with bills, and most with the anelace, or broad short dagger of the time.

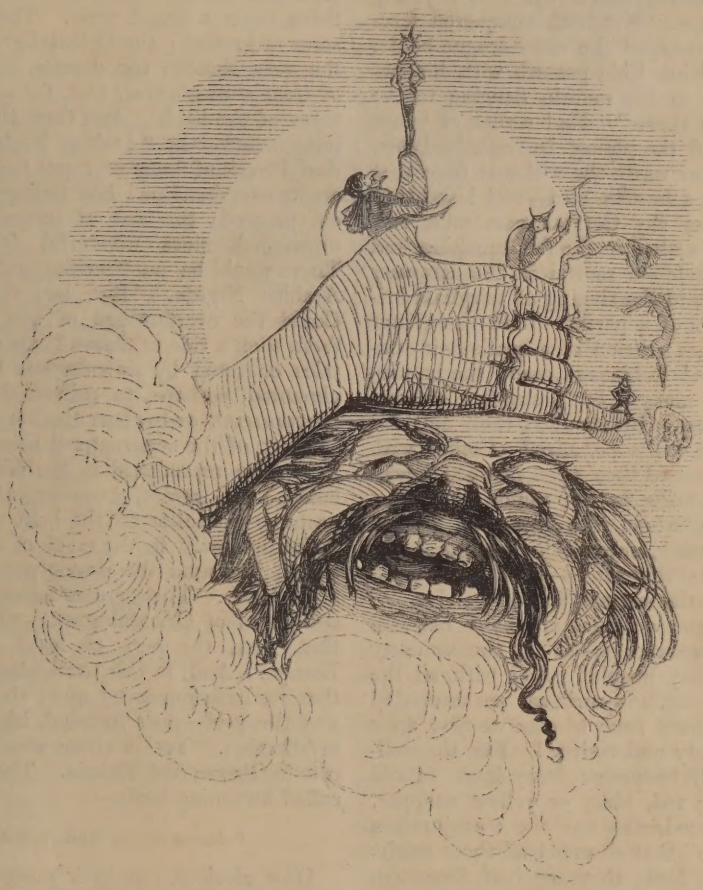
This interference of Sir Egidius de Argentine (the custos pacis of the county) was owing to the father of Maude, who on receiving news of his daughter, and the danger from which she had escaped, had ridden at breakneck speed to Horse Heath, where the knight had his mansion, and implored him to come and save the good town and honest burgesses of Cambridge from fire and sword. His arrival, we have seen, was timely.

Once arrived at the castle, investigation was made, and it being evident that John of Dalton and his friends had not been aggressors, they were released with admonition. The meeting of Maude and her lover we will not attempt to describe, nor how both tended on the generous Walter de Wodeford, till his recovery.

Hugh de Thornham and Will Wethringsett lay a few months in the castle, with some of the foremost rioters, where, in a court of Oyer and Terminer, they were condemned, though at last a royal letter arriving, they were pardoned; and for the future were more cautious whom they kissed in their cups: and thus ended a Cambridge Row, in 1261.

CANTAB.

A FEW WORDS ON FAIRY TALES.



Away with that huge tome of Jeremy Bentham, and bring us our childhood's library. Wave the wand and summon up the *dramatis personæ* of our childhood's tales! Come one, come all—good fairies with wands of gold and gifts of wishes—most dire ogres stamping along in seven-league boots—giants, vast fellows, but some of them harmless, "for" (quoth the Chronicler,) "they were Welsh giants," others, alas, for the Land's End! cruel, "for they were Cornish giants"—dwarfs who appeared on the battlements of enchanted castles, winding enchanted horns—beautiful princesses who pined within their mystic walls—beasts who were princes in disguise—and, alas, princes who were beasts in reality! Bring them all before us. Genies bottled up in submarine vases, from the East—grotesque funny little *Wieland-like* men, who lived in under-ground palaces beneath the roots of the pines, and the oaks of the Brocken—mis-shapen elves, working cunningly in metals, and quaffing mead, the imaginings of the Scalds of Scandinavia—speaking birds, singing water (out on your singing mice), slippers of glass; and, by your leave, fair Cinderella coaches, sliced from pumpkins! And shall we not have Aladdin's lamp? Hang it on the fairy bean-stalk you see shooting to the skies, beside the roc's egg of Sinbad the Sailor. Yet disturb not the small birds perched upon the fibres of the magic plant, for are they not the robins that covered with leaves the babes in the wood? See—they have built their nest in Fortunio's wishing-cap! Gathering—still gathering! Commander of the Faithful, Haroun Alraschid, we greet thee—make that inverted jar thy throne—'tis one of those in which Morgiana boiled the forty thieves. Fear not that room will be scant—the pavilion in which we assemble is the Fairy Banou's tent. Prince Camaralyaman be seated near the one-eyed Calendar;—beside him again is King Pepin. Do not—lords and gentles all—quarrel with the near presence of Puss in Boots; for since "My Lord Marquis of Carrabas" has come to his fortune, "Puss became a great lord, and never killed rats or mice but for his own amusement;" and you, Grimalkin, arch not your back at your sister, Puss, there—for that is the cat of Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. Ha! enter dreamingly, like Lady Macbeth, the sleeping Beauty; and lo another Beauty!—yea, Beauty and the Beast; and beside them—apt collocation—walk Valentine and Orson—another and another. Lo Tom Thumb! borne by the enchanter, Merlin, and scorning the perils of the red cow's mouth; his train consists of Bigendians from Lilliput. St. George bears the dragon's head before King Arthur, and Jack the Giant Killer, with his belt emblazoned—

"This is the valiant Cornish man,
That slew the giant Cormoran,"

is close behind. Blunderbuss looks daggers at the Man-mountain queller, and his train of Brobdignagians bite their thumbs scornfully. Upon the brows of Hop-o'-my-Thumb's twelve brothers and sisters glitter the twelve golden crowns, which the twelve young ogres wore as night-caps. Wit hath conquered ferocity—innocence hath outsped the seven-league boots. Room for Majesty—King Cole passeth with his pot in his hand, his pipe in his mouth, dancing to the strain of "his fiddlers three." Ha! a rush of wings —"Peter Wilkins and the flying Indians." Peter, take care of thy wife, or verily she will soar from thee even as a bird—she is a human bird—and leave thee lone and bewildered as thy German namesake, surnamed Schlemel, who walked in the fair sunshine, and cast no shadow! Behold—a mortal in the company of supernaturals! Amid the ringing of fairyland bridles, comes the chatter of a parrot—amid the glitter of fairyland gold, comes a vision of a goat's-hair umbrella, and a rusty axe! Robinson Crusoe, the immortal mortal—object of many a boy's sleeping dreams, and waking sympathies—why shouldst thou not also take thy place in our fool's paradise? Come, with honest Friday, who puzzled thee upon matters theological, Robinson, and bring to our minds again that fearful piece of satire, when, with gun-point levelled against the naked, dancing, unconscious savages,—Oh, Defoe, how bitter was thy wit! — thou mutteredst, "Now, Friday, fire in the name of God!"

How easy is it to summon these visions of half-forgotten boyhood lore around us—to fill the shadowy chamber with a shadowy people! And with all the glittering glancing throng, how curiously are associated in our minds the sources from whence we first drew the ideas of their beauty and variety! Yes, the well-thumbed, dog's-eared, twopenny story book of old days—with its flaring red, blue, or yellow wrapper, and its outrageous woodcuts—was the "conjuration and the mighty magic" that charmed all these spirits from the vasty deep. Now, they are half forgotten. The mind's eye can only see them dimly as through a glass. So be it. We would not again read our nursery Fairy Tales. We are turned sceptical—we fear we should experience some slight difficulty on the score of belief—we have lost the faith that never thought of question—we can enjoy a fairy tale as it should be enjoyed—no more. Yet it is permitted to call them back to recollection, and to summon along with them some faint shadow of that mood of childish mind with which we originally denounced our "story-books"—that mood which knew not incredulity—which eagerly received and treasured up any marvel, and then looked gapingly abroad for more! Interesting, too, is it in these musings, and easy as interesting, to trace the physical peculiarities and the characteristic habits of thought reflected in the fabulous literature of each separate people.

In the East, indisputably, were the fountains from which welled forth the first streams of supernatural fiction. They have flown through every civilized clime, the waters receiving their tint and tone from the lands they rolled over; but if we would trace the various rivers to their source, we should arrive at one common well-head—and this is reasonable. The East is a land of fertility of matter and of mind. The teeming earth pours forth its treasures in the very wantonness of wealth. Luxuriance there becomes almost rankness. Nature, too, when she is very prodigal, is eccentric. With stupendous growth is oftentimes united fantastic shape—the richness that cherishes the one forms the other. And can we not trace an analogy between the physical products of the East and its supernatural legends? In both every thing is on a grand scale. The banyan tree covers acres of ground; the Oriental genie rears his head to the very clouds; the deserts, the palaces, the cities of their stories are all vast, for so are the natural features of the land. And then the eastern fertility of imagination—the "Arabian Nights" is the most wonderful work of fancy ever put together. How endless are its combinations! how unflagging its marvels! On, on, proceeds the web of story-telling—each wonder unravelled, more wonderful than its predecessor. There would be no "writing out" the author of the Arabian Nights. But, had they only one author? Could the overflowings of one imagination furnish forth such a tide of fiction? Or were these marvellous tales collected by slow degrees from different lips—chaunted, perhaps, to enliven the long night in the caravanserai, or to cheer the hot halt in the desert?

Most of the supernatural beings of Oriental fiction have been reproduced in the fairy literature of other lands. Its genies, however, stand alone in their vastness—peculiar to the bold fancy of the Persian fiction-weaver. In the magi of eastern tale, however, are to be found the prototypes of the enchanters of other lands. The ogre of ours is nothing else than the ghoul of Oriental story; while it is equally clear that from the peri of India sprung the fairy of Europe. And, in this particular, we cannot but think that we have improved upon the original. Beautiful was the peri—pure in mind, high in aspiration, rich in affection. Yet is there something still more delicate in Oberon and Titania. They are what Campbell called humming-birds—

> "Atoms of the rainbow fluttering round."

How glorious was their moonlight revelry beneath the broad-leaved oaks! How deftly they tripped it, and yet hurt no blade of the dewy grass, which grew the greener from their touch! Mortal eye might not view them, except the eye of genius, which once beheld and recorded the vision of a "Midsummer Night's Dream." But although Titania was bewitched by the love-plant, ere dawn the spell was broken, and the delicate pageant faded with the starlight! The fairies of the more northern countries of Europe were less exquisitely delicate beings than their compeers of the sunny south. They were capricious—spiteful; they envied men their condition, and often wrought them evil; their state was splendid, yet it was deceptive; and when the court rode forth with "bit and bridle ringing," no mortal whose dazzled eyes beheld the scene could guess that its glory was delusion—that the green-robed throng were anxious and unhappy, spite their pretended gaiety, for every seventh year a tribute was to be paid to hell—that their shining palaces were grim caves—their prancing steeds, ragweed switches—their broad pieces, clipped leaves. The fairies of the Ariel and Titania mould dwelt "under the blossom that hangs from the bough," and warbled low melodies to the nightingale; but the king of the northern fairy—the Danish ballad informs us—

> "—Wonned within the hill,
> And like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church
> His voice was ghastly shrill."

—The northern elves were woodland in their predilections; they loved the forest and the deer, but though they protected wild, they persecuted tame animals, and no farmer's cow was safe from their flint-hearted arrows, unless shielded by the magic influence of a branch of the rowan tree. Thus we see in the more peevish, deceitful, and gross northern fairy, the influence of the less sunny climes, and the sterner and more gloomy cast of thought of the Teutonic nations. Let us go farther north still, and amid the rocks and snows, and stormy firths of Norway and Lapland, we shall find that the fairy entirely disappears, or degenerates into a mis-shapen and malignant elf, haunting sepulchral caverns, or the dreary galleries of deserted mines. The imaginations of the bards of Scandinavia were as vigorous as they were gloomy; they sang—

> "Round the shores where loud Lofoden
> Whirls to death the roaring whale;
> In the halls where Runic Odin,
> Howls his war-song to the gale;"

and they attuned their lays and legends to the stern scenery which surrounded them. Continually engaged in war or the chase, they well knew the value of iron, and it is a characteristic attribute of their supernatural creations, that the elves were all cunning workmen in metals—that they laboured by the lurid glare of unearthly fires in forging swords and battle-axes, before whose dints weapons and armour framed by human hands cracked and splintered like glass.

The domestic tendencies of our own land bred up a peculiar species of household goblin, occasionally useful, but more frequently troublesome. He was a sort of supernatural servant of all work, and had no objection to dirty work; such were the brownies of Scotland. We are not aware whether their English brethren rejoiced in any distinctive generic appellation, but Milton has drawn their portraiture, and—

> "Tells how the drudgin goblin sweat,
> To earn the cream-bowl duly set,
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath thrashed the corn
> That ten day-labourers could not end;
> Then lays him down, the lubber fiend,
> And stretched out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
> And crop full out of doors he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin rings."

In Scotland, as well as England, brownies appear to have been a milk-loving race—and, in consequence, the occasional committers of petty larceny in the dairy. In spite, however, of his domestic labours, the absence of the brownie was generally considered better than his company. It is recorded that a farmer near the Borders, being sorely annoyed by the freaks of his supernatural inmate, who was continually turning the house out of the windows, determined to dodge the brownie by "flitting," *Anglicè*, removing to another dwelling. Accordingly the honest man packed up bag and baggage and set off. A neighbour accosted him on the way. "I am leaving the old place," quoth the brownie-haunted; "nobody could live with such an evil spirit as we have been plagued with there."—"Oh, yes, John, we're flitting, you see, we're flitting," chimed in a well-known voice from the interior of a churn, which was packed on the top of the luggage-cart; and brownie popped out his head and nodded complacently to the new comer. Imagine the farmer's face!

The Germans have a noble *Ghosteology*. Amid the smoke of their tobacco pipes have they seen strange visions. The Hartz and the Brocken are the places on earth "where spirits most do congregate." Along the Rhine, indeed, there is a tolerable sprinkling of the unearthly, but the Rhine ghosts are mostly commonplace. The spirits of ancient barons clothed in ancient armour, and going clashing about in ancient castles, may be respectable ghosts, but they have no pretensions to belong to the airy aristocracy. And as for the Lurley maid luring the boatmen over the cataract by her singing, we think of the syrens of yore and refuse the claim to originality of the modern water sprite. 'Tis in the recesses of the pine forests that the genuine German ghostly people dwell. There stalks the Brocken spirit—crowned with a chaplet of oak leaves, and bearing a broken branch in its shadowy grasp. There sweeps the wild huntsman, the flying Dutchman of the land, with horn and whoop and hollo, careering over the trees a whirlwind of men, and dogs, and horses. And there is it—in deep dark glens, amid the waving of sombre pines, that the charcoal-burner, keeping his midnight watch, seeth a bonfire kindled, and dark shadows passing and repassing before it. With trembling limbs and bristling hair he maketh his way towards it. The blaze pales as he approaches—then vanishes. Taking heart of grace he rushes to the spot—and lo!—the greensward whereon the fire leaped, and blazed, and crackled, is crisp and unscathed; and the boughs, round which the fierce flames twined, and roared, and wreathed, are green, and fresh, and wet with the dews of midnight!

Witches are the productions of later times than fairies, and we suspect that many of the tales of our beloved twopenny books are of more recent manufacture than is generally believed, from the circumstance of witches and fairies being very frequently confounded therein. Now here is a grievous wrong to the "land of faerie." Witches are all very well in their way, and we have all due respect for them; but we cannot consent to have our little, moonlight-dancing, green-robed elves made up into old women, like Mother Hubbard, with a crutch, a sugar-loaf cap, and high-heeled shoes. No; let the fairy lurk in butter-cups, drink dew from acorns, and dance in rings beneath the oaks—the witches may bestride their broomsticks, every one with her black cat on her shoulders, and fly off, like so many aerial machines, to keep their devil's Sabbath; but let not the revels of the one tribe interfere with those of the other. We are for no cross breeds—no mules. Fairies are fairies, and witches witches, to the end of the chapter; and, by the way, English witches had a curious national peculiarity. The continental sisterhood rode on goats or broomsticks; but we were always a nautically-inclined people, and accordingly *our* witches sailed in sieves!

In fairy tales, be they from the East, West, North, or South, it is pleasing to trace the superiority awarded to ingenuity over brute force. Every body will remember the fisherman and the genie. Never was any one more completely *done* than was the rebellious servant of King Solomon. One cannot help chuckling at the simplicity of the genie in repacking himself in the copper vessel. However, he profited by experience, like other fools; and on making his second exit from the vase, very naïvely kicks it into the sea. A less brilliant device than the fisherman's, however, has

been successful. In a Persian tale, a ghoul informs a merchant that unless he can prove himself to be as strong as his host (the scene is the ghoul's cave) he will have the pleasure of dining—not with him—but on him. The ghoul lifts a stone and squeezes it, until it distils forth a fluid. The merchant takes an egg for a stone and squeezes it to as good purpose as the pebble has been squeezed before. The ghoul then flings a second stone into the air, so high that nobody sees it come down again; the merchant lets loose a bird, and the ghoul is cheated a second time. Verily, these gentry were easily deceived. One lawyer would have been more than a match for all the ghouls that ever feasted on churchyard rottenness. Our own giants, too, were as silly as they were big. The extensive gentleman who ripped up his stomach instead of an outside bag of hasty pudding, really deserves no commiseration. To such stupidity we can only say, "sarved you right." He was a Welsh giant, if we remember, and really did no credit to the leek.

It would be easy to adduce many instances of the usually generous and manly spirit which runs through our nursery literature, but we forbear. Poetic justice is always strictly awarded. The *morale* is universally good. By these tales a child's best sympathies are stirred—its imagination is set to work, and we will answer for it that in his future life the man will often think with gratitude and affection of those wildly imaginative beings, indissolubly mingled up with his childhood's reminiscences of half forgotten, yet happy days, when he knew no care or toil, and when a laugh was as easily raised by the grotesque oddity of Tom Thumb, as a tear was drawn by the sad fate of the Babes in the Wood.

THE LAST GLASS;

OR, THE METEMPSYCHOSIS OF A SOBER IRISHMAN.

BY PIERS SHAFTON, GENT.

Omnia mutantur; nihil interit. Errat, et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus; èque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster; nec tempore deperit ullo.
Utque novis fragilis signatur cera figuris,
Nec manet ut fuerat, nec formas servat easdem;
Sed tamen ipsa eadem est: animam sic semper eandem
Esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.
OVID METAM. Lib. XV.

"WAITER! another glass; that will be my sixteenth!"

All who admire a terse and yet expressive style, must necessarily be delighted with this brief but pithy address of mine to Jacob, who officiates as waiter at that delectable retreat for gentlemen about town, "the Cat and Pepper-box" in Covent Garden. I have stated the *exact* number of the tumbler I called for, and for a reason which I don't apprehend will be considered in the language of the parliamentary committees either "frivolous or vexatious." Many of the highly privileged few who have listened to the marvellous relation that I am about to state, have had the bad taste to insinuate, that at the period to which it refers, I must have been under the influence of the juice of the grape; or, probably, of some even still more potent beverage,—in plain language, for I scorn to compromise with my detractors, that I must have been drunk! I indignantly spurn the base suggestion, and call the past—my exemplary character for abstemiousness; the present—my well known habits of temperance and frugality, (of which, by the way, I can get the certificate of Father O'Leary, the parish priest,—*if* my own testimony on that point *needs* corroboration,) and the future—the admiring posterity to which these ingenuous records will descend, affording me, as my particular friend, the Editor of the ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE, assures me they must do, a snug inheritance of immortal fame!—Yes! I call the past, the present, the future, as witnesses to character! I ask them—I proudly ask them—does not every action of my life contradict the possibility of my being, at the time referred to, under vinous or spirituous excitement? On second thoughts, I will not call them—such testimony is unnecessary—figures, at least *a* figure will refute the ungenerous, the foundationless insinuation,—the sixteenth is a golden number; it is the number that acquits me. My temperance walks out of court "without a stain on her character," as the magistrate at Bow Street feelingly and beautifully observed on discharging Ikey Solomons from insufficiency of evidence. To be drunk, assumes, *à priori*, the fact of having drunk; and, *à fortiori*, the circumstance of having drunk too much:—if that is not logic, I don't know what is. Admitting these premises, *how* could I be drunk, when I had only taken *sixteen*—mark, *but* sixteen tumblers of whiskey toddy!!!

The circumstance may not appear quite so logical, and yet to myself it assumes an air of more than mathematical certainty,—that had the number I called for been less in the numerical scale, I really might have hesitated before I had decided whether I was intoxicated or not. Indeed, if I had given as the number of glasses I had taken, five, six, seven, or eight, I should, beyond all doubt, have conceded that I might have been the worse for what I had imbibed,—nay, farther, that I must have been drunk, and no mistake about it. This apparent inconsistency only proves how fallacious are all known means of judging of

others; and yet, on such evidence as this, how few of us would scruple, in pronouncing the guilt of their fellow creatures? Many short-sighted individuals who hear me acknowledge that after I have taken eight tumblers, and have become drunk, would jump to the immediate, and yet, notwithstanding, erroneous conclusion, that I must be *doubly* drunk after taking sixteen! Poor, infatuated, mistaken, see-no-further-than-your-nose Daniels! who thus erect yourselves as censors over the morals of your fellow men, behold "how plain a tale" will prove that your arguments have not literally nor metaphorically a leg to stand upon!

My "way of life" is simply this:—up to the twentieth glass I can count with an exactitude worthy of the calculating boy, or a chancellor of the exchequer, when the budget shows an improvement on the preceding quarter. *After* that number, by some remarkable idiosyncracy—I am reluctant to say obfuscation of intellect—I can get no farther in the counting line, although my capacity for swallowing remains uninjured. After passing that Rubicon, my faculty for numeration seems suspended—my organ of number is numbed. Generally, the first indication is shown by oblivion of the preceding correct number, and I then invariably begin to *count backwards!* For instance, when my tumblers have arrived at their majority, my twenty-first becomes my eighteenth—my twenty-second, my seventeenth,—and thus I go on running down the scale, until I reach the eighth, seventh, sixth, or, on *rare occasions*, the fifth glass. Whenever *I do* return to either of those units, I am perfectly warranted in coming to the conclusion that I am really, truly, and unmistakingly—drunk!

I have said sufficient, I trust, to produce conviction on the mind of the candid reader, that the tumbler I referred to was *only* my sixteenth. I am also particular to impress the fact both as to the quality and the quantity. I admit that the pewter gill which holds what is "technically at the bar" termed "a go," contained the average complement; and that I mixed the materials with all that hereditary skill and long experience for which I am so proverbially distinguished. It may be asked—for I have always noticed a most inexplicable desire in the human mind, when under the influence of some supernatural revelation, to attempt to account for it by natural means yet more incredible and improbable than an unearthly interposition itself—it may be asked, I repeat, whether I might not have been labouring under some unaccustomed elevation, or some strong excitement on this remarkable evening, presuming the trifle I had drunk had not, as it could not have, taken any effect on me? My answer is, decidedly,—no. I happened on that particular night to be suffering under one of my low nervous tremors, and for which, by the advice of my medical attendant, I am obliged to avail myself of some gentle stimulant; and in obedience to such recommendation I usually select Irish whiskey of the genuine small-still manufactory. Besides, the evening had been a dull one; our worthy host, who had hitherto done something towards keeping us alive, about twelve o'clock issued forth a most terrific yawn, apologizing for it with "Beg pardon, gentlemen—but you know you kept me up until half-past five this morning!"—(Bad taste decidedly of Tapster's, for *if* he were kept up, were not *we* kept up with him?) The yawn had its usual contagious effect, and circulated with infinite more briskness than the last preceding joke. We all yawned; some actually drained their tumblers and went to sleep; others mechanically went through the same ceremony, without taking any thing by the motion, having previously drained off their contents; while the professional gentlemen, with their eyes hermetically sealed by the gluey fingers of Morpheus, warbled forth "Happy Land!" with a snoring accompaniment in most harmonious unison with their somniferous lullaby. The gas burnt dimly—the snores increased both in number and volume—the waiters nodded as they leant by the door—even the smoke from the cigars seemed too sleepy to dispel its own clouds, and hung in heavy wreaths around the sleepers' heads. Could I be excited, I then ask, under such overpowering influences?

My sixteenth tumbler was mixed; gently stirring it, I sipped it by way of approval. That sip was sufficient. The steam ascended to and penetrated my nostrils with a grateful and enlivening incense; the aroma of the delicious nectar mounted my brain, which seemed warmed or rather sunned by a gentle flame! I felt my pulse beat with a quicker movement, my blood tingled and danced with a more lively measure, and my senses were on a very short notice "lapped in Elysium." Certainly the cup that Circe presented to her votaries ought to have been, if it was not, of mountain dew. The witch of the Drachenfels (which, I believe, is a particularly high mountain somewhere near the Rhine) had in all probability a small contraband still, from which the glass was filled that she offered to the pleasure-seeking Faust; and Comus must have been in Ireland, for he never could have had the audacity to endeavour to intoxicate a young lady of genteel connexions with anything less seducing than genuine potheen with the true turf-flavour. Scarcely had I sipped the smoking beverage, before I felt regenerated. If at that moment I had been asked if I happened to know one Cornelius O'Callaghan (a name to which I had previously for two and forty years promptly responded), I should have stared in blank surprise; indeed I felt my old original existence walk clean out of its earthly tabernacle, and a new, bright, dazzling, and joyous one, take its place. "Visions of the sweet south" swam before my eyes. I seemed to breathe once more the pure air of my own beloved Italy (how the deuce it became mine I never could make out),—I saw the clear, cloudless skies above me,—I felt their divinest influence stealing over me, penetrating and subduing me; then came the voluptuous melodies of my native clime, or rather of my new native clime,—I heard the peasants of the Campagna trolling their evening song,—ecstatic sounds fell on my ears, and I could hardly refrain from giving them utterance; who was I? what was I? why what madness not to know myself—my identity immediately occurred,—I WAS RUBINI!

Directly the consciousness of my actual being returned to me; the scene appeared to change; the dingy, dark room, of thirty feet long by twenty broad, expanded itself into a magnificent theatre; the gloomy boxes into the crimson and gilded *logés* of the Italian Opera House; the sickly gas and its smoky burners, into the brilliant and burnished chandeliers; and the taglionied and mackintoshed occupiers, into the elegant and fascinating *habitués* that grace that most delight-

ful and aristocratic atmosphere. I believed myself on the stage,—I heard Costa play the symphony, and all eyes seemed to be fixed in expectant delight on me. I advanced, seizing the wondering Jacob by the hand, who at that moment appeared in white muslin, and dishevelled hair, like the impassioned Grisi, and proceeded to what I imagined were the foot lights, and commenced *vivi tu*.

Before I proceed farther, it is but candid of me to observe, that numerous and varied as my accomplishments are universally admitted to be,—and to enumerate them would, I fear, involve me in a charge of egotism,—singing is not one of them. Although passionately devoted to the arts, and the Muses' most faithful admirer, singing, by some extraordinary oversight in my early education, was overlooked. At sparring, I may say that few who are not professional members of the ring can take the shine out of me. On the river, I will pull with any crack waterman between Oxford and Gravesend;—at cricket, I can stop a ball with any "eleven," whether gentlemen or players, between Lord's Ground and Lough Swilly. I know, besides, the points of a horse; and am, as times go, a neat hand at curing the distemper, and won't yield as a farrier to any man. I won the prize at the last Red-House match of pigeon-shooting; and swam for a wager with the picked men of a man of war's crew. As for minor accomplishments, such as oyster-eating, punch-mixing, the mathematics, trigonometry, and rat-killing, I say nothing;—mention them and O'Callaghan, and satisfy yourself! But singing I *do* confess I never took to naturally;—I have heard it indeed said, that all attempts of mine, always reminded the hearers, in the high notes of a saw under the process of sharpening; and in the lower ones, of an overcharged blunderbuss. Painful and humiliating as this confession of my deficiency must naturally be to a delicate mind, devoted to every thing that is beautiful, yet I feel in making it I shall not suffer in the generous reader's appreciation of my candour; nor when I add, that all previous attempts of mine to "warble my native wood notes wild," had ever ended in a most palpable break-down.

But on this memorable evening, what a change came over me! It has often been a matter of conjecture, whether opera-singers and actors really feel, themselves, the same exquisite sense of enjoyment which they are capable of communicating to their hearers. I can answer, unhesitatingly, in the affirmative; nothing could exceed the entrancing rapture, which I experienced from hearing the two first lines of that my most delightful aria issuing from my own lips. My enjoyment was, however, somewhat marred, by the unpleasant voice of an individual, in what appeared to me to be one of the pit-stalls, (they ought to be more particular whom they admit in such places,) which exclaimed "Sit down, O'Callaghan, and don't be making such a blessed fool of yourself!"

I, however, passed over the interruption with dignified contempt, and proceeded with my melody, which I have already intimated was Italian (but how I could have been acquainted with that language is and ever will be an undeveloped mystery; for never more than two words, and those the identical *vivi tu*, had *I* ever during my real matter-of-fact existence acquired,) in its commencement, but which ended, by some extraordinary association of ideas, with—

"And sure, ne'er a pitcher was found whole in Coleraine."

I had scarcely returned to the side scenes, where I waited, naturally expecting to be recalled to the front again by an encore, when I heard a storm arise,—"Turn him out!"—"Kick him out of the room!"—"Pump upon him until he is sober!" and other similar inexplicable phrases. I immediately felt myself to be the object of another Tamburini row. I resolved, however, not to be overpowered by clamour. From the opposite wing I beheld the manager in a perfect fever of apprehension, making the most expressive grimaces, and violent pantomime, for me to be quiet. Little did he know that an Italian scene had warmed the blood that was then beginning to simmer within me! I determined to address the audience, and facing them (so as to turn my back to the omnibus box,) I boldly advanced to the orchestra, and bowing reverently, and placing my hand on my heart, began my appeal, in very good English, although, I admit, with a slight Irish accent, but which the forbearance due to a foreigner must have pardoned.

"An alien, and a sojourner in your land, I throw myself on the indulgence of a British public, to which such an appeal was never made in vain!" (Cries of "Off, off," here interrupted me.) "To that public, which within these very walls I have so frequently thrown into extacies of delight"—(here a most unseemly roar of laughter rather checked my eloquent flow). "I will not, however, be put down by an interested minority, or by the cowardly combination of a petty faction." (Here I pointed to the omnibus box, from which I could see distinctly six heads belonging to as many middle-aged dandies, sibillating between their artificial teeth.) "I scorn ye—I despise ye all!" At this instant I heard, distinctly, as if from Grisi

who appeared to be still at my elbow, waiting for her cue, "Drunk, *per Dio!*"

At this last insult, I felt the hottest sun that ever shone in Italy was nothing like the fire in my brain. "I am not drunk," I indignantly exclaimed; "I never was drunk—I never can be drunk: these base calumnies I can shake from me as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane." (Here, I commenced shaking the visionary Grisi by the collar, until the room resounded with her cries.) "I care not for your hisses, nor for your hootings; they have no more effect on me than the petty malice of a flea has upon the hide of a rhinoceros!" I must own I was agreeably surprised at the felicity, the vigour, and propriety of this beautiful simile—which, I need scarcely say, is perfectly original, and entirely of my own conception—when I was startled with a voice murmuring in a low emphatic tone, "BROUGHAM HIMSELF!"

What unearthly talisman at that moment actuated me, I dare not, cannot, divine. Until then, my belief that I was Rubini might, I am ready to admit, be a delusion; but I now felt perfectly persuaded of my real identity. I felt the workings of a powerful, unrestrainable mind; of an imagination forcible and lively; of a sarcasm, like hot-spiced gingerbread, biting and burning. A convulsive twitching seized my nose—a rapidity of utterance assisted the torrent of my ideas; and the scene, with a rapidity I never yet observed in the most successful pantomime, changed from the Opera House to the House of Lords. Our host himself was with equal celerity transformed to the Lord Chancellor (and very imposing he looked on the woolsack); while the gentlemen in white four-and-ninepenny gossamers, made a most respectable bench of bishops. I commenced one of my characteristic orations—attacked both sides of the house, and was alternately cheered by each as I abused the other; every thing and every body seemed to writhe and fall beneath me—while my eloquence, like a cataract in hysterics, carried all before it; until at last murmurs of dissent arose. In vain the chancellor rose to order—the bench of bishops in a menacing attitude, each with his right reverend fist doubled, bade him defiance—the peers on the cross-benches met those on the treasury—opposition fell foul of both—a row ensued—and the house, amidst the smash of glasses, and the extinction of lights, was declared adjourned; and I only recollect feeling a very tight hand about the nape of my neck, and finding myself somewhat forcibly ejected from the senatorial chamber, and a few minutes afterwards strolling pensively down the Strand.

I felt at this moment as a disappointed and wounded patriot ought to feel. "Is it for scenes like this that the statesman foregoes the pleasures of rank,—the soothing charms of domestic life,—and immolates his glorious spirit on the sordid shrine of party? Was this the compensation for which a Fox wore out a life of expectancy?—that a Burke squandered the richness of his intellect, to purchase a minion's pension?—that a Sheridan died the death of a pauper?—that a Canning saw, after years of toil and energetic struggling, the crown snatched from him by the cold clutch of death, just as the glittering bauble was illuminating his prematurely-wrinkled brow?" How long this burst of eloquence would have continued, I know not, if another metamorphosis of a more tranquil character was not awaiting me; for at this moment my eye caught the church of Saint Mary-le-Strand, looking, while silvered by the waning moonbeams, and standing in clear and beautiful relief against the sky of the coming morning, as holy and as softly pure as its sacred sponsor when breathing in mimic life from the canvas of Carlo Dolci, or Sasso Ferrato. For the first time in my life I felt myself to be a poet! The animosity of the recent debate passed away like a feverish dream from my bewildered mind; the glaring lights, the heated atmosphere, and the confusing noises of the senate-house, all disappeared; and as the fresh breeze of the morning met me as I paced towards Waterloo Bridge, I felt myself sliding by "short and easy stages," into a new and yet more beautiful existence.

I gained the bridge. As I looked upon the venerable abbey, scarcely discernible in the distance, grey with the sanctifying influence of preceding centuries—at the opposite Parliament House, so recently the scene of such angry clamour, but now seemingly steeped in repose—at the vast roof of the Opera House, the arena of my triumph and my shame; and as I saw the noble river gliding softly by, as if bearing to the distant ocean some secret and mysterious message, who shall say that my inspiration was of the moment, and that I was not a poet born? To myself, my identity with some great and elevated being was beyond the admission of a doubt. Beautiful poetical images arose in my mind, unfelt and unknown before, but which only required the magic influence of such a scene, and the subdued feeling of such an hour, to start into breathing existence. Every thing wore an unaccustomed garb: the very shot manufactory on the opposite bank of the river, which I had so often regarded as an unsightly obelisk, now seemed like a ruined column of Palmyra, invested with a spell of the past. The stone effigy of the forest lord on the Lion Brewery was to me the national emblem, guarding in proud defiance the opposite city. The sky above me, the water around me, the waning stars above, and their still dimmer reflection below—each and all seemed clothed with attributes that they had never before possessed. I felt myself soaring from things earthly, and to assimilate myself with the heavens that were shining above me. Up to this hour I can confidently declare, that with the exception of a rebus (the copyright of which I presented to my tobacconist at a time he was making some vague allusion to an old cigar account), I never wrote two lines of poetry in my life (I am not quite sure whether I ever read a couple); but on this new light illuminating me, I felt I could have composed an Iliad off hand, or turned the racing calendar into an epic. As it was, I actually extemporised the following sonnet—

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

I had scarcely uttered, or rather improvised the concluding line, before the consciousness of him whose

words they were, came across me; they were undoubtedly mine, and fresh from the mint of my brain, with my own thoughts and style impressed on the face of them, as intelligibly as the profile of our blessed sovereign is stamped on a four-penny piece (and any one who takes the trouble of comparing my usual form of expression will easily recognize my claim); and yet, it is equally true that they were Wordsworth's. Two affirmatives, scholiasts declare, make a negative; but on this occasion, they acted with a more decent regard to the law of nature, and produced an offspring of their own breed—a plump affirmative. In a word, *I* was WORDSWORTH—and no mistake!

Once more I was wandering by my own beautiful Rydal water, with my beloved Grasmere in the distance: those lakes by whose margins I had spent my youth, my manhood, and now my declining age. The lofty Helvellyn was before me, whose mossy sides and rugged steeps I had so often clambered, and with the assistance of my staff clambered still. I yet imbibed the same sources of inspiration from the same hallowed fountains; and nature drank in with my eyes, and filtered through my brain, generated life—immortal life—which will live as long as song shall endure; and only die when the world itself becomes a sound, and a name.

It certainly was a very remarkable thing that I should discover myself to be Wordsworth, above all other people in the world, in so sudden and so unexpected a manner: he being a gentleman, who, much as I respect him, I am ready to admit has few tastes in common with myself—or rather I should have said, with my every-day self. Together we might be compared to whiskey-punch, a delightful and consistent beverage in itself, but formed of the most discordant and opposite materials. He, from his simple and transparent nature, was like the pure element itself, and from the love he bears his fellow creature, the sugar also; while I was the ardent spirit—all fire and vigour, with, I must confess, the slightest possible squeeze of the lemon. (N.B. I never made a simile until my transformation into Mr. Wordsworth.)

It certainly is worth while to be a man of genius, if it is only for five minutes! I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses, that this was the same Thames that I had so often passed over on previous occasions. It then only looked like a broad and rather dirty piece of water with nothing to relieve its monotony but the quick succession of coal barges, and diminutive steamers. Such was my impression on viewing it as Mr. O'Callaghan, but how widely different as Mr. Wordsworth! The soft air gently played on the surface of the water, and dallied amorously with the willing ripples; and the sinking moon almost touching its own reflection, formed a line of burnished silver uniting the material element with the upper world. The spirits of gentleness and peace, like ministering angels, hung around, and cast their subduing spell over the regions. The very houses on each side of the river seemed wrapped in slumber, and their vulgar attributes lost in the deep repose in which they were buried; the wharves and manufactories, flung into masses of deep shadow, lent a pictorial relief to the silver brightness with which they were contrasted; and the twinkling lights of the far-off bridge, subdued by the distance, with the grey abbey dimly visible in the opposing lights of the departing night and the approaching morning, gave a picturesque finish to the enchanting picture. It certainly *is* worth while to be a poet, if it is only for five minutes!

And certainly I did right to enter fully into the spirit of the character, as long as it lasted; for the Muses and I were doomed to have but a short acquaintance. In the midst of my poetical abstraction, I was startled by a touch on the shoulder; and I must observe, that if there is one part of my person that I feel more nervous about being touched upon than another, it is on the shoulder,—and, I believe, this peculiarity of mine is not remarkable. It was, however, no bailiff, but a woman, and that a lovely woman, who adopted this primitive mode of salutation:—

> Upon his hand she laid her own;
> Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,
> And shot a chillness to his heart,
> Which fixed him beyond the power to start.
> Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
> He could not loose him from its hold—
> But never did clasp of one so dear
> Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
> As those thin figures long and white,
> Froze thro' his blood, by her touch that night.

I beheld, indeed a vision of all but supernatural beauty. Who would not feel a fluttering at his heart, in meeting at four o'clock in the morning, in so lonely a spot, a female form in white,—even I, Wordsworth himself, felt a palpitation beneath my upper ribs! I have said the figure was in white, but with a liberal and fanciful distribution of pink, inasmuch as she wore pink ribbons to her bonnet, a pink sash streaming from her waist, pink stockings, and very pink cheeks! Alone at that hour in the morning, the lovely apparition, but for the last demonstration of colour, would have looked like a denizen of the world of spirits. Although not at all ghostly, there was still something "singularly wild and beautiful" in her appearance. To add to the picturesque effect, she was singing a plaintive air which came on my baffled ear "like the sweet south." I had certainly heard the strain before, for it saluted me "like some well remembered air," but whether in some former state of existence, or at the promenade concerts, I will not undertake to determine.

Where is the marble heart that has not melted over Sterne's pathetic description of Maria, the Maid of Malines, and her favorite goat? Shall a smile of derision prophane the recollection of that mysterious meeting when I confess the object of the present fair one's lamentation appeared to be another member of the animal kingdom? I could with difficulty catch the murmuring sounds that fell from her lips; they evidently referred to "a donkey," and to some unfeeling suggestion of "wollopping him," if he "didn't go." The bare suggestion of such a return to the faithful brute's affection, seemed to fill the lovely wanderer with emotion of indignant denial; and she answered, "No, no, no!" with an emphasis that at once assured you of the impossibility of such ungenerous treatment.

Immediately, an unconscious sympathy arose in my breast, for the unknown fair. It was evident she was in distress, or why should she be wandering from her peaceful home, perhaps some rural cot, embosomed in jasmine, on the Surrey side of the bridge, at that hour? Why should she be uttering such dolorous sounds of complaint? She was in grief; and although the subject of her sorrow might only be an ass, was she the first maiden that an ass had taught to suffer?

That donkey might have been the donkey of her youth—identified with the years of her smiling infancy; it might have been associated with all that was beautiful, "when love and life alike were new;" it might have been the sharer of her happiness, the consoler of her sorrows! Feelings of philanthropy took possession of me; a love for the whole human race seemed all at once to animate me. I felt a clinging to my species, and was evidently lapsing out of the poet into the philanthropist. Recollections of the prisons I had visited (in some of which my stay was not altogether the result of pure voluntary benevolence,)—of the captives I had cheered,—of the injured and oppressed, whose cause I had vindicated,—of the hospitals I had inspected,—of the charities I had supported, came in a flood to my mind, and gladdened my memory with their retrospection;—certainly I must be somebody else:—why, who *could* I be, but MRS. FRY?

The instant I felt conviction of this change in my sex, which for the reader's information, I beg to state, was made with the same facility as each of my preceding transformations, new feelings of bashfulness and delicacy seized me. As an Irishman, I need scarcely say, I was always a modest man; but I beg to assure those who have never been so metamorphosed, that that is a very different thing to being a modest woman. The first feminine indication I experienced, was a sisterly regard for my unfortunate companion. My sympathies were aroused for her forlorn situation, as well as for the affection which she testified for the brute companion of her thoughts. A sudden conviction that she might have wandered from virtue's track, flashed across me; and with all the benevolence, which was the primary characteristic of my new character, I advanced nearer to her! Pointing to the other side of the water, where the Magdalene was standing, I dwelt with all the fervour and eloquence I could command on the excellencies of that Institution, which had received so many of her erring sisters to its bosom; and where so many lost sheep had been reclaimed. Nor did I forget to expatiate in glowing terms on the Female Penitentiary, and promised, that even to her its portals should be opened; and that I would myself, guard her to its protecting walls. To all which suggestions she made no other reply, than chanting in a more vigorous tone than ever, the burthen of that favourite but mysterious ditty—

"D'ye think I would wollop him,
No! No! No!"

Just at the moment, when I flattered myself that my persuasions were about producing the desired influence on the wanderer, and the emphatic "No, no, no" was dwindling into a faintly uttered negative, I was aroused from my dreams of universal philanthropy by a deep sepulchral voice, which muttered from beneath an oil-skin cape "MOVE ON."

Gazing at the form from whence this mysterious mandate emanated, I beheld in the waning moon-light, a scarcely perceptible figure, of more than ordinary height, clothed in sombre habiliments. A smile of scornful meaning played on his features, as with a cold and scrutinizing gaze he surveyed us. Awe and astonishment tied my tongue! When I recovered my utterance, I exclaimed, "Who, and what art thou?" in the same low and hollow voice he murmured, pointing to his collar, "I am A 45!"

I had heard my grandfather speak of Wilkes and 45; as if 45 was the most interesting and talked of object in creation. I had heard the same venerable individual refer to those who were out in 45; who were done by 45; and who were beheaded, ruined and "catawampously chawed" up by the redoubtable 45; but never did I expect to behold with my material eyes the mighty, the mysterious, 45 himself.

When the first feeling of surprise had subsided, I, consistently with the new change in my existence, reverently curtsied; the unearthly visitor, however, made no other return to my salutation, than a grim smile, and in an instant afterwards passing his arm within my own (which with the consciousness of the recent change in my sex, I could not but consider as an unwarrantable liberty,) he uttered in the same deep tones, "You must come along with me!"

Was this a messenger from the land of spirits come purposely to introduce me to the invisible world? Overcome with feelings of indefinite awe and apprehension, I stood still without testifying the slightest alacrity to avail myself of this unexpected invitation. A frown, however, darkened his unearthly features, and marks of impatience seemed to give them a human though any thing but pleasing expression, as he somewhat hoarsely ejaculated, "What, won't you?"

"Where wouldst thou lead me to—spirit or man, I implore you say?" I enquired, with that earnestness of tone and expressive action which my friend Higgs (who does the leading melo-dramatic business at the Victoria) occasionally assumes in his best parts.

"To the station-house, so come along, and don't stand spouting there like a blessed fool as you are!" was the somewhat coarse rejoinder.

A feeling of doubt for a moment crossed my mind, that this was after all an unearthly messenger, and not a plain, material, matter-of-fact police-constable—but it was but for a moment. The recollection of whom I *then* was, and what had ever been my mission, the object of my beautiful and philanthropic existence, immediately occurred to me. Was I not Mrs. Fry? and was it not my vocation to visit the cells of the captive, the dungeon of the distressed? How could I be more consistently, more heroically pursuing my destiny than in surveying the interior of a station-house? Should I not there find opportunities for the display of my benevolence—for the practical investigation of those evils which it had been the cherished desire of my previous existence to ameliorate and to reform?

With this comforting assurance, I without a murmur or further hesitation accompanied my mysterious guide, leaving the lovely wanderer to find her own way to the Magdalene or the Penitentiary. Arrived at the station-house, I was received by the inspector with a deference and gravity worthy of my sex, and the disinterested object of my praiseworthy life. The worthy functionary was seated at a table with an open book before him; and, after a short colloquy with a subordinate official, he proceeded to write what I presumed to be, and have no doubt was, a brief record of the time when so illustrious a visitor as myself had honoured the establishment with an inspection.

My name being demanded, when I uttered "Elizabeth Fry," the whole of the official party exchanged looks of intelligence. In a moment afterwards, as if

aroused to a sense of the honour so unexpectedly conferred upon him, and to the object of my visit, the inspector rose, and with somewhat of an imperious tone awoke two other blue-coated guardians of the night, who were slumbering near the spot on which I was then standing.

In a moment, the object of this movement was intelligible; it was doubtless to enable me to see the interior of the establishment, the economy of its domestic arrangements, the order and classification of its respective wards, and the safety and convenience of its general construction. I immediately prepared to follow my attendants, who, late as the hour was, seemed determined to give my visit all the importance it deserved, by ranging themselves into the following procession:—

POLICE INSPECTOR!

(With charge book in hand, and pen behind his ear.)

TWO POLICE CONSTABLES!!

(With staves of office, and extra cuffs denoting they were on duty.)

MYSELF!!!

GAOLER,

(With a remarkably large and heavy key.)

When fairly ushered within the interior of the establishment, my conductors, with great delicacy of tact, left me to make my own observations undisturbed; but not, however, until they had pointed out a stone bench, on which I might ruminate at my leisure.

In the midst of my benevolent reflections on the propagation of crime, and the best method for checking its increase, I began to feel drowsy, and in the course of the deep slumber that followed, I was visited with a most remarkable vision. Not only was I Rubini, Brougham, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Fry, but each and every of those distinguished individuals at one and the same time; although with a little confusion of their respective attributes. As Wordsworth, I saw myself vehemently applauding Tapsters at the "Cat and Pepper-box;" and again, with doubtful characters, on Waterloo Bridge. With Rubini, I was in fierce debate in the House of Lords, knocking to pieces in a brilliant reply a florid but illogical answer to one of my crack speeches. As Brougham, I was dispensing flannel petticoats, and tickets for a lying-in hospital; and as Mrs. Fry, I was standing before the foot-lights of the Italian Opera, ravishing the ears of a delighted and fashionable audience!

"Another change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Before I was fairly awake, I found myself standing opposite Mr. Hall, the magistrate of Bow Street. How I got there is a mystery yet unexplained—whether I travelled on the triumphal arch of a rainbow, or on the more domestic vehicle of a broomstick, or by the yet more common-place medium of the police omnibus, is a mystery like the authorship of the letters of Junius, and the murder of Mrs. Donatty, yet to be explained. I will not, however, undertake to relate what passed on that my first introduction to that excellent magistrate, for my recollection is, I am free to admit, rather confused. The circumstance, however, formed the subject of a cruel hoax, which some good-natured friends pointed out to me in the newspapers of the following day. I merely insert it here as an instance how truth *may be* perverted; the reader is aware, from my own candid revelations, of the real facts. I feel, therefore, already possessed of his indignation when he reads the following pretended report of my examination.

"BOW STREET.

"A middle-aged *gentleman* of respectable appearance, whose name was entered in the charge sheet as ELIZABETH FRY, but whose real cognomen appeared by some cards in his possession to be CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN, was brought before Mr. Hall yesterday morning on a charge of being drunk and disorderly.

"Police constable A 45, deposed, that he found the accused on Waterloo Bridge, between four and five o'clock that morning, talking in a very excited strain to a nymph of the *pavé*, and refusing to discontinue at witness's request. Mr. O'Callaghan talked a good deal of spirits, and according to the policeman's testimony it was very certain that he had been making tolerably free with them.

"Mr. O'Callaghan however vehemently repudiated the idea of his being intoxicated; but unfortunately for the consistency of his defence, a cool slumber in the station-house had not completely restored him to the customary enjoyment of his intellects. After a rambling speech, in the course of which he introduced very frequently the names of Lord BROUGHAM, Mr. WORDSWORTH the poet, Signor RUBINI, and Mrs. FRY the celebrated philanthropist, he with the gravest face imaginable, thanked the worthy magistrate for his politeness in obtaining for him so excellent an opportunity of inspecting the prison discipline, which he assured Mr. Hall he should give a most faithful account of in his next report to the House of Commons.

"Mr. HALL having politely expressed his satisfaction that the accused had been so much gratified, fined him five shillings for being drunk; and Mr. Cornelius O'Callaghan, alias Lord Brougham, alias Signor Rubini, alias Mr. Wordsworth, alias *Mrs.* Fry, was accordingly discharged, with a friendly recommendation not to be in too great a hurry to visit the court a second time."

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

PART IV.

BEING encouraged to proceed with my reminiscences of past times, I resume my task with the description of a character now entirely extinct, but which sixty years ago was one of no trifling importance—the Mountebank Doctor. As yet quack medicines were not! A few established formulæ had been handed down to us by our ancestors; but the mystery which excited curiosity was not an ignorance of their ingredients, but rather admiration of the wonderful precautions to be observed in their preparation. Plants were to be gathered in the wane of the moon, and especially three days before the new moon, and with the midnight dew upon them. Then the extraordinary multiplicity of ingredients—even the College of Physicians retained preparations originally consisting of two hundred and fifty or three hundred articles, which, in mercy to the apothecaries of those days (for, as yet, "chemists" also were not) they cut down to seventy or eighty. Next, the wonderful accuracy of the instructions, which, instead of the vague directions of ounces and drachms, were worded thus:—Hikery pikery, two pen'orth; cinnamon, one pen'orth; rhubarb, three pen'orth; marjoram, a handful; pennyroyal, half a handful; white pepper, a pinch—and so on. Ladies of fortune passed their time in collecting large volumes of these valuable prescriptions, and every visitor was solicited for an addition to the treasure, as in the present day for a contribution to an album. I have seen many of these Thesauri; but as caligraphy was not cultivated in those days, and the orthography was ad libitum, they were often as obscure as the books of the Sybils.

The comprehensive character of some of these prescriptions was admirable. I remember one indeed in a book called "The Englishman's Treasure," published by the serjeant-surgeon to King Henry the Eighth, to Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, which is thus headed, "A Remedy for an Inward Ail." No one ever trumped this till the advent of Dr. Morrison with his pills—"an infallible cure for all diseases, medical or surgical."

There were occasions, however, in which even the medical album failed to afford relief to the tenant farmers and their labourers, though its treasures were bestowed and superintended by the Lady Bountiful of the district. In such cases, there was no resource but to wait for *the Doctor*, who made his regular rounds at stated seasons, and especially at fairs and wakes; and his arrival was anticipated with a degree of anxiety and confidence which those only can appreciate who enjoy the double blessing of credulity and ignorance. Often have I superintended the erection of the stage on which the miracle-worker was to display his nostrums. I had a female friend, whose house was exactly facing it. She had been housekeeper to a nobleman, and retired on an independence. I had the honour to be an especial favourite of the old lady, and have often had the happiness to be made ill by the quantity of custard, sugared bread and butter, toffy, barley sugar, and above all, furmity, which she prepared with unsurpassable skill. The last delicacy per-

haps is unknown in the present day;—it deserves preservation in the records of gastronomy. It was composed of wheat boiled till quite tender—deprived of its skin and flavoured with cream, yolk of egg, cinnamon, sugar, chopped raisins, candied lemon peel, and various other dainties. I went from time to time to the window to watch the preparations for the doctor, as children in the present day wait the drawing up of the curtain for a pantomime, then back to my furmity and custard; then again to the window, in blissful alternation. At last the great man appeared, and furmity and custard were abandoned—not, however, till I had eaten enough to make me ill next day.

"A think a see him noo," as Mathew's old Scotch-woman says. He was a tall, spare man, punctiliously dressed in black, with, of course, *diamond* shoe and knee buckles, a brilliant handled sword by his side, long lace ruffles to his wrists, his fingers covered with rings, a profusion of frill forming a cataract of lace and cambric from his neck to his waist; while his satin waistcoat was only fastened with one button, that it might be displayed to advantage: his hair frizzed out on both sides of his head to the greatest possible extent, and surmounted by a small three-cornered hat; an immense silk bag, supposed to contain his long hair, but really, as in the present court dress, only fastened to the collar of his coat. Add to all these attractions a face well rouged, and an immense gold-headed cane, and you have a perfect picture of the doctor of the last century.

The polished gentleman was accompanied by his servant—his Jack Pudding—exactly in dress, manners, and language, the clown at a circus. His business was to lay plans for jokes, which, of course, had been arranged beforehand with his master, and which were not always the most decent, but which never failed to raise a loud laugh among the clowns who composed the audience. The *Doctor* exhibited a few of the common conjurer tricks with the pulse glass, the air pump, &c., and then proceeded to business. For all the ailments that man or woman ever felt or fancied, he had infallible remedies,—consumption, king's evil, gout, rheumatism, lumbago, jaundice, bile (or as he pleased to call it, the boils,) and a thousand others were easily conquered; and I remember often hearing him lament that there was nobody *ill enough* to afford scope for the full power of his art. "Thirty-five did I cure of the most inveterate jaundice in the town of Birmingham, where I stayed only two days."

"A lie," said the Clown, (or Merry Andrew, as he was called, putting his hand to the side of his mouth, and affecting to speak to the mob in a stage whisper,) "A lie," said he, "there were only twenty-nine."

"Seven did I cure in the little village of Brently, where I only stopped to bait my horses half an hour—"

"Another lie," said the Merry Andrew, "there were only eight, and one of them was beginning to get better."

Thus did he go on through all the ills that flesh is heir to, sometimes condescending to give details of the most terrific cases, when, having worked up his audience to breathless horror at the sufferings he described, he would exclaim, "Now who would be such a fool as to run the risk of all this, when by spending three and sixpence for this little bottle of 'Preservative Elixir of Life,' he can be sure of escaping it for ever,"—and he held up one of the bottles with which his table was covered.

After some story of unusual pathos, I recollect seeing people tumble up the steps by half dozens to possess themselves of the treasure, and put down their money with the greatest alacrity and satisfaction,—and as in Homœopathy and Morrison's universal medicines, many of the better classes, who in their sober moments ridiculed the folly of others who put faith in a mountebank, carried away by the enthusiasm of the orator, pushed forward to partake the blessings, or sent others for a large supply to distribute among the deserving poor. If the quack had been more than usually successful, he would generously give a supper to a select number of the farmers and principal tradesmen of the town; and when (as a matter of course) they were all thoroughly drunk, he generally contrived to make them disburse such a sum for "stuff" as abundantly covered the expenses of the entertainment.

The bandying of jokes between the Merry Andrew and the crowd formed a large part of the fun. Sometimes the doctor would affect ignorance of an obvious deception, and let the clumsy clowns enjoy a temporary triumph, when he would make the man a present of a bottle of his Preservative Elixir, saying that it would be a pity such a clever fellow should ever be ill; but he generally contrived to have his revenge before the termination of the day's proceedings.

On one occasion, a great gawky lumbering clod-hopper thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the Doctor. He mounted the stage, and on being questioned as to his disorder, said, very gravely, "Why, I'm a liar."—"Sad disorder, Sir, but perfectly curable," said the Doctor. "Well, but (said the man), I've a worser nor that, I've lost my memory."—"Quite curable also," added the Doctor, "but I must make my preparations. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you; but pay down five shillings." The man, who had intended to have his fun gratis, resisted, but the Doctor declared he never let any one down from the stage till he had paid something. "Besides (said the Doctor), how can I trust you; you say you are a liar, and have no memory; so you will either break your promise or forget all about it." A loud laugh from the crowd expressed their acquiescence in the justice of the claim, and the poor devil, *nolens volens*, was compelled to lay down the cash. No one supposed he would come again, but the fool still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour.

The Doctor received him with great gravity, and addressing the audience, said, "Gentlemen may think it a joke, but I assure them on the honour of a gentleman, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money, if the bystanders do not acknowledge the cure, and that I am fairly entitled to the reward." The man sat down—was furnished with a glass of water—the Doctor produced a box of flattened black pills; and to show that they were perfectly innocent, affected to swallow three or four himself. He then gave one to the man, who after many wry faces, *bit into it*—started up, spitting and sputtering, and exclaimed, "Why, hang me, if it isn't cobbler's wax!" Yes, it is true that the Doctor had procured his pills at a neighbouring cobbler's stall!

"There," said the Doctor, lifting up both hands, "Did anybody ever witness so sudden, so miraculous a reco-

very? He's evidently cured of lying, for he has told truth instantly; and as to memory! my good fellow, said he, (patting him on the back,) if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return you the money."

Had I, before sitting down to these random recollections of the latter end of the past century, formed to myself a plan of proceeding, I should have classed together the things which resembled, and thus made the picture more complete. It is now too late, and all that I can promise is, to give detached reminiscences as they rise to my mind, and leave it to some abler writer to represent the contrast of the two centuries in fuller relief—*Ex pede Herculem.*

To those who lament the increasing depravity of the age, I will just point out a few specimens, not so much of the *depravity* of the past, for perhaps such things exist at all times, but of the public estimation of the value of character.

In a large country village, with which I am well acquainted, not fifty miles from London, the parish clerk was twice publicly flogged for stealing money subscribed for the poor, yet he did not lose his situation!! but continued to sing to the praise and glory of God every Sunday, while his back was yet sore with stripes. No one thought of dismissing him. He had expiated his offences, and was a new man again.

A clergyman, a near neighbour of ours, was not only frequently drunk in the pulpit, but having debauched several of his servant women, at last attempted a yet more atrocious seduction, and to facilitate his purpose procured the seizure of the brother of his intended victim by a press-gang; the young man was carried off to sea for five years, and the vile father-in-law very nearly got his neck in the halter for the attempted villany. I do not say that his conduct was not detested, and regarded with disgust, but he still wore his gown,—he still preached! I know the imperfections of ecclesiastical law. The bishop did not—(perhaps could not)—interfere.

Two "gentlemen" — London merchants, whose names I will not give, lest some of their respectable descendants should be still alive to feel the revival of the forgotten degradation—these two men were contractors with government for corn and rum. They were detected in the grossest frauds, and were condemned to stand in the pillory, where showers of rotten eggs, mud, and every kind of filth very nearly killed them—the ultimate appeal as to the magnitude of the punishment depending entirely on the *people,* who either sympathized with the sufferers and encouraged them with cheers and plaudits, thus turning the punishment into a sort of triumph, or maimed (and indeed sometimes murdered) them by missiles of the most frightful description, just according to their opinion of the justice of the infliction. These gentlemen became the subjects of a doggrel epigram—

> "To cheat the public two Contractors come,
> One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum;
> Which is greater rogue now of the twain,
> The rogue in spirit, or the rogue in grain?"

So far so good. The culprits changed their name by act of grace, and when a few, a very few, years had passed, they were both visited again by persons of station and fortune, who affected not to recognize them under their new appellations, although every one knew the facts, and that the men had only one redeeming virtue, but as Looney Mac Twolter says, "that was a thumper"—THEY WERE RICH!!

Now with all the mammon worship of the present day, I do not think that anybody would have the courage to repeat this; nor would (on the other hand) any person so detected and degraded have the effrontery to stay in the kingdom.

The extent to which sexual vices were tolerated in those days is quite inconceivable by men of the present time. Decency will not permit even a passing hint of the enormities which were then openly practised—suffice it to say, that the language of the lower classes in the streets, the universal language, was grosser than could now be tolerated in places of allowed iniquity. The darkness of the streets was favourable to every abomination; and no man could have walked after dark in any part of London with a modest woman, without subjecting her to the grossest and most filthy insults—in fact, no one attempted it. The introduction of gas has done much to improve the state of the streets, and Sir Robert's police, aided by the increasing decorum of manners, has now left little room for further advance as to external observances.

It is obvious to every man of observation who looks around him, that in everything relating to morals and manners we are in a state of progressive amelioration, and for this we may thank the numerous able writers who have, by the aid of the improvements in printing, made their works accessible to the lowest classes. There is still abundant room for advancement, but the work is begun, and neither sectarian bigotry, political prejudice, aristocratic terrors, nor democratic violence, can stop its progress. "Educate, educate, educate," is wiser advice than that given by Lord Anglesea to the Irish. "*Cultivate every soil* (says Confucius) —*if good grain produce nothing but straw, it will at least prevent the growth of weeds.*" There is much wisdom in this short sentence.

"That is all very well," said a thick-headed favourite of Plutus in a party where this subject was discussed, "but when you philanthropic gentlemen have made education universal, who pray, I should be glad to know, who are to form the lower class?"—"Why," said one of the interlocutors, with more point than politeness, "why, just such men as yourself."

I have spoken of the pillory—a thing of recent abolition. The scenes I have witnessed on such occasions were sometimes attended by horrors little less cruel and still more loathsome than the atrocities of the bull ring. Exactly those offences which a wise legislator would endeavour to conceal from public contemplation, were selected for this frightful mode of punishment. It formed indeed a scene of "fun," of which the enormous obscenities would have disgraced the days of Nero. Men, women, and children, loaded with baskets of the most odious filth, vied with each other in bestowing their efforts on the miserable victim, while language of inconceivable atrocity, intermingled with shouts and execrations from some, ironical plaudits and advice from others, and sometimes fatal missiles, produced a scene degrading to the very nature of man.

What made the matter still worse was, that political offences, some of them of the most venial nature, were

subjected to the same punishment as those to which I have alluded; and a man's conviction, and consequent liability to the pillory, depended entirely on the circumstance of his opinions coinciding with or opposing the opinions of the jurymen who happened to try him. Many of the sentiments then subjected to these shocking indignities and mutilations, would now be thought too tame for a Sunday paper.

In those days any man accused of picking pockets, and who made his escape from arrest, was sentenced to outlawry, for which the punishment was death! and this without any trial—without any conviction; the mere accusation, unproved, was held sufficient to authorize outlawry, if the accused should make his escape; and the outlawry was followed by death, unless he surrendered voluntarily.

But it will be said, perhaps, that the law was obsolete and not enforced. When not enforced, it was at the caprice of the judge. The noted George Barrington was in this predicament, and the Recorder of Newgate addressed him thus—"The legal consequence of the outlawry, if not reversed, is the judgment of death—and this is not obsolete law, but is the undoubted subsisting law of this country."—Anno Domini, 1788.

I cannot but think that we have improved a little in our humanity, and that we have a more correct idea of the nature of justice. Be all honour given to the Goosequill!

The profusion of newspapers which now forms the bliss of this mighty nation, was unknown at the time I speak of. My father held a very high rank in the district, in consequence of taking in a three-days-a-week paper, called the *London Chronicle*, the reading of which, with its minutest details of parliamentary proceedings, formed the happiness of his life. Let me not speak irreverently of my progenitor, but I am compelled to say that he inflicted rather too much of his newspaper on his family and his neighbours. Believing that he read very well, which was true, he was of course unwilling that his favourite speeches should lose the aid of his powerful voice and emphatic enunciation. I have listened hour after hour to debates of which I could make no more meaning than if they had been read to me in Chinese; and when the TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS occupied for so many years almost all the columns of the public press, I looked with horror at the arrival of the Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The succession of havildars, musnuds, nabobs, begums, jaghires, and other outlandish names, since become familiar to the public ear, haunted me in my dreams, especially the last word—it was mysterious and awful, and seemed to threaten the safety of my throat. When I learnt at last that its signification was *pension*, nobody will wonder that I was reconciled to it immediately. It is, in fact, one of the sweetest words in any language.

My mother knew how much it vexed her spouse that his vivid enunciation should pass unappreciated, but although she was a capital listener, she often spoiled the merit of her patience and complacency by bestowing her applause in the wrong place; and while my father was pouring forth the emphatic declamations of Sheridan, or giving still greater force to the eloquence of Burke—while he was calling down the vengeance of Heaven on the General who had deprived a Nabob of his throne or musnud—stopped the jaghire of a suspected subsidiary ally, or treated with cruelty and injustice the majesty of a Begum, my poor mother, through whose brain these words had been dancing in all the mazes of rhetorical confusion, wishing to show the strict attention she had been paying to the declamation, would innocently ask if there were "any real danger of the Jaghire of Musnud invading the Havildar of Begum."—"Did ever woman (said my father)—did ever woman interrupt man"—but stopped short in his quotation from Sterne, laughed at the conceit, and laid down the paper.

I can just remember the discussions, which had not yet subsided, as to the safety, propriety, and justice of allowing the parliamentary proceedings to be published. It was, indeed, a bold experiment, and might well appal the stoutest heart. Dr. Johnson had given imaginary speeches to imaginary speakers, but it became gradually understood that real speakers furnished their real sentiments, and that by and by members took notes of the proceedings, and furnished (as in the present day) a statement of what they had intended to say; which any one who has frequented the Houses of Parliament must be aware is always a vast improvement on what they really uttered. Then came Woodfall, and printed, professedly, the speeches of the members. He braved the vengeance of the House—and aided by Junius, obtained a triumph of which we now reap the benefit, and of which the late change in the constitution of Parliament was the inevitable consequence—as both (along with thousands of changes yet to come) are the inevitable consequences of the invention of printing.

There was some show of reason in the arguments of those who feared that the publication of the debates would take away the independence and utility of Parliament. "What," said they, "is every man to know the acts of his representative? then the House of Commons becomes a house of delegates, and it is useless to select men for their supposed superiority in education, station, and knowledge—they must be guided by the ignorant millions, and calm deliberation becomes impossible. Each man will be influenced by the necessity of pleasing his constituents; and however erroneous may be their judgment, he must bow to it or lose his seat. The public ought to know the result of the proceedings when completed, as they know the verdict of the jury, but they have no right to ascertain the opinions of each individual juryman."

On the other hand, it was contended that the publication of the debates and the votes was the only way of enabling the electors to know if they had made a proper choice, and guide them in a future election;—above all, that it was the only mode of giving such a degree of political knowledge to the multitude as should make them safe guides; for guides they were destined to be by the invention of printing itself; and the only question was, how the inevitable transfer of power, from the few to the many, could be most safely effected.

Much may be said on both sides—much, very much, was said on both sides;—in the meantime the snowball rolled on: and he must indeed be a bold man who would now attempt to impede its further progress. "It is death by the laws of war," says the soldier, "to attempt to stop a cannon-ball."

A laughable anomaly is still allowed to exist. At each division the public are excluded, lest they should know the votes of individual members; and the next morning a corrected list of them is published by authority!! This reminds one of Dr. Johnson's father, who having always locked the shop-door when he retired to rest, continued the practice while the front of the house was down, and the door resting in its frame against the wall! A similar anomaly occurs in our Church Service. In former days it was customary, when repeating the Creed, to turn to the symbol of the faith, and bow to the image of Jesus on the cross, placed over the altar. What so natural? But now that the crucifix has been discarded, the altar abolished, and its place supplied by a communion-table, (which, by the bye, many clergymen persist in calling the altar,) the congregation still turns to the place where the crucifix used to be, and bows to an imaginary object—while scarcely one in ten thousand can assign a reason for the practice.

Like men gliding down a river, we are not aware of the space we have passed over, till we turn back our attention to some object on the banks now distant behind us, and which not long before, we were impatient to arrive at. Human affairs have their cycle like the heavenly bodies; and we shall, no doubt, ultimately come round to the same points again, like the man who "travels the East into the West," and by dint of persevering in a straight line forms a circle.

Among the many proofs of the little advance in real civilization which this country had made, up to the close of the last century, was the universal prevalence of duelling. It is now a rare practice, and is permitted to be sometimes bloodless, but in those days it was thought to be a stigma on the courage of both parties to cease firing until one of the combatants should fall. The impudent effrontery with which a ruffian who had killed his man was allowed to swagger and bluster in society, was a disgrace to the age, and a still greater disgrace was it that ladies openly showed their admiration of the murderer. I am far from thinking that it is the importance of the subject of quarrel which constitutes the justification of the practice of duelling; —men may offend as deeply in a game of billiards as in seduction; and if the custom be tolerated at all, there is as good "cause of quarrel in a straw," as in the most important concerns of life.

The case of the impudent ruffian, called "Fighting Fitzgerald," is too well known to need more than a passing reference. The scoundrel was at last detected in wearing armour under his clothes, after having murdered a great number of persons, who had gone out with him on apparent equality. Lord Camelford was another example, but it is now evident that he was insane; and if such a man were to do similar things in the present day, he would be settled, not by bullets, but by a commission "De lunatico inquirendo."

The character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in Sheridan's Rivals, is scarcely an exaggeration of the duellist of the last century. The levity with which the practice was spoken of can scarcely be believed in the present day. Such an one was a fine fellow who had winged half a dozen men, and he took a sort of brevet rank in society, according to the number of persons he had maimed or murdered.—As now, the custom was more prevalent among the Irish than the English, and exceedingly rare among the Scotch, who have been always noted for their discretion in this matter; and yet I imagine it never entered into anybody's head to suspect them of cowardice. There is no law so cogent as public opinion, and all the acts of parliament that ever were framed, have been as nothing compared with the goose-quill, in diminishing and almost extinguishing the practice. Ridicule, argument, remonstrance, have been profusely used, and with great effect, and except an occasional rencontre of a couple of young fools, whose death would be a blessing to all parties, we rarely now hear of a duel.

I remember an Irish gentleman at a dinner table describing a little scene which had taken place in his own house with a naïvete that will convey a vivid idea of the state of feeling on this subject at the period I speak of—the fatness of the brogue I cannot render in writing.

"Och—ye didn't hare then of the jewel (duel)—why this was it—Sullivan and Dermot were dining with me—they are good fellows both of 'em, and my darest frinds. They were talking at the further ind of the table, and Sullivan said something as if he didn't quite intoirely believe what Dermot had been saying—but the thing dropped again and all was quiet. So I called out, 'Gentlemen, I'll have no word swallowing at my table. Ye must fight upon it'—and they didn't seem to think it necessary, but I ruled the roast, you see, and at last they said they'd fight in the morning. 'No toime like the toime present,' says I—so we put the tables aside, and we set 'em in opposite corners of the room, and by Jasus they were both winged at the first shot—so we put 'em to bed and sent for the Doctor, and then we all sat down and made a noight of it!!"

As a specimen of the extent to which men were compelled, by public opinion, to follow up their vengeance to the death, I will cite an occurrence which took place at Caen, in March, 1787, and which will be found in the newspapers of the period. Two officers quarrelled, and one of them in his rage gave the other a blow—this was returned—and they immediately went out of the town to decide the matter with swords. In a short time both were wounded severely, and neither of them being able to stand, they were carried back to their quarters—but the wounds did not prove mortal.

The Colonel convened all the officers of the corps, and it was decided in solemn conclave, that as soon as the combatants were sufficiently recovered, they must go out again and fight till one of them should be killed, it being the unanimous opinion of the regiment that *one of the party* must die—(mind, reader, *one* of the party! not the aggressor! it was immaterial which of them, but the point of honour required that *one* of them should die).

As they were not likely to be again able to fight with swords, their *brother* officers! (tender appellation) their *brother* officers, decided that they should fight with pistols. The maimed combatants were therefore carried to the field in chairs, and ten of their *brother* officers attended the execution of their humane purpose!

The first shot was fired by the officer who received the first blow, and the ball lodged in his antagonist's body; he was able, however, to return the fire, but from his torture missed his opponent: the third shot was then fired by the latter, which took effect in the

breast, and the sufferer sank down almost lifeless, and unable to hold a pistol and take due satisfaction!

They were carried home, and the *brother* officers (ferocious ruffians, but not courageous enough to brave public opinion) called another meeting of the corps; the matter was discussed in due form, and it was decided that if the wounded men should recover, they should again take the field till one of them should die on the spot.

The two pistol balls had, however, their due effect, and the poor wretch died. The brother of the survivor had arrived a few days before, in order to take his place and revenge his honour should he be killed—sweet Christians!

PART V.

The increasing cheapness of articles of food in the present day, excites, in some minds, an alarm, lest it should go on to deprive all trades of profits; and that a corresponding diminution of wages will still further add to the distresses of the country. Now there are a very large number of persons in this kingdom who possess the happy art of extracting misery from all things. If stocks are low, it is a proof of the precarious nature of the national resourses—if high, then it is because there is no employment for money in trade; people are obliged to *put their money in the Bank*, where it pays only three per cent., because such is the ruinous state of commerce that nobody will venture in it—forgetting that no one can put money in the Bank, (as they call purchasing national dividends), unless some others take it out, and that the sum in the funds is always the same. The fact of prices of every article of food and commerce being high, proves the distress, and the fact of prices being low proves that nobody is able to purchase. To such persons it may be some consolation to peruse the following list of charges, published by the sheriffs, in the year 1788, for the guidance of such of their officers as kept lock-up houses. These persons had been in the habit of charging very highly to the gentlemen who chose to be detained in their houses instead of going immediately to prison. Now the prices here set forth were loudly complained of at the time, as enormously exorbitant, and tending to add to the distress of debtors, as well as to insure fortunes to the sheriffs' officers:—

	s.	*d.*
Breakfast, including meat, tea, &c. &c.	0	8
Dinner, joint of meat, pudding, vegetables, &c., including a pint of porter . .	1	3
Supper (if meat) including pint of porter	0	8
Ditto, bread and cheese, and pint of porter	0	4
Wine, per bottle . . .	2	6
Bed, house, fire, candle, &c., per day .	2	6

And other charges in proportion. So that it appears, we have not yet gone down to the rates of the year 1788; and as the low state of prices at that time, and for some years subsequently, was attended with a continually increasing state of prosperity, we may hope that the present gradual return to ancient habits, may still be compatible with national welfare. Whenever a minister can devise a tax that *touches nobody*—ensure abundance of labour at high prices, and, at the same time, the produce of labour at low prices,—his popularity will fix him in office for life.

One of the accomplishments universal towards the end of the last century, was the habit of swearing. No man could be emphatic without oaths, and the ordinary conversation of a gentleman was interlarded with imprecations which, in the present day, would excite not merely disapprobation but horror; scarcely a sentence was complete without "by God," or "be damned." Every man with pretensions to wit added oaths of his own invention, of which I remember many that I must not dare to put into print, even for condemnation. This fashion is well ridiculed in Sheridan's "Rivals," where Bob Acres minces the matter by "odds triggers," and similar delicate evasions. Such palterings with the good old *English manly* habit of swearing were looked on, however, as despicably effeminate.

There was a slight restraint imposed on children, and it was certainly considered rather indelicate to use oaths in the presence of your seniors, till some slight signs of approaching manhood gave dignity to your denunciations. I can well remember that a child of ten years old bore no trifling envy towards a boy of fourteen, for the freedom he possessed of swearing with impunity; there was a dash of vigour in it that gave a premature air of manhood, exceedingly attractive to the juniors, who, however, took their revenge among those still younger than themselves. The popularity of the navy at this time was, perhaps, in some degree an encouragement to the practice. Every one knew that a sailor *would* not, in fact *could* not, in the very nature of things, obey an order unaccompanied by an oath; and a volley of imprecations from the naval officer answered the purpose of the word "attention," in the army. I really believe that an officer would then have been despised for effeminacy, who should have expected obedience from his men, if he addressed his orders to them without first damning their eyes and limbs, and recommending them to the especial patronage of the devil.

This practice began to be discountenanced some years before by two or three captains in the navy, of very religious habits—they were ridiculed as methodistical puritans, and it was boldly prophecied that they could never face the enemy. It happened, however, that these men had repeated opportunities of showing that a sailor who read his Bible, and abstained from oaths, was, in every respect, as brave as the swearer, and more to be depended on in quiet difficulties. I believe, in the present day, it is found to be quite possible to make a sailor go aloft, even in a good stiff gale, without the previous ceremony of condemning his eyes and limbs. It is even found that comparatively homœopathic doses of cat-o'-nine-tails are sufficient, and the bold practitioners of former days are now rather out of fashion—*sic transit gloria mundi*. It is hardly worth while to be a post-captain now, when he can scarcely inspire terror in a common sailor while he does his duty. One would naturally think that the abolition of oaths, or, at least, the general disuse of them, and the diminution of capricious flogging; the greater attention to a sailor's comforts, better food, less labour, no impressment, and other new-fangled improvements, as the innovators call them,—one would naturally think that all these things

would break down the spirit and courage of the navy, and render them effeminate. It was found, however, at the bombardment of Acre and other places, that a little of the old leaven remained; and that, in spite of alterations and improvement, Jack was still Jack, and quite brave enough for all the enemies he is ever likely to encounter.

The allusion to flogging brings to my mind another subject, on which the young of the present day may obtain better authority for the change than mine. All the comedies written fifty or sixty years ago represent a gentleman as caning his servant on the slightest provocation; and in no instance is the servant represented as resisting this amiable anxiety for his improvement. Let a gentleman try the experiment in the present day, and, whatever be his rank, he will be likely to get a sound thrashing for his pains. I would, at any rate, recommend that he should only begin (and even then very cautiously,) with the page or foot-boy, when he may get off for a five pound fine by a magistrate—for magistrates cannot now, as in former days, do "gentleman's justice," without the interference of the impertinent scamps who live on printer's ink—sad reptiles—quite a new brood of plagues—all generated within the last sixty years, and forming an intolerable nuisance to every man of noble impetuosity—he feels that it is hardly worth while to be born a gentleman now, when almost every privilege of high birth is fallen into desuetude.

"Oh, the days when I was young"—a gentleman was a gentleman *then*—but that infernal revolution in America set up such innumerable investigators of first principles all over the world, that the whole fabric of society has been overturned, and there seems great danger of the lowest man obtaining what is called justice, with almost as much certainty as the highest. Still there *is* a consolation, and the brood of vipers I have been speaking of cannot entirely forget the reverence due to handsome clothes, although they entirely discard reverence for birth. We observe, that in any case of peculiar atrocity, the writer takes care to moderate your indignation, and soften your sympathies, by assuring you that the person accused was *very elegantly dressed*. I was peculiarly struck with the following paragraph, which I copied from a London paper, in sheer admiration of the feeling of sartorial aristocracy which it displays. I will not name the paper, because on a topic where all are admirable, it would be very invidious to claim peculiar merit for the present effusion.

The case was this—A miscreant, named Mister, had crept up stairs at an inn to possess himself of the accumulations of a "commercial traveller" who had indiscreetly displayed a considerable sum of money in the coffee-room the preceding evening, not being aware that there was a Philistine in the camp, but supposing that all present were of similar occupation. Mr. Mister thought to shorten the affair, and anticipate resistance, by cutting the man's throat while asleep, and he had nearly accomplished his object with a razor—but for want of a little, a very little, anatomical knowledge, had applied his instrument rather too low; the gentleman being thus (as Paddy might say,) awakened prematurely before he was dead, took the liberty to resist, and, after a severe struggle, the assailant was compelled to fly without accomplishing his object.

When Mister was brought before the magistrate, the penny-a-liner, struck by the atrocity of the proceeding, determined to bring down on his head the whole weight of popular indignation; and, to prevent any morbid sensibility from interfering with the desire of vengeance, went at once to the climax, and said that "Mister was shabbily dressed;"—who could now doubt of his guilt, or hesitate to hang him?

The morning, however, brought reflection—and with it a conviction that he had cruelly misrepresented the accused; and in a spirit of candour, which cannot be too highly admired, he published the following palinode. I solemnly declare it is copied verbatim—indeed, such was my admiration at the ready reparation of injury, that I cut out the paragraph, and pasted it into my pocket-book—and now often bring it forward when the Press is accused of injustice.

"The report of our correspondent enables us to contradict the statements of Mister being shabbily dressed. His coat was a good fine broad cloth, with velvet collar; his waistcoat of satin, richly flowered; his trousers of stripe kerseymere; his shirt of fine Irish cloth, but with no visible marks of blood on it as stated. His entire suit was in accordance with that of a gentleman."

Now, reader, is not your indignation appeased—is it not highly probable that the man was falsely accused?—"good fine broad cloth!"—"velvet collar!"—"waistcoat of satin, richly flowered!"—why, after that, who can doubt that he was entirely innocent—or, at least, if he were guilty, that the crime was comparatively venial.

But I have danced off from the subject which I had only touched on—the bodily castigation of domestic servants—one, however, of less interest than the maltreatment of our female white slaves in their horrible dungeons called London kitchens. I do not speak of such houses as entertain several servants, nor the kitchens of fashionable streets, which as they glow in the fire-light, present to the eye of the passer by a cheering image of comfort, warmth, and luxury, to be matched in no other part of the world. I speak of the under-ground dens of the City, and the older parts of the town, where no sunshine ever cheers, where even the light of day can never enter, but where the maid of all work plies her hopeless task in dreary silence;—she has answered an advertisement with "no followers allowed," and except the few words she is enabled to exchange with the butcher or baker, at their momentary visits, she hears no sound but that of scolding from the lips of her hard-hearted mistress—who having been herself a servant, is determined that whatever *she did*, and *more*, shall be exacted from her now dependent;—the emancipated slave is always a cruel taskmaster—it is a sort of vengeance, a vicarious vengeance for his own sufferings, and he gluts it to satiety. So with the maid become mistress, and if she owed her own elevation to the arts of the harlot, she scans with more rigid scrutiny the levity of her slaves—"no followers allowed." From five in the morning till eleven or twelve at night she labours on, till exhausted nature will not allow her to sleep; swelled legs, the disease called "the housemaid's knee," or

perhaps at last consumption, takes her to the hospital, to submit to an operation or to die. Sunday shone no sabbath for her—she had no one to encourage her in well doing, thankful, most thankful, if she escaped abusive scolding. Their souls become deadened within them, and if in utter despair at escaping from this eternal round of labour beyond her strength, of imprisonment, solitary imprisonment, for "no followers are allowed;" if worn out with suffering and toil, she listen to the insidious offers of assumed (perhaps real) compassion, and accept a home of ease and guilt—down with her for ever; the vindictive mistress shows her own purity by exaggerating her vices;—her character is gone—her ignorance, her want of attention to her person, which she has never had leisure to practice till it became a habit—these, and other things, the inevitable result of her long slavery, soon disgust her paramour; she is abandoned to a life of vice and loathsome misery, and ends her days in a hospital or poor-house.

Thus runs the world, my masters—but surely it will not always be so, it was not so sixty years ago; servants were then domestic friends, and a part of the family. The subject, however, is one to which I feel myself incapable of doing justice.

The injury which may be done by one unguarded expression, from a man whose talents have raised him to eminence, is beyond calculation. Deeply has Locke to answer for his advice to mothers on the punishment of children; the cruelty, the mischief, the destruction of domestic happiness, the heart-burning thirst of revenge, or the sordid cowardice, which have been produced by his recommendation of the whip, "till the child's spirit shall be effectually broken," have desolated many a home.

Locke introduced the matter thus—I quote from memory, but it was burnt in on my mind more than fifty years ago; not by parental infliction, or the fear of it, but by simply reading it. Deeply did I vow, more deeply than adults can suppose possible in children, (let them take warning by it,) deeply did I vow that if ever his atrocious experiment were tried on me, I would die on the spot rather than give way; his words are these, and I think I do not mistake a syllable—

"I once knew a lady who flogged her child severely seven times before she could break his spirit—had she stopped at the sixth, the child would have been ruined." Oh! that you could rise from the grave, Mr. Locke, and give us the benefit of your master-mind to break the chains you helped to rivet. Oh! that you could see how much more effectual is the sunshine of benevolence and compassion, than the storm of anger and punishment, in making a child cast off his cloak of prejudice and obstinacy. Oh! that you could know, and knowing promulgate, with all the influence of your well earned reputation, that the obstinacy you would kill is the rudiment of a quality you would wish to cherish;—you would discard the outer husk of the seed which is necessary to its germination—you would destroy the poles which surround the house, because they disfigure the beauty of the architecture, not aware that the mansion is unfinished, and that they are necessary to its completion. You would kill the young chick because it has no feathers—wait and it will fly; it is well we have something to thank you for—you have taught us the right use of reason, and we employ the faculties improved by your instruction to condemn you.

Of all the crimes which I can conceive it possible I could have been guilty of, that which would weigh heaviest on my conscience would be cruelty to children. As I grow older I become more and more tolerant of their defects—more and more hopeful of their ultimate removal. I see the germs of noble plants in the very weeds which disfigure the virgin soil. The splendid cauliflower is the product of slow cultivation, from the little insignificant and offensive plant, so diminutive as to be scarcely visible on our old walls. In mental cultivation obstinacy becomes firmness—vanity, decent pride—mean parsimony changes into honourable frugality—ferocity becomes courage—profusion, generosity—and sentimental weakness, noble benevolence. Cultivate, and be patient. The brain of a child goes through every gradation of development, and at its different stages it resembles the brain of every living thing, from the lowest to the highest in the scale of creation. The Almighty adds and superadds to all the faculties of the animal, till at last he gives us the development which makes us responsible beings. It has not pleased his infinite wisdom to make us all alike;—there must be the irascible and the patient—the active and the idle—the generous and the selfish—the placable and the vindictive—the prudent and the thoughtless—the vicious and the good—or the whole scheme of creation must be different. We are sent into the world to see what we are fit for, and we are punished or rewarded accordingly; but not punished or rewarded as man would punish and reward, but with a perfect knowledge of all the mitigating and qualifying circumstances which are beyond the ken of man—who, as Burns says—

> "What's done ye partly may compute,
> But never what's resisted."

If I were to state any one thing in which the superiority of the present generation is most strikingly manifested, it is in the benevolent and judicious management of children. The highest authority tells us, "Of such are the kingdom of Heaven." To this holy labour of love what splendid talents have been devoted, and especially by the female sex. God speed them in their office! If the young of the present day could know the extent of their obligations to them, we should have half the sculptors of London employed on statues to their honour.

I would rather be the writer of a highly popular child's book, inculcating good principles, and aiding the teacher in the moral development and happiness of the young, than be the author of a discovery of a new power equal to that of steam. The habits of cruelty to the young—the indulgence of brutal violence—the bursts of ungoverned (I do not say ungovernable) rage so common sixty years ago, are rare in the present day, but they are not extinct; and in the exercise of my profession many instances of this unreasoning ferocity have come to my knowledge. We meet and gesticulate, and subscribe money—we inflict cruel injustice on one class—we give utterance to bursts of fervid eloquence—we form societies—we send missions—we distribute tracts—we raise enormous taxes, and give enormous sums of money to rescue black slaves

from their task-masters; but no one thinks of rescuing white children from parents who have the power to inflict with perfect impunity, and who actually do inflict, on their own offspring, cruelties to which all modern slave punishments are trifling. This cruelty, however, is chiefly, but by no means exclusively, confined to the lower classes. In fact, wherever a bad man is entrusted with power, and can exercise his vile instincts with impunity, he will be sure to use them without mercy. Whether it would be possible to remove children from under parental care without producing more mischief than you would avoid, is a problem we are not yet called upon to solve; but of this I feel convinced, that I could give stronger reasons for the Spartan mode of education than those which carried the Reform Bill.

I will cite one example of atrocious cruelty, and the abuse of parental authority, which may perhaps startle the reader. I have known a nobleman of high rank flog with a horsewhip, on the bare back, daughters approaching to womanhood, and for faults too venial to deserve anything but confinement to their room. Don't be alarmed, my Lord, I shall not add your name, nor specify your high station—not from any feeling of mercy towards you, but from compassion to your children and your relatives, and especially to those lovely women who were the objects of your brutal violence. They shall be spared the shame; and, perhaps, were I to see you, (after so many years,) I might find you so changed as to take away the wish to inflict a similar punishment on yourself—a wish which haunted me for years. You thought the deed would never travel to England. Make up for your past brutality by kindness to your dependents and children; spend no part of your fortune in selfish indulgence, but atone for your misdeeds by now setting a good example to your grandchildren; teach them to be as unlike yourself as possible, and you may yet attain peace of mind. You thought your brutality veiled in impenetrable obscurity, but I can assure you, my Lord, it is known to many, who all, I believe *all*, feel as I feel, that more injury would be produced by an exposure than by silence. In making vows of self-restraint, and in a steady practice of atoning benevolence, shudder, my Lord, to reflect, that with the single drop of ink I have just flirted from the end of my pen, I could have consigned you to everlasting infamy.

There is another subject on which I could dilate for hours, for it brings back recollections tinged with all the most vivid emotions of the human mind—indignation, pity, hatred, admiration, wonder, contempt, and many other of the most intense feelings that can agitate an honest heart; I allude to the brutalizing practice of flogging, and, indeed, general cruelty to boys which prevailed in the last century. Had I the talent of Charles Dickens to personify the instances of mental and corporeal punishment I have myself endured or witnessed, I should make a stronger impression on the public mind than he has done, because I should represent the effect of the vile system (then all but universal) on youths whose birth, *home* education, sense of personal honour, courage, and depth of feeling, aggravated the sense of degradation to a degree of intensity which can hardly be comprehended by the inmates of Yorkshire schools and workhouses. There are persons who will look on the last sentence as an excrescence of aristocratic feeling, to which I have no pretensions; but my early and most intimate associates were of a class greatly above my own station in life, and there are few men of my comparatively humble birth who better know the sentiments of the higher classes.

How this wretched system could have been so long tolerated—how youths subjected to this degradation, and to the injustice which generally accompanied the punishment—how minds festering for years under the rankling sense of tyranny and cruelty—how such *youths* could have grown up into the noble, high-spirited, generous, and humane *men*, who dignify that portion of our history, is to me a problem more difficult than the most recondite puzzle of the higher mathematics. There are some natures which nothing can spoil, and some which nothing can elevate—we sometimes see noblemen (God Almighty's noblemen, who take precedence of all) born in the lowest walks of life, and we sometimes have had obtruded upon our disgusted attention fit denizens of Newgate and the hulks, among men of rank and station—but both these are exceptions—rare exceptions, and they throw an undeserved stigma, or unmerited lustre, on the class in which they are found; but I must not pursue the topic, it would lead me too far.

The anecdote with which I shall conclude the present paper, is one of such tremendous interest and importance, that, with every disposition to repress my natural tendency to "Parlare sempre in issimo," I do not think it possible to exaggerate its value. Let parents read it with attention, before they inflict even moderate punishment on their children.

A gentleman engaged in the higher departments of trade—a good man, an enlightened man, and an affectionate parent—had two sons, who at the time I begin their history, were respectively of the ages of five and ten; the attachment between them was so remarkable as to be the common topic of conversation among all their friends and acquaintance. The children were incessantly together; and to see them walk round the garden, with the arm of the elder round the neck of the younger, while the other who could not reach to his neck endeavoured to clasp his waist—with their long auburn hair in the fashion of the day hanging down in ringlets, and (as the elder stooped to kiss his little brother) covering his face—those who had seen them thus occupied, their lovely features beaming with affection, would have said, that nothing on earth could give a more vivid idea of angels.

The children, when separated for a few hours only, were miserable; and when the time arrived for sending the elder to school, it was a subject of serious reflection among the parents and friends, whether so intense an affection should be checked or encouraged: the former was decided on, and the elder was sent to a distance.

Both children were so exceedingly unhappy, that sleepless nights, loss of appetite, incessant weeping, and rapid wasting of the body, made every one fearful of the consequences of prolonging the absence, and

they were brought together again. Those who witnessed the tumultuous joy of their meeting, describe it as inexpressibly affecting: they soon recovered their health and spirits, and their mutual affection seemed, if possible, increased by the temporary separation.

The experiment, after awhile, was again made, and with similar results; and it was decided never to risk another.

An arrangement was now entered into with a schoolmaster to receive both boys, although contrary to the regulations of his establishment, which professed to admit none under ten years of age.

The two boys kept themselves almost entirely aloof from all the rest; the elder helped the younger in his education—watched him with a kind of parental solicitude—kept a vigilant eye upon the character of the boys who sought his society, and admitted none to intimacy with his brother of whom he did not entirely approve. The slightest hint of his wish sufficed with the younger, who would almost as soon have contemplated deliberately breaking the commandments, as opposing his wishes in the slightest degree. Both made rapid progress in their education, and their parents' hearts were filled with thankfulness for the blessing.

In the midst of this happiness news arrived from the schoolmaster, that from some unexplained cause, the elder boy had begun to exercise a very unreasonable and tyrannical authority over the younger;—that he had been repeatedly punished for it, but although he always promised amendment, and could assign no cause (reasonable or unreasonable) for his conduct, he soon relapsed into his usual habits, and the schoolmaster requested to know what was to be done.

The father immediately sent for both boys, and entered upon a lengthened investigation. The little one was almost broken-hearted, and exclaimed, "He might beat me every day, if he would but love me; but he hates me, and I shall never be happy again."

The elder could assign no reason for his animosity and ill-treatment; and the father, after many remonstrances, thought it right to inflict on him very severe corporeal chastisement, and confined him to his room for some days, with nothing but bread and water.

The lad on his liberation gave solemn promises of altered conduct, but showed little affection for his brother, although the latter used a thousand innocent stratagems to inspire him with tenderness.

They returned to school. In a few days similar scenes, and worse, occurred—the boy was again and again punished by the master—again and again promised amendment, but in vain, and he was at last taken away from school by his father.

A repetition of severe punishment—long incarceration, and a rejection by all his relatives, had no effect in changing his disposition—his dislike to his brother became fixed animosity, and from animosity degenerated into the most deadly hatred;—he made an attempt on the child's life, and if he saw him pass an open door, would throw the carving knife at him with all the fury of a maniac.

The family now resorted to medical advice, and years passed in hopeless endeavours to remove a disposition obviously depending on a diseased brain. Had they taken this step earlier these floggings and imprisonments would have been spared, as well as the heart-sickening remorse of the father.

Still the boy was not insane—on every topic but one he was reasonable but torpid—it was only at the sight of his brother or the sound of his name that he was roused to madness. The youth now advanced towards manhood. When about the age of fifteen, he was taken with a violent but platonic passion for a lady more than forty years of age, and the mother of five children, the eldest older than himself. His paroxysms of fury now became frightful; he made several attempts to destroy himself; but in the very torrent and whirlwind of his rage, if this lady would allow him to sit down at her feet and lay his head on her knee, he would burst into tears, go off into a sound sleep, wake up perfectly calm and composed, and looking up into her face with lack-lustre eye, would say, "Pity me—I can't help it."

Soon after this he began to squint, and was rapidly passing on into hopeless idiocy, when he was once more taken to Mr. Cline, a surgeon, long dead, whose instinctive sagacity I have never seen equalled but by one man—the late Dr. Babington.

After another attentive examination of the skull, which had been shaved for the purpose, Mr. Cline said—"Here is an almost imperceptible depression, it would not justify us in doing any thing but in a case so entirely hopeless—here, however, we can certainly do no harm; and although there is scarcely a chance of benefit, let us make the attempt."

A day was fixed for the operation—a circular piece of the skull was removed by the trephine, and on examination there was found to be a spicula of bone growing from its under-surface and piercing the brain! —*Here was the hatred to his brother, and the love to Mrs. M.!!*

He soon recovered—became strongly attached to his brother, and felt no other sentiment towards Mrs. M. than gratitude for the kindness which she had shown him in his illness, and of which he retained but a faint remembrance.

Here, reader, here is matter for reflection—for the philosopher, the legislator, the executor of jurisprudence. The thoughts to which it gives rise are overwhelming.

Had this poor wretch in one of his mad paroxysms (before a medical man had been called in) killed his brother, how would the rabble crowd at the Old Bailey have rejoiced at his execution! and how cordially would the good, the wise, the benevolent, the religious have echoed their sentiment!

And now, reader, listen to the explanation; for it is the most frightful of all the circumstances accompanying this extraordinary case—the most extraordinary, perhaps, on record, and of which I am sorry it is not in my power to give the medical details; for it occurred before I understood the structure of the brain—that mysterious organ, or rather organs, for there are two of them, each a perfect whole—each capable of a synchronous, distinct, and opposing volition; and this proposition, however a medical man

reading my paper may scout the idea, I pronounce to be the essence of insanity, and if God spare my life, I will endeavour to prove it in a work strictly professional.

But now for the explanation. The disease which led to these terrible results took its rise from a blow on the head with the end of a round ruler, in one of the gentle reprimands then so common with schoolmasters. The sharp edge broke through both tables of the skull, and set up the process of ossification from the under surface.

Here again is matter for reflection! But the subject is too vast for a work of this nature. I will endeavour to continue it in the next number.

REVERIE.

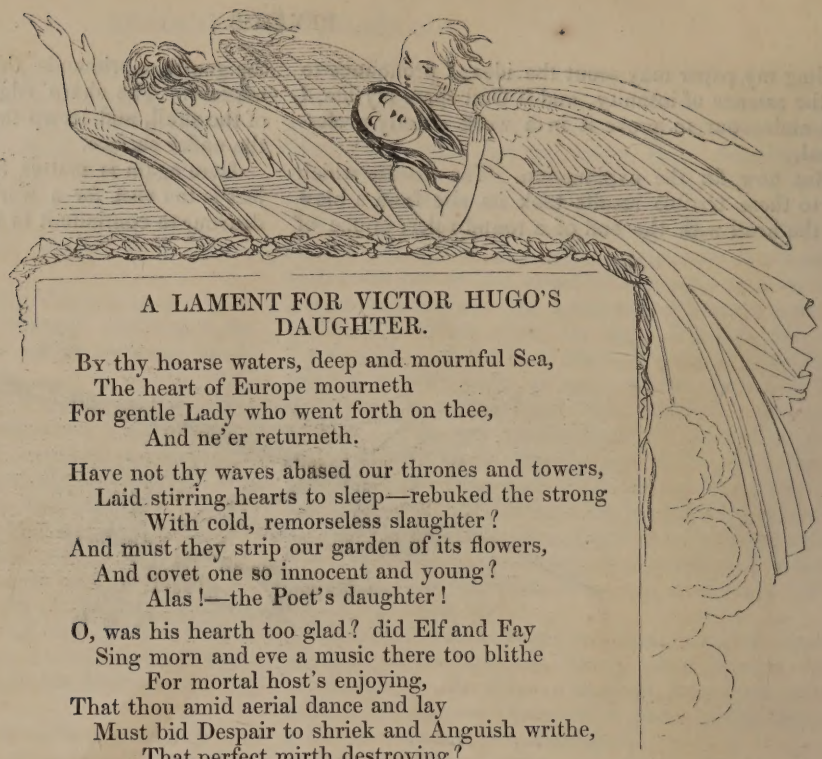
The Ladie sat upon a mossie seat,
And leaned back against the bower's side,
Until there peeped out two tinie feet,
That still the envious robe did partlie hide;
Her crossed hands within her lap abide,
The boke they whylome held beside her lay.
A gauzie scarfe about her neck was tied—
Her beauteous head was forward bent, and aye
She gazed, yet saw she nought, her thoughts were far away!

She sat soe still, as if ne life she had,
Or rather, as she was in sweet repose,
And visited by dreams that were full glad,
For that her snowey bosom sunk and rose;
But still upon the scene her eyes unclose,
Half curtained by their lids.—Sleep did not she,
Her dreams they were not sleeping ones, but those
That wove in waking bowers more pleasant be,
When sinks the quiet heart to depths of reverie.

Trulie it is a pleasant thinge at eve
To loose the thoughts from prisoning controul;
Free them from all the bands wisdom doth weave
Around them, and which oft do work them dole.
Then will they flee unto some distant goal,
Some pleasant valley with a sylvir lake
In evening's light most beautiful! The soul
Flies with the thoughts, and there its thirst doth slake
For thynges more faire than all the painter's skill could make.

Or if the mind be in the mood, perchance
Such scenes of softened beauty will be left;
And o'er the tossinge billows we may dance
Where the wilde waters into vallies cleft,
The struggling ship mid tempest winds has heft,
Then drops it deep into the calm below—
Tost to and fro—alnigh of hope bereft
We are—when back the thoughts once more will flow,
Where on the stream of Time real winds and flowers blow!

C. H. W.



A LAMENT FOR VICTOR HUGO'S DAUGHTER.

By thy hoarse waters, deep and mournful Sea,
The heart of Europe mourneth
For gentle Lady who went forth on thee,
And ne'er returneth.

Have not thy waves abased our thrones and towers,
Laid stirring hearts to sleep—rebuked the strong
With cold, remorseless slaughter?
And must they strip our garden of its flowers,
And covet one so innocent and young?
Alas!—the Poet's daughter!

O, was his hearth too glad? did Elf and Fay
Sing morn and eve a music there too blithe
For mortal host's enjoying,
That thou amid aerial dance and lay
Must bid Despair to shriek and Anguish writhe,
That perfect mirth destroying?

It was not so: the tissue of his dreams
Was not so sparkling that commissioned Death
Must needs the web shade over.
He sate with helpless captive by the streams
Of a strange land,—fathomed the gulph beneath
Frail maid, and savage lover.

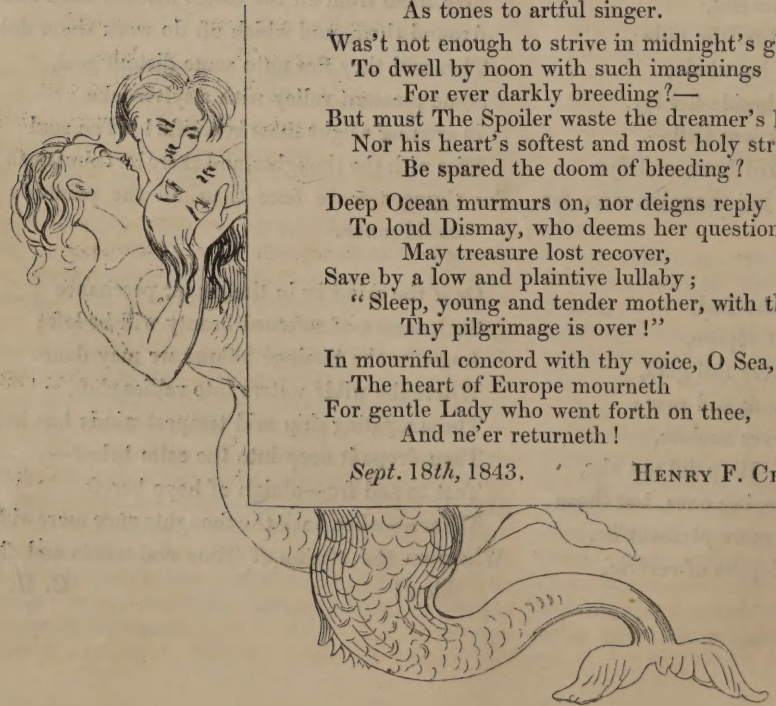
He watched how Man with fierce temptation warred
Since Eden's primal days. He loved alone
By graves unblessed to linger;
And all the pangs by tyrant Hate prepared
For Freedom and for Truth, to him were known
As tones to artful singer.

Was't not enough to strive in midnight's gloom,
To dwell by noon with such imaginings
For ever darkly breeding?—
But must The Spoiler waste the dreamer's home,
Nor his heart's softest and most holy strings
Be spared the doom of bleeding?

Deep Ocean murmurs on, nor deigns reply
To loud Dismay, who deems her question wild
May treasure lost recover,
Save by a low and plaintive lullaby;
"Sleep, young and tender mother, with thy child,—
Thy pilgrimage is over!"

In mournful concord with thy voice, O Sea,
The heart of Europe mourneth
For gentle Lady who went forth on thee,
And ne'er returneth!

Sept. 18*th*, 1843. HENRY F. CHORLEY.



MY LUCK.

BY ROBERT HOWE GOULD, ESQ., OF CONNECTICUT.

I KNOW that I am celebrated! I do not blush to confess it. It's not my fault;—I cannot help it! I am perfectly aware that I am chronicled in story, invoked in song, and immortalized in comedy. I know you have heard of me ten thousand times;—but I am not to blame—"It's *my* luck!"

There never lived a man who naturally and instinctively shrunk from fame with so much sensitiveness as myself—yet thus I have had it thrust upon me. I can only repeat—"It's my infernal luck!"

I cannot endure this state of things any longer. I must, "burst out" in regard to my sufferings;—there must be something done, or I shall certainly go mad!

I'll call a public meeting—I'll appeal to the Legislature—I'll change my name—I'll get a divorce from this cursed fate that follows me.

I know I'm excited; I feel it. But, confound it! what else can you expect? Indeed I need your indulgence,—I want your sympathy. *Sympathy?* Why, I never met with such a thing in my life, except from one individual, and he died the next day.

But it is not sufficient that I am miserable. I am not allowed to luxuriate quietly in my own wretchedness, and wrap my miseries around me, as they were widow's weeds. My woes are dragged before the public: my own private sorrows are made the theme of general mirth. My agonies are considered to be most laughable comicalities. I have myself seen a thousand people grinning, hyena-like, over the wretchedness of Guy Goodluck, as pourtrayed by some inhuman wretch of a comedian. That diabolical farce, that identical petite comedy, is the veritable transcript of a few brief pages, extracted at random from the record of *my* life. *I* was the victim of the machinations of that "d—d, infernal, diabolical John Jones!" *I* am "that rash and most unfortunate man," therein styled, with facetious bitterness, Guy *Good*luck.

Sir, I have expressed a wish to draw upon your sympathy; and I wish to convince you that I need and deserve it. If the narrative which I hereto append does not serve as a letter of credit authorizing an unlimited draft;—if your ear, open to others, should be deaf to me, I can only repeat, that—"It's my luck."

A few years since, I commenced a tour through the States, and it is to the incidents of that tour that I would ask your attention; firmly convinced, that when you have perused the painful history, you will unhesitatingly accord to me that distinctive appellation—"*The* unfortunate man."

I left New York for Charleston, South Carolina, in a vessel recommended as a fast-sailer, on a Friday, in preference to waiting until the following Monday for the steam-packet. This ship's voyages, for three years previous, had averaged something less than *five days;* but *I* was on board, *my* interests were involved, and the vessel was driven off the coast by a tremendous gale: thus five weeks elapsed before we reached Charleston, minus the mizen-mast and fore-top-mast, and in a state of incipient starvation:—

"Just my luck!"

Leaving Charleston in a week, I took the morning railroad train for Augusta, Georgia. Should have been in Augusta between four and five o'clock P.M. Locomotive broke down, obliging us to walk five miles in a drenching rain; and we did not arrive until two the next morning. Hotels all closed;—no beds, except "the soft side of a plank" at the depôt.

Next day made my way to a hotel. The weather being fine and warm, they gave me a room without any fire-place, and looking due north through three large windows. That afternoon an influx of travellers filled the house, so that they had not a square inch of room to spare—and *then* the weather changed! The next three were the only really cold days that had visited Augusta in five years.

Of course I took a cold that stuck by me for the next six months:—

"Just my luck!"

Left Augusta in the stage-coach for Florida, at seven o'clock, on as fine an evening as ever was seen. Before ten, there came down such a rain as had not been seen since the days of the patriarch Noah; in the midst of which the coach capsized in the woods, and we spent nearly the whole remainder of the night *al fresco*, in getting again under way. Rode in wet garments till breakfast time, and then, it being late, no time was allowed to change them, but we were obliged to ride on undried; in a predicament, and undergoing a process of evaporation, only to be appreciated by a victim of Priesnitz. Pushed on all that day and another night, without any respite; came to a river, (the Ogeechee,) where, for twenty years, there had been a bridge strong enough to withstand all freshets; but as *I* wanted to cross it, it had been washed away during the previous night. After some delay, we put ourselves into a crazy concern of a flat-boat, and crossed, coach and all. In the course of this operation my hat was knocked overboard and lost, and I was compelled to perform the remainder of my journey in a night-cap. At length we reached the Chatahoochie river, on the confines of Florida; a steam-boat had passed half an hour before our arrival,

and no other expected for a week. Before the week expired, the river had fallen so low as not to be navigable.

"Just my luck!"

Took land conveyance for Pensacola in Florida; went about forty miles, and was obliged to turn back by a sudden outbreak of the Indians. Circumstances, growing out of this cause, increased the term of additional detention to about three weeks. Reached Mobile *eventually*, though every ten miles of the way had required from me about three hours more for their accomplishment than they would from any one else. Two steam-boats left Mobile for New Orleans at the same hour: I embarked on board the *fastest;* sure to arrive two hours sooner than the other. Our engine got out of order, and the *slow* boat beat us by half-a-day. I had a wager pending with a fellow-passenger, that we should beat *her* by an hour!

Went to a hotel in New Orleans. Crowded—but could give *me* a fine room; the only objection being, that the key was lost:—that, however, should be replaced in the morning. Spent the evening very pleasantly; retired, for once in my life, in high spirits. Awoke the next morning, minus a pair of inexpressibles and all my cash!—

"Just my luck!"

Having, by some unusual conjunction of fortunate circumstances, letters of credit, and not having happened to lose *them*, I succeeded in reclothing my nether limbs and relining my pockets;—and, in a state bordering on frenzy, I rushed on board a steam-boat bound up the Mississippi.

That boat was the ill-fated ORONOCO!

After enduring all the horrors of the scene of death consequent upon the fearful explosion on board that "ill-starred, perfidious bark," I escaped from her at Vicksburgh, landed, and went to the principal hotel. That very night, "the great fire" broke out, consuming the whole square on which the hotel stood. I escaped, with the loss of all my baggage. Owing to exposure, fright, and fatigue, I was attacked the next day with a bilious fever, which kept me a prisoner for six weeks!—

"Just my luck!"

The fever finally "evacuated;" and salivated, scorched, and worn to a skeleton—more dead than alive—I started for the Red River, in the vain hope that on the extreme verge of civilization my infernal "luck" might desert me. 'Twas a vain attempt! After that "jumping-off-place of all creation," *Shreveport*, was left behind us, (being more than six hundred miles up that wild stream, the Red River,) and just as I began to indulge the fondest anticipations, the boat struck a snag in "the great raft," and sunk in twenty minutes.

There being no other steam-boat at that time up the river, we were obliged to take small boats and go down, drifting with the current by day, and sleeping on shore (with the snakes, alligators, and musquitoes) by night. Arrived, after a week of this tedious voyaging, at Natchitoches, and there got on board a small steam-boat, and continued our downward course. The river being at flood, the boat ran into the woods and knocked down both her chimneys. They fell overboard and sunk! We lay by for a day, and built *wooden chimneys* out of some planks which were found piled on the shore. Thought them rather combustible; but the captain had used similar ones frequently with perfect success. So we started; ran merrily for about ten miles. Why not twenty or fifty? *I* was on board. The confounded chimneys took fire and were consumed, the boat herself having a narrow escape!

"Just my luck!

By some means or other, I hardly know what, I reached Cincinnati, Ohio. Met there an old friend; one of my few real friends. "After all my troubles and torments," thought I, "this is one happiness beyond the reach of fate:"—but he was going to New Orleans the same day!—This, however, I made the best of. He had taken passage in a beautiful, new boat. This was to be her first trip; and, willing to give the citizens a treat, her captain invited the friends of the passengers to remain on board, and he would run two or three miles up the river, and land them as he again passed the pier on his way down. We remained on board. *I* remained. The boat ran two or three miles up the stream, turned, and when nearly at the wharf again a fearful explosion was heard:—the shattered fragments of the MOSELLE were scattered upon the stream and shores of the Ohio!

My woes were not to end thus. Happening to *wish* to be killed, such an event was an impossibility. I was rescued from the water perfectly uninjured.

"Just my luck!"

Some time elapsed. I went to Canada. I joined the "patriots." Now, thought I, linked with men as desperate as myself, I may at least bring my sorrows to a speedy termination. Everything worked in unison with my hopes. I was taken prisoner, in arms! I was tried at London, Upper Canada, and sentenced to be hanged! The day arrived; I stood upon the scaffold; the fatal noose was placed around my neck; already I seemed to have advanced one step into the other world. Just as I was expecting the irrevocable signal for the executioner to launch me forth, a reprieve arrived from Sir George Arthur! This was followed by a free pardon! My happiness in prospect of the close of my career was considered proof positive of insanity. Some persons curious in monomania had obtained my release!

I was sent out of the province, of course. I took the stage for Detroit, in Michigan. The stage proprietors were in the habit of shortening their route some seventy miles, by traversing the ice on Lake Saint Clair. We took the same course in the present instance. A strong north-west gale came on, and the ice began to break up. We were obliged to make for the shore with all our speed, and eventually to abandon the horses and coach, and clamber over the broken ice to the land. Two fellow passengers were drowned. My perfect indifference preserved me, and I landed in safety.

I arrived at Detroit. Some prospect existing of disturbance on the frontier, I enlisted in the United States' army. I wanted to be *shot*,—instead of which I froze my toes and received a flogging for sleeping while on sentry duty. I never *can* sleep. Not even in a stage-coach or railway-car. Never could—always, under all circumstances, restless and wakeful. It was

essential for me to keep awake, and, of course, I went to sleep like a *hog!* I got flogged—*I*, for *sleeping!*

A fellow-soldier committed a contemptible piece of petty larceny. *I* was convicted of the deed, flogged again, and drummed out of my regiment!—

"Just my luck!"

I came again to New York. Eventually I determined to commit suicide. I bought a pistol. I loaded it. I went to my room and put it to my head,—*as I thought!* I did nothing of the sort! I missed my mark by six inches, and utterly demolished a very expensive mantel-clock, an heir-loom in my landlady's family.

"Just my luck!"

It is cold,—you know it is cold,—infernally cold! Many instances have occurred of people being killed by a mere plunge into the river in such weather. I rushed to the wharf—I plunged into the water. "Now," exclaimed I triumphantly, "save me who can!"

A venerable watchman, who ought to have been fast asleep, (and had been so at the same hour from time immemorial,) saw me,—had me picked up!

I was floating on a cake of ice,—had been in the water for half an hour. I ought to have been dead some minutes before I was taken out. Any other man would have died twice in the same time. Never better in the whole course of my life than I was the next morning.

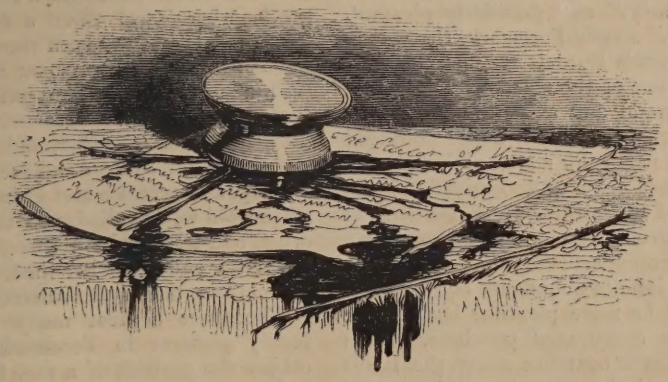
"Just my luck!"

I have been writing these painful details from an inkstand as big as a half-bushel, with a base as broad as that of Mount Atlas;—never was known to capsize; a twenty foot lever could not upset it, though the fate of nations depended upon the accomplishment of such a result. *I* barely caught the tip of my pen in it, and it was hurled bottom upwards upon my manuscript, burying it beneath an ocean, a cataclysm of ink.

My hands are covered with it! My lap is deluged! My paper, my desk, my handkerchief, my carpet, are all of a hue as dark as my destiny!

"It's just my luck!"

KIX.



STANZAS.

CAN it be, thou art gone?—thou seemest one
Who sweetly sleepeth!
Yes, thou art gone! I hear the loved one's moan
For thee, who weepeth.

Yes! thou art gone—gone in the opening spring
Of life's young hours,
As winter's cold oft nips in blossoming
Spring's fairest flowers!

Yes! thou art gone!—thou wert too pure, too bright,
Too good, too fair,
To stay with us! but in eternal light
Thy home was there!

Why should we mourn that thou art snatched away
In quiet years,
Ere grief had dimm'd the clearness of thy day
With sorrow's tears?

Why weep for thee? why let the throbbing heart
Be sore distressed?
Clothed in light, an angel now thou art
Among the blessed.

C. H. W.

JOHANNE WITH THE LONG HAIR

A LEGEND OF FOREMARK.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

ON the southern bank of the Trent, in a fine, healthy, open and airy spot, celebrated by old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," as "peculiarly pleasant, wholesome and eligible," stands Foremark, the seat of the ancestors of Sir Francis Burdett for many generations, for the family is one of the oldest in England.

It is a handsome, grand and agreeable place, and some of the trees which surround it have "outlived the eagle;" there is in particular a long secluded walk between two rows of aged oaks, quite unrivalled in its kind; another grove of magnificent trees, formerly of much greater extent, Druidical in their antiquity, is a great ornament to the grounds.

The game is here in infinite abundance and particularly fine, and it would be more plentiful but for the lenity which has long encouraged poachers. It is beautiful to see the hares coursing along the lawns close to the windows, and the glittering and graceful pheasants tamely perched on the balustrades of the terraces. Every thing has a calm, happy, contented and sequestered aspect, almost monastic; but it was not in this spot, but in Warwickshire, that the Priory of Ancote was founded by an ancient possessor of this estate, in expiation of a crime, the particulars of which this legend recounts. Nor was it at the present house that he resided, but in one much more ancient, situated in a retired spot, now embosomed in a thick grove of oak and beech, and in the vicinity of fine woods. The spot is called Knowle Hills; and all that remains of the old building is now formed into a pleasure house, before which is a beautiful lawn, where the peasants in the neighbourhood are allowed occasionally to keep revel, and dance to the sound of gay music, making the woods re-echo.

"I have often," said an old man who shows the place, "lingered here when all were gone, and voice after voice had died away in distance, and enjoyed the perfect solitude of this spot, where usually not a sound is heard but the wind amongst the old trees, and the rustle of the ivy waving to and fro along the ancient wall, where you see that strange face carved, that seems as if it was looking over the battlements, watching what is going on. Some say, on moonlight nights the whole figure has been seen, and it looks like a knight in armour: it walks, with a stately step, all round this green, where once stood a tower, in which a great crime is said to have been committed, and it pauses at the little low door-way you see there, utters a deep sigh, and vanishes. I myself never saw any thing of the kind, but there were two very old women, who lived here once together, and took care of the ruins, and they used to hear and see strange things—chains rattling, and screams and groans that were awful. One of the old women died, and used to come back to the other, and tell wonderful secrets; so she said: but she went too, and since her time, I don't know how it is, but nothing out of the common ever happens."

There are a great many curious and interesting family pictures in Foremark House, and amongst others the portrait of a very beautiful lady is particularly attractive, both from its singularity and its beauty. She wears the costume of an early period, is covered with jewels, a long transparent veil depending from her singular shaped head-dress; her dress is extremely rich, all velvet, silk, embroidery and precious stones. There are two other portraits of her, in different costumes: one represents her in an undress, occupied in winding her long rich hair round a reel: by her scissars being placed on the table beside her comb, it appears as if she were about to cut off a long lock. There is a sweet tenderness in her eyes, which tells that her thoughts are far away, fixed on the person, perhaps, for whom she is preparing this precious remembrance: round her white throat she wears a very slender black chain, to which is fastened a little cornelian ring, and the ends of the chain fall into her boddice, as if they sustained some other relic, which is hidden in her bosom.

The third portrait represents her, pale, worn and sad-looking—her dress disordered, and her hand resting on a skull. There is something very solemn about this last picture, and it seems to speak of a melancholy change in the person represented.

Opposite this frowns, from the wall, a bearded man, in a half-military costume, whose looks are peculiarly

severe, and there is a wildness and fierceness in his eyes, which makes the beholder shudder: he has one hand on the hilt of his sword, which he grasps as if in anger, and in the other holds an open letter. This was Sir Hugo de Burdett, lord of Loseby, and the Lady was his wife, Johanne.

They were married at a very early age, not, as generally happened at that time, united by relations from mere expediency, but they had chosen each other; and their mutual love was so remarkable, both before and after their marriage, that they were cited and admired by all; and more than once the haughty heiress of Aquitaine would remark to her volatile husband, Henry II., "that there were few couples in his dominions who set so good an example as Sir Hugo and his Johanne." It would indeed have been difficult not to show tenderness to so charming a creature as Johanne was. The mind shone out in the bright soft *violet* eyes, for which she was celebrated, as well as for her peculiarly long and fine hair, which reached to the ground, in undulating waves, and would almost cover her as she stood. Sir Hugo used to take a pleasure in beholding her beautiful tresses spread at their full length, and he always wore in his helmet one of her curling locks at every tilt and tournament, where he was sure to distinguish himself.

Higher up in Derbyshire, not far from the great cavern of the Peak, lived the Baron of Boyvill, who was a distant connexion of Sir Hugo, and had been his early companion. He had not married himself, and the Lady Johanne was aware that her coldness and preference for him who became her husband, was the cause of his living single. Several years had passed since her marriage and they had not met, when on a sudden, the Baron began to make them visits, and Sir Hugo, who was attached to him, occasionally returned them, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by his wife. This intercourse had continued some time, when Johanne observed a change in her husband's manner: a gloom seemed to take possession of him, and his conversation always turned on the most serious subjects; in particular he spoke of the glorious cause of Christianity, which was defended in the Holy Land by the Knights of Europe, and sighed heavily as he concluded, by wishing that he had been thought worthy to add the weight of his arm to the holy fight.

Johanne listened with fear and trembling, for she was well aware how many of the most gallant knights of the time had quitted their families and their country to join the standard of Cœur de Lion beyond the seas. Nevertheless she hoped that such a notion was far from Sir Hugo's mind, and she redoubled her efforts to please and charm him, and succeeded so well, that several months elapsed and his spirits revived, and he ceased to speak of the deeds of the Crusaders. All this time the Baron of Boyvill had not visited them, and she saw plainly, that to him she owed the fears she had entertained of losing him she so much loved. Her former coldness towards him consequently increased, and she began to look upon him with positive dislike, not concealing from Sir Hugo the fact that he was displeasing to her. He was not slow to discover this on his part, and he seldom intruded on their privacy, although he occasionally sent messages to her lord by a mendicant friar, who travelled the country, and had been to Syria, from whence he brought such precious relics, that he was welcomed by all the pious in every part of England.

This friar was a frequent guest at the monastery of Black Canons at Repton, not far from Foremark, and Sir Hugo would often in his rides stop at the convent gate and converse with Father Bernard, who generally, from humility, sat on a stone at the entrance. From him he heard wondrous and exciting stories of the warfare in the Holy Land, and his spirits rose and his valour was roused as he listened to the great deeds of his brethren in arms. "And I," he would reflect, "am wasting my youth, and allowing my sword to rust in idleness, charmed by the beauty of a woman, when I ought to be striving to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the Pagan. Surely Boyvill may be right—there must be sorcery at work to keep me here; when in the presence of Johanne I have no power to leave her, nor can bear the thoughts of separation: it is only in absence I feel free to think—I will consult the holy father, and be guided by his advice."

He did so, and the friar, whose great object was to gain proselytes to the cause, lost no advantage: he represented the sin of his remaining supine in his own castle, and as he found he dared not tell his lady of the resolution he at length took of leaving her, he counselled his doing so secretly.

Accordingly, the friar gave him a sleeping potion to administer to Johanne, which would secure her from discovering his absence too quickly, and allow him to to take possession of a long lock of her beautiful hair, for which he dared not ask her for fear of exciting her suspicions. She slept therefore soundly on the night when Sir Hugo rose from her side, cut the tress from her head, and fastening round her throat a little chain, to the centre of which was attached a small cornelian ring with the letters of his name engraven thereon, and a heart at the end of the chain, he embraced her tenderly, and taking one long sad look at her unconscious form, departed from his castle.

When Johanne awoke the next morning the sun had no light for her, she missed her husband, she perceived the chain round her neck, and the truth was revealed to her at once. She examined with terrified eagerness his parting gift, and on the golden heart she read the words "*Five Years.*"

The first thought was to hasten to the convent at Repton, where having entreated to see the Abbess who was the superior of the society of both male and female recluses, she begged her to counsel her what to do.

"Daughter," said the Abbess, "be content; it is the will of Heaven that your dream of worldly happiness should end. Your husband has chosen a better part, he is gone to fight for the holy cause, accompanied by his friend, the Baron of Boyvill, and guided by the pious Father Bernard. Go home and pray. In five years he will return."

Sad and lonely were now the hours passed in her mournful home by the desolate Johanne, and though she strove to obey the commands of the Abbess, she found it hard to banish regret from her mind and to resign herself to her fate.

Those tresses which her beloved husband had so admired, and of which she now had lost her pride, she resolved to dedicate to the Virgin, together with her prayers for his safety; and occupied her whole time in embroidering a magnificent altar-cloth for the shrine of our Lady of Repton, in which she interwove flowers

and fruits, and birds and insects, all formed of her own hair mingled with gold and silver thread. She wound it off on a golden reel for her use, and cut it with her golden scissors every morning when she rose; and every day she kissed the little cornelian ring which was pendant from her chain, and read the sad words on her heart, "Five Years."

Three of the five years had passed, when her solitude was broken by the arrival of a palmer from the plains of Syria, in whom she recognized Father Bernard: from him she learnt that her husband was a prisoner to the Infidels, and for his ransom was demanded a large sum of money, which the friar had undertaken to bear back to the place of his captivity. The gold was quickly procured, and the friar departed; new hope springing up in the heart of Johanne, that Sir Hugo would soon return to her.

Another year passed away and her spirits sank, for no tidings came of him she loved, till one evening, as she sat in her bower, whose small pointed window looked over the Vale of Trent, and her eye rested on the gigantic beeches whose boughs were waving in the autumnal wind, she perceived a knight ride slowly up the long avenue which led towards the castle, and as the light fell full on his armour, she saw the red cross upon his breast.

Not doubting a moment but that it was her beloved lord, she flew rather than ran down the turret stairs, and summoning her people, desired them to throw open the gates to the Crusader; but as he approached her disappointment was extreme, for, as he raised his visor, she perceived him to be no other than the Baron of Boyvill.

The tidings that he brought were sad indeed: he related that the money she had sent by the friar had been paid to the Pagan chief who held Sir Hugo in captivity, and that the prisoner had been indeed released, but a corpse. He had been put to death in prison, and so restored to his friends.

Johanne's agonies of grief were so great on hearing this fearful announcement, that her life was for some time in danger, and it was long before she recovered to consciousness of her unhappy position. It was then that she learnt that she was no longer mistress of Foremark, for, as her husband had died without heirs, the estates devolved on the Baron of Boyvill. But this was nothing to her in comparison of the distress which the importunities of the Baron caused her, for he hesitated not to disclose his attachment, and to desire her hand, when he offered her all the possessions which she would otherwise forfeit.

This proposal she would by no means listen to, but professed her intention of entering the Priory of Repton, there to end her days in seclusion: she soon, however, found that the Baron was resolute and did not intend to permit her to leave the castle; in fact, was determined to make her his wife with or without her consent.

Unable to help herself, she had nothing in her power but to dissimulate, and, at length, was forced to agree, that when the five years of her late husband's absence were expired, she would become his bride, on condition that he did not molest her till that time. To this he apparently agreed, but, in the mean time, she was securely guarded in a high tower which looked over the vale, where no access could be had to her, and from whence it was impossible to escape. There she lived in solitude and gloom, still working at her embroidery and weeping over her wretched fate: the only ornament of her room a skull and cross-bones, and her thought continually of death.

At length the five years were expired, and Johanne was in daily terror of her promise being claimed. The Baron visited her one day and informed her that the next he had fixed for their nuptials, and that he was about to repair to the castles of his friends in the neighbourhood to engage them to be present at the solemnity.

She saw that she had now no escape, and when she was again alone, she threw herself on her knees in despair, and implored the assistance of Heaven.

Suddenly she heard a heavy foot on the stair, the door of her tower opened, and a knight in armour stood before her: his visor was unclosed, and she saw, with amazement, the features of her husband, Sir Hugo: but his brow was as dark as night, a deep gloom was seated there, and his eyes expressed no love or tenderness: his glance was fierce and terrible, as he exclaimed, in a harsh voice—

"Unfaithful woman—betrayer of thy husband—thy hour of punishment is arrived."

So saying, he strode towards her, and drawing his sword, seized her by the arm—"This hand," he said, "on which I placed the bridal ring, shall be the sacrifice of thy infidelity—and thus I immolate it to my revenge."

The words were scarcely uttered ere his sword had severed her left hand from the fair arm which sustained it, and she lay bathed in her blood.

Sir Hugo then strode down the stairs, his mailed heels clanking as he passed; he traversed the small court which led to the tower, and descending to the lower hall, stood amongst his domestics, who, with terrified cries, fled at his approach, imagining that they had seen a spectre.

That night he left the castle, and the body of his murdered wife was found in her tower: she was dead, and her right hand held closely the chain round her neck to which the ring and heart were appended. The Baron of Boyvill never returned, and, after a search in the neighbouring wood, he was found pierced with many wounds, by the side of a fountain, but life was extinct, and all efforts to restore him were unavailing.

In a few months Sir Hugo came back to Foremark: none of his domestics dared to ask him a single question, and he was never known to explain to any the reason of his absence, his abrupt return, or the cause of his severity to the Lady Johanne.

There is at a short distance from Foremark a singular bank of rocks which rises precipitately above the extensive meadows which border the Trent. They may still be seen there, and are, indeed, a great object of attraction in the neighbourhood, both from their strange appearance, and the traditions attached to them.

In the centre, the rock projects and divides into rugged points, presenting on one side the appearance of a Gothic archway, with openings here and there, which seem like arrow slits or narrow windows; several excavations like cells are within, which communicate with each other, and the whole has a solemn and mysterious effect, mantled as it now is with ivy. The name given to it is Anchor Church, and it is said to

have been once the residence of an anchorite, whose severities were of a very appalling nature. Human bones have been found near the spot, and with traces of an altar, and other remarkable remains, are said still to lie beneath the rock.

There, not very long after the catastrophe of the Lady Johanne's death, a stranger of singular sanctity took up his abode: so harsh and severe was he to himself, that when he applied the discipline, which he did continually, his cries could be heard for a great distance round: those who prostrated themselves thrice at the foot of the rock where he had fixed his cell were sure to be relieved of the maladies from which they suffered; and the fame of his miracles was such that the Priory of Repton was crowded with pilgrims who came to visit him. To those who were so fortunate as to obtain access to him, he foretold the future, and divulged the past; and the whole country rang with his fame, and the extraordinary penance to which he had condemned himself.

Late one stormy evening a messenger arrived at Foremark, bringing an entreaty to Sir Hugo from the anchorite of the rock, that he would instantly repair to his cell, adjuring him by the Holy Sepulchre to do so.

The knight accordingly took his way to the secluded spot, and there found the hermit extended on the bare floor in the agonies of death: he had only breath to ask him, in a hollow voice, for his forgiveness for some crime he had committed against him: Sir Hugo accorded the coveted pardon, and the anchorite, taking from his bosom a letter or scroll, presented it to him as he fell back a corpse.

Sir Hugo, although a man distinguished in arms, had no learning, and as he was unable to decipher the characters in the scroll, he rode at once to the priory, and confiding it to one of the learned monks, desired to know the concealed meaning. After looking it over, the monk, with a shudder, informed the knight that its contents were so horrible that he would need all his firmness to hear them—he then read as follows:—

"The mendicant friar Bernard and the recluse of the rocks of Trent are one and the same. Worldly vanity seduced me to crime—I wished to be thought a saint, and I have been a wretched sinner. I travelled over Europe to gain partisans to the holy cause—I gathered money and spent it in wickedness instead of charity. The Baron of Boyvill paid me to gain over Sir Hugo de Burdett and I accompanied both to the Holy Land. I betrayed Sir Hugo into the Paynim's hands, and after obtaining money for his ransom from his lady, I returned with the sum, which I shared with the Baron; and found means to let Sir Hugo know that his lady was false, and had refused to ransom him. After this the Baron came back to England, and endeavoured, by representing that her husband was dead, to induce the Lady Johanne to become his wife, which she steadily refused. I had obtained large sums from the Baron, but he had of late refused to give me more, and in revenge I wrought his ruin. I procured the release of Sir Hugo by my agents, and sent him word that his wife and friend were both false. He encountered the Baron in the woods of Foremark, and slew him, for he taunted him with having gained the affection of his wife. Mad with jealousy, Sir Hugo put the innocent lady to death. Remorse almost drove me distracted, when I found the effect of my work, and I strove by penitence to atone for my fearful sins and those I had caused. Pray for my soul, and let masses be said for one otherwise lost for ever."

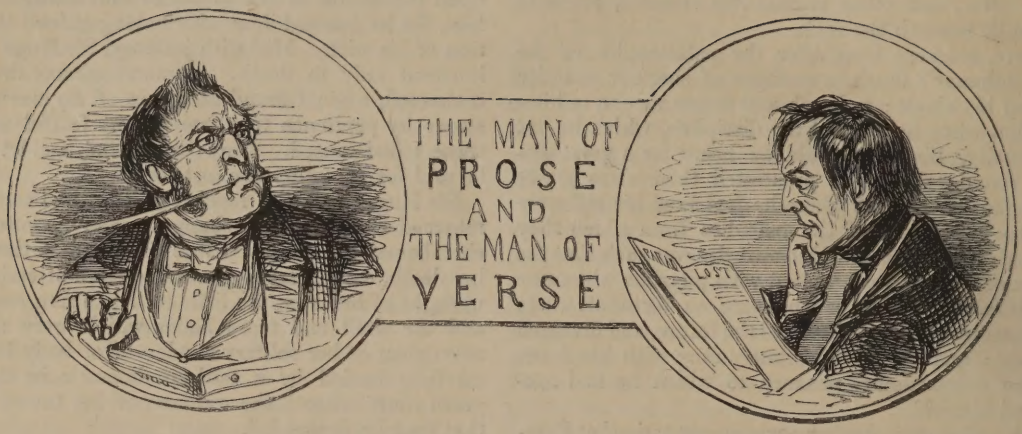
Sir Hugo, after the reading of thisf atal confession, returned to Foremark a changed man: he entered the chamber of his murdered wife for the first time since her death, and there he found the piece of embroidery wrought of her hair, the little cornelian ring and heart, and the skull and cross bones which were the sole adornment of her solitary abode. Her body had been carefully buried by a faithful domestic in the little green court beneath the windows of her tower, and to that spot he descended.

As his footstep trod the grass at the entrance, he was arrested by a sound of the sweetest melody he had ever heard;—he stood on the last step and gazed over the low wall, and there he beheld a small bird of slender make, and peculiarly bright eyes, seated on a shrub close to the lady's grave, and singing sweetly and mournfully in notes of the most touching music. The movement he made startled the little songster, whose quick eye soon perceived him—it instantly spread its wings and flew upwards, and was out of sight almost before he could observe the movement. He perceived that it was a nightingale, an eastern bird which he had often heard in Syria, but which is never known to visit that part of England—nor has one ever been seen in Derbyshire from that time.

Many were the tears Sir Hugo shed over that mound of earth; and when he mounted his steed the next day and rode he knew not whither, it was said that the same small bird flew before him, and he followed its flight till it alighted in a valley, where in after years stood the Monastery of Ancote, founded by Sir Hugo de Burdett, in expiation of his sins.

The Altar of the Virgin there for centuries possessed one of the most beautiful coverings that had ever been seen; and whoever, it was said, prayed at that shrine, if any malady affected their hands or fingers, found, when they rose from their orisons, all pain removed.

The estate of Foremark passed to a distant branch of the family, but all the females of the race have ever since been celebrated for the peculiar colour of their eyes, and the remarkable beauty of their hair, at least such was the tradition of the country in the time when legends were believed. At the present day nothing remains of the ancient house but the tower and chamber at Knowle Hill, the carved face over the wall, and the pictures which are still preserved in the more modern dwelling house.



"Poetry is the madness of a few, for the gain ot nobody;"—such was the wonted saying of John Aust, who never contradicted it in thought or act; and the person on whom he commonly tried this biting saw was his own sensitive and junior brother Richard, a being unhappily too much given up to those dreams which hover about the existence of individuals who meditate the muse, and seek to "build the lofty rhyme." The force of contrast appears no where so great as in family unlikenesses. The notions of John Aust were as hard and positive as the outlines of an old wood-cut. John was of the city, civic; having early found his true position in that busy spot where time and money are convertible terms, each representing the other. At school, his favourite authors had been Walkinghame and Bonnycastle, to the exclusion (as far as possible) of all other literature; and the natural sequel to this predilection was the counting-house. He was prudent, active, bold and persevering—but all with rigid reference to the "commercial principle." Richard, on the contrary, was bashful, reserved, melancholy, indolent, very humble, and yet a little proud; these last two qualities forming an odd sort of moral coating—a livery about him—humility turned up with pride. He was, moreover, extremely benevolent—overstocked with sympathies—as full of heart (if the comparison may be allowed) as a prize cabbage. There are persons who will make use of a pocket handkerchief when a tale of distress, from the circulating library, assails their sensibilities; but are found suddenly impecunious, or else button up their pockets, when the tale comes from a live petitioner, with a hand of flesh and blood outstretched in supplication. Richard Aust was not of this class of humanists. He would choke with emotion at the tale from the "public library;" but then, he would give—not what he could, but what he could not afford—to the helpless proprietor of the real tale. He had that intense and disproportioned love of books which is so apt to seize upon persons who are disinclined to habits of activity. As in mental disposition, so in bodily temperament, he was the reverse of his brother—being of weakly frame and horribly nervous; so nervous as to be at all points what Achilles, after dipping, was in the heel only. On the whole, he was as unfit to battle with the world as his brother was well qualified for that needful but most disagreeable task. They had each a patrimonial trifle, just sufficient to remind them that their own exertions were indispensable towards making out the means of living. Their deceased father, a member of the silk trade, had not been what is called in the city a good man; that is to say, he could not at any time have paid forty shillings in the pound; but he had borne a respectable character, and was not believed, even at the Custom-house, to have neglected any of his duties.

Early in his career John Aust "did something for himself," by catching the turn of an accident. A house was to be sold, in a good, but rather low and dirty situation. The day was a thorough pelter, the auctioneer was not Robins, and the company were a very few wet strangers, droppers-in. The presiding Jack-in-the-box, unable to squeeze out a bidding, took the initiative himself, and proposed a low sum by way of starting-point. John, a cool observer of the scene, echoed the "low figure;" the man in the mahogany resumed his eloquence at some length; nobody warmed up; the hammer descended. John tendered the deposit-money; whereupon the auctioneer, finding that he was a real bidder, and not (as he had supposed) a mere friendly buyer-in of the property, became alarmed, grew as white as his own hammer, remonstrated, and finally attempted to pass the matter off as a joke. John, however, was not to be shaken; he threatened to defend his purchase at the point of the law, prevailed, and thus obtained the house at half its real value; being enabled to rivet the affair afterwards by means of borrowed money.

As for poor Richard, he had looked out upon the wide world with the flickering optics of an owl, but could discern nothing that would suit his incapacity. He could not "cotton" to merchandize—wholesale and retail were alike indifferent to him; and with regard to the professions, they were for the most part laborious and expensive *in limine*, and of doubtful recompense in the prospect beyond:—so he fidgetted, pondered, nibbled his pen, scrawled crude couplets on stray bits of paper, and wished he could afford to wait till the tide of human affairs should throw up something in his favour. From his boyhood, while lingering over the pages of Thomson and Goldsmith, he had cherished some vague notions of becoming a poet, in

in spite of sundry remarks from friends, to the effect that poetry was extra-professional, and nobody's business. Indescribable was the flutter of excitement he had felt at his own first appearance in print—albeit in the corner of an obscure country newspaper (the something Mercury)—where his lines on a crocus made such a figure as ragged types, abominable paper, and provoking errors of the press would let them. No solid gain could have delighted Richard so much as the consciousness of having crept into actual print. But how was he to live? After some length of suspense, a sort of resource presented itself. Some boys wanted education—their father, a dry-salter in Lower Thames Street, had somehow been reading Cowper's "Tyrocinium,"—he decided in favour of the domestic affections and home-taught knowledge—but wished it done cheap. Somebody mentioned Richard Aust to him, as a very young man, likely to answer his purpose;—he sent for him—liked him—terms arranged—shilling an hour—four boys—six hours a day—Latin, French, English, Geography, Use of Globes, History, Writing—no figures—thing concluded. This (as his brother observed) was doing business, and therefore satisfactory, as far as it went. The undertaking, much as it was at variance with Richard's fancy-fed tastes and feelings, was by him conscientiously fulfilled. He managed to drive no small amount of information into the boys' heads, at the expense of many an ache to his own. The father "did" the arithmetic himself, as Richard would none of that; and thus, on the whole, the paternal plan, copied from Cowper, succeeded; but the close air and the confinement ruined the health of the lads—and so the success was naught.

John had by this time made exemplary progress in the counting house where he was engaged. His arithmetical cranium, as hard and steady as the figure-head of a merchant-ship, carried him prosperously on through the routine of office. In the commercial world there are certain situations where a discerning nose is no bad thing,—a remark, the truth of which John Aust was enabled to illustrate. His principals were a firm in the American trade; and chiefly concerned in the importation of leaf tobacco, both for themselves and as agents. Here was an opportunity for a nose to be turned to account. Accordingly John would thrust his proboscis into the heart of a sample—take a vigorous sniff, and then pronounce, to a farthing, the real market value per pound of the lot of tobacco represented by the sample. This faculty, as it may well be supposed, brought him into the best odour with his employers. From the lowest sorts of Kentucky, up to "prime, block-fat, sweet-scent Virginias," he had gained the most minute acquaintance with every variety of the Transatlantic weed. Moreover, he was as good as a broker to the firm, in hunting up connexions; and, as a letter-writer, he kept all their correspondents in good humour—that is, well advised. Commerce (it should here be observed) has its own language, of which those persons who do not form part and parcel of the trading community can make but little. With this language, however, in all its singularities of term and phrase—with this language, not to be found in books, John Aust was thoroughly conversant. His letters of advice on the state and prospects of the market, &c., were models of style, in their way—concise, exact, forcible, idiomatic—not a word thrown away—the utmost information in the smallest space—*multum in minimo*:—Tacitus himself, as a London merchant in the nineteenth century, could not do better. In short, as a business-letter-writer—and he never attempted more—John's prose compositions were admirable. With such qualifications, our commercialist soon arrived at a handsome salary for his services; nor was the offer wanting of a share in the concern—but he had seen and heard something of the dissensions which beset partnerships, and therefore declined the proposal, quitting his subordinate post shortly afterwards for a more independent line of action. His success in the matter of the house-purchase put him upon further speculations in that way, which he managed with adroitness and fortunate result—watching in particular for the "agony-point" at which overgrown builders part with their "carcases," and taking these off their hands on terms highly advantageous to himself. Cultivating, by way of friendship, such connections only as could back him with money or credit, he found means in a few years to extend his operations into various channels, with almost unvarying good fortune. He was a "firm-holder," from time to time, of such articles as afforded a reasonable prospective chance of monopoly prices. He never neglected an opportunity to "do good paper"—that is, to discount safe and genuine bills—selecting preferably those of parties who were less known on 'Change, and whose immediate necessities allowed them no right to expect accommodation at anything like the current rate of interest. Sometimes he would borrow on low, rather than not lend on high terms; and whenever he had ready money to play with (as the Jews phrase it), no man could turn it to prettier account.

The affairs of Richard, meanwhile, had fluctuated but little either above or beneath low-water mark. After finishing the sons of the dry-salter, he was for some time unemployed, save in the cultivation of the Muse, his darling pursuit. Often would he sit at the idle work of cutting out thoughts and fitting on rhymes, till he wore down the evening into the "dead waist and middle of the night," and his solitary candle became as dim and exhausted in its socket as were his poor ill-used eyes in theirs. The humility which was a part of his character did not attend him in the regions of fancy, nor check his wandering desires after poetic distinction. Measuring his chances of success rather by his wishes than by his real powers, he went striving on in the face of disappointment, refusing to take a lesson of his own poverty, or "learn conviction from his coat." Among his impediments in the career he sought, his habit of reserve was not the least. Men who would have their verses to live, and themselves to live by their verses, must at least mingle with the world, as well as commune with their own minds—Richard Aust did only the latter; what wonder, if he failed—what wonder, if he found that Odes to Sensibility and Lines on a Grasshopper were not required, and produced neither fame nor emolument? Now and then, indeed, he would arrive at getting an article inserted in some periodical work—and it is observable that a guinea realized in this way was more gratifying to him than *ten* obtained through any other means;—but, as a general fact, he had the mortification to discover that his "News from Parnassus" excited nobody's curiosity—that his "Flowers of Song" might as well never have sprung up—and that for his "Occa-

sional Verses" there was no occasion. From his brother he received very little aid or countenance; that individual being far too profoundly engaged in his own concerns to pay much attention to one whom he looked upon as lost, wholly astray, quite out of the market. Pushed by necessity, the poor rhyme-spinner accepted the post of Latin tutor at "Menticultural Mansion," a classical and commercial academy not far from Turnham Green, where he hoped for a taste of rurality in the intervals that might be spared to him from the drudgeries of declension, conjugation, construing, parsing, and correcting exercises. The master of this establishment, who was a person of shallow wit but lofty deportment, had a Roman nose, and twin sons, Romulus and Remus. Whether he was led by his Roman nose to the adoption of these names for his offspring, or how otherwise, it was vain to inquire: certain it is, that he was proud equally of his facial promontory and his family members. He denominated himself the *didaskalos;* while the elder boys, in their alternative office of weekly monitors, enjoyed the title of hebdomadal supervisors. Here Richard soon found himself in a false position, but stood his ground with a gentle patience as long as he was able. He was eye-measured by the master, snubbed by the mistress, wondered at by the servants, and quizzed and practically joked by the boys. Gunpowder was introduced into his snuffers; pins were set point upwards in his leather-covered stool; and chopped horse-hair was strewed in his bed. The intolerable insolence of Romulus and Remus capped the climax, and drove him, at the end of twelvemonths' endurance, to take up the hat of departure.

"Well!" said John to himself one day, as he sat near the fire in his office, with the *London Price Current* on his knee, and his eyes resting upon a letter outspread on the table before him—"Well! here is a pretty piece of business! So Richard has taken a wife—always the way—misery seeks multiplication. People that have nothing else to do with their wretchedness, communicate it for life to a partner. Here he writes about craving affections and communion of souls—tom-foolery! Here, Vokins! (aloud to one of his clerks), reach me that policy of the William and Sally, or I shall be late at Lloyd's.

Richard had indeed taken to himself a wife. That she was poor, was nothing extraordinary—for poverty clutches poverty, as drowning desperation grasps a twig—but it was a little strange that the helpmate whom he had found, instead of realizing in any degree the ideal standard, was Flemish-built, red-faced, and queer-tempered. Had she been, however, one of Mahomet's houris, Richard could not have loved her more devotedly than he did. Does it explain the enigma to say that Richard's nature was full of love, and that love is full of blindness?

The "Pleasures of Imagination" possess no charm which can overcome the gnawings of hunger. With a growing family, and a pair of pockets which, but for the appearance, might often as well have been worn inside-out as in the usual way, the man of verse found himself compelled to fresh exertions. These sometimes produced a hand-to-mouth pittance, but never more. Amongst them was the employment of collector of advertisements for a weekly newspaper newly started. In this vocation he walked till his limbs trembled, and talked till he was astonished at himself —using every argument he could, consistently with truth, to win the attention of those who had designs on that of the public. In spite of all his efforts, however, the advertisements came very slowly in. The hangers-on about the office of the paper told him there was not devil enough in him, and prophesied that he would never do. His capital sin, he soon found out, was the non-elasticity of his conscience. The circulation of the paper was about 700—he was expected to call it 2000, and, after a little while, was plainly informed of this expectation. His reply to the proprietor showed some spirit:—"Sir, I perceive there has been a mistake on both sides: you took me for a rogue—and I took you for an honest man. We now understand each other better—let us be strangers—good morning."

Through the urgent intervention of a friend, John Aust was at length, and with much difficulty, induced to bestow some little consideration upon his brother's case, and eventually to promise an annual grant of fifty pounds, in extenuation of his wants. Richard himself, who never complained, (though his wife did so,) was too proud to originate any such application, or willingly to sanction it; but he was not the less grateful for the aid which its success enabled him to look forward to; nor could he refrain, in his simplicity, from throwing his head and heart into a special sonnet in honour of that near relative, his very distant brother, and calling upon him expressly to present the effusion. The interview was curious.

"Now, Richard, what have you got there? More spoilt stationery, eh?—dribble, dribble, scribble, scribble!"

Richard blushed, and stammered out an explanation.

"Ay, ay, suppose you meant well—but that sort of thing, as I've told you before, does harm to yourself, and good to nobody. A copy of verses may serve to light your fire—but it's no substitute for fuel, and won't boil your pot."

Richard, as a general defence, said something about the delights of imaginative pursuits, and about some people finding it a sort of necessity to contemplate the ideal.

"People looking after the ideal! pooh, pooh—pigs looking after the wind!"

"Well, well!" said the poor sonnetteer, with a sickly effort at gaiety, "you are all for figures, whilst I am for numbers,—each to his taste. Let each ride his own hobby, with such advantage as he may."

"Be it so; but, depend upon it, poetry is all a mistake; and mark my words, Richard—that hobby of yours will one day upset you, and knock your brains out—if you can be said to have any."

With these words they parted. John did not throw the sonnet into the fire, till Richard was out of the house. When it is taken into consideration that the fraternal attachment was all on one side, the merit of this forbearance may be estimated.

Years, the tide that never ebbs, rolled on. John Aust was still busy—so busy, that the want of time was his excuse for whatever he ought to have done, and did not; for he was often heard to declare, with some emphasis, that he could never get five minutes. Before these five minutes were obtained, death overtook him. He had, however, made his will some time before; and, so far, death did not take him unawares. The grand business of his life had been accumulation;

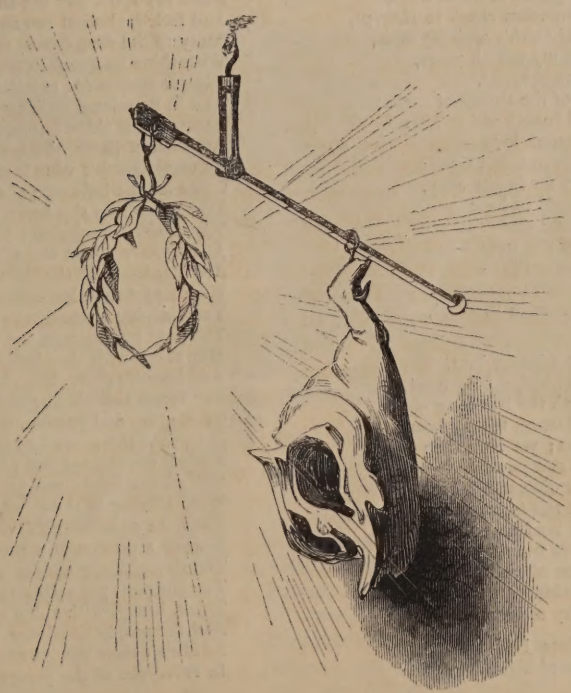
and he had never acquired the art of spending, even upon himself. His nettings, comprised in per cents., shares, bonds, and other securities, amounted to about seventy thousand pounds—one moiety of which sum was bequeathed to various hospitals and other charities; the further sum of twenty thousand pounds was directed to be placed to the account of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt; and mourning-rings were devised to sundry merchants, factors, brokers, jobbers and middle-men. In favour of his brother, the annual allowance was confirmed—to the extent, however, of thirty pounds, instead of the previous fifty—together with a mourning-ring and a ditto suit; while the residue of the property was left to the executor, a wealthy member of the Stock Exchange, by whom it was as much welcomed as it was little wanted.

Richard did not long survive, either to enjoy his brother's measure of bounty, or to prove, by further experiment, how hard it is to climb—

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

An obscure little house in the purlieus of Somer's Town contained him, his aspirations, and his family. In moments of disappointment, though he uttered no lamentations, he would sometimes confess to his wife, in the words of Shakespear, that he was "too childish—foolish for this world,"—a remark which she never contradicted. The deep and immedicable workings of his nervous temperament, aggravated by his difficulties, and by that restless habit of thinking and writing in verse which he never could forego, brought on an attack of paralysis, followed by insanity. In this state he lingered but a few weeks, and then expired—leaving behind him, for the benefit of his wife and five children, little else besides his favourite books, and his papers, or poetical remains—the latter, including his own epitaph, creditably written in smooth elegiacs, but not worth (as his brother would have said) the eighth part of a farthing. Mourning-rings he was in no condition to bequeath; yet there were not wanting, besides his own family circle, a few sorrowing hearts that cherished the remembrance of him. For the rest, had he been a better poet, his productions might have enjoyed the honours of dissection in the *Quarterly Review:* as it is, they sleep unnoticed, undisturbed.

G. D.



BY WILLIAM H. DIXON.

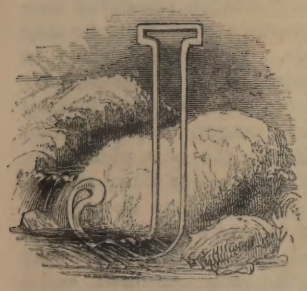
Beneath the twilight gloom of forest trees,
Whose high fantastic branches climb to Heaven,
Like the proud hopes of earth's aspiring sons;
I loved to wander from my boyish years,
Wrapt in profound and solemn reveries,
And dreams which were not of the things of earth;
And those young thoughts of beauty and of bliss—
The sweet forebodings of a human love—
Entwined and clung around those forest trees;
And my heart grew to them; for in the deep,
And awful silence, I had learned to hear
Mysterious pulses beating in the air—
Sweet voices in the waving of the wood—
A quickened motion in the inner life—
And something, which, inaudible to sense,
Spoke from the trembling silence to the soul,
In tones like thunder.

And riper years have brought a loftier love.
And stars have claimed my worship: I have sat,
And gazed upon them, through the live-long night,
And drank their soothing influence, till my heart
Expanded with their greatness; yet even then—
When glory, beauty, majesty and power,
Would woo my spirit to their distant spheres,
And the bright worlds which roll twixt us and heaven
Stood beckoning to the spirit-land beyond—
The thought of those old forest trees came back,
And with the native eloquence of earth,
Appealed to the humanity within,
And triumphed o'er the rivalry of heaven.

Midnight beneath the forest trees! Oh! man,
If thou wouldst learn the love of higher things—
Exalt thy spirit o'er the thoughts of earth—
And feel the holiest romance of the heart,
Away to the deep forest, and converse
With thine own soul in silence, and in awe.
Silence divides the spirit-land from ours:
And in its solemn stillness thou mayst glean,
Assurance of thine immortality.
Art thou of those who bend beneath the yoke,
To whom earth's wine is reachless as the stars,
Come let the influence of the *future* creep,
Like peace into thy heart, till thou forget'st.
Thy present desolation: I will teach thee hope.
And thou to whom the wine and oil of earth,
Are plenteous, as the light and air of heaven;
Here mayst thou learn life's true philosophy:
Yon starving wretch, who lives on charity,
The next pulsation in the heart of Time,
May stand with thee before the throne of God,
And bear its glory, less abashed than thou.
The forest calm is like the heaven of earth.
Care, grief, and passion, die upon its brink.
It is, as if the grave had intervened,
And all our wrongs and pains had passed away:
But all our bright and joyous memories
Were stirring in the mind. How I have loved it!
Until the constant habit of my youth
Became a passion in me, and I *felt*
The thoughtful grandeur of its solitudes,
The stillness, yet astir—the air
Thick, heavy, with a dim o'erpowering sense,
And the prophetic silence, hushed as death,
As if all nature paused and held its breath,
In reverence of the presence of its God.

A VISIT TO THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

BY MRS. POSTANS.



EAN JACQUES, as the French call him, (the "Rousseau" being understood) long ago decided, that the hills round Vevay afforded the best view of the beautiful Lake of Geneva; but in the philosopher's time that little crooked town possessed no other accommodation than what might be had in an inferior wayside auberge, whose withered bush denoted that here might be had, "Bon Vin et Bonne Biere," with such comfort as was ordinarily required by the travelling artist, who, laden with his pack, attired in peasant's frock and well nailed shoes, wandered over the beautiful land in search of novel objects for his pencil, quite satisfied with his crust of sour bread, and glass of yet more sour wine, if accompanied with views of the magnificent Alps, and their most wondrous glaciers. Now, however, the numerous visitors, who yearly going "up the Rhine," penetrate into the heart of the Swiss mountains, have with English gold, and English luxury, originated, and now support, in a manner most welcome to the "maître," one of the handsomest hotels on the Continent, whose terrace, blooming with roses and dahlias, hangs over the fair Leman, and affords from its pretty rustic seats, the most charming views of the rocks of Meillerie, the snowy peaks of the Dent D'oche, and all the fairest locale of the Nouvelle Heloise. In the early morning the fisher may be seen busied with his nets, and in the twilight, along the vine clad shores, the boat of the tourist, the artist, or the poet, skims lightly over the bosom of the deep blue waters, its white latteen sails cast out in clear relief by the dark mountains which close them in. During the sunny hours of day, however, a less picturesque object creates an interest among the loungers on the terrace of the Vevay Hotel; this is the steam-boat which runs between Geneva and Villeneuve, the two extremities of the lake. Yet as it passes by Clareno, Chillon, and the far-famed Bosquet of Julie, and is commonly crowded with German minstrels, who contribute to heighten the pleasures of association, even the steam-boat loses something of its matter of factness on the Lake of Geneva, and our voyage en route to Martigny was certainly of a very pleasurable kind. The minstrels formed cheerful smiling groups, the younger women pretty, with dark eyes, blooming cheeks, and glossy hair, (as the Germans always have it, well arranged,) and as they sang, tuned their harps or guitars, ate their little store of grapes and bread, or taught tricks to a droll canine favourite, one thought of poor Goldsmith playing his cracked flute to pay his score among the village inns, kept perhaps by the fathers of these same families; or of Mackenzie's touching tale of the aged minstrel, seeking in the busy streets the child who had been lured from his side among the stillness of her native moun-

tains; and so we made our way to Villeneuve, and on to Martigny—much dreaded Martigny! of which such tales are told, concerning its bad inns, heat, and mosquitoes, that a traveller never thinks of it without a shudder; but in fact public opinion somewhat exaggerates its miseries; for considering the little town only as a key to the touching interests of the great St. Bernard, or the majestic wonders of nature that surround the lovely Chamouni, its inns are sufficient for all purposes of refreshment and repose, while a little wareroom, filled with specimens of the exquisite wood carving for which the Swiss peasants are so celebrated, affords amusement for the idle half hour that usually precedes a traveller's repast.

On arrival, we found the Hotel de Cygne suffering from an absolute plethora of visitors; waiters sputtering French and German, all talking, scolding, and ordering in a breath, were hurrying to and fro, with white tureens of the soups peculiar to continental inns, being of that limpid quality warranted to leave no stain on the apparel over which a portion might chance to fall; while chambermaids, with velvet boddices and silver chains, were running hither and thither with piles of linen; guests in straw hats or green veils were to be seen at every window, while on the bench without, the accredited guides, with napless hats and plated badges, lounged away the time in pleasant chat, gazing with visible satisfaction on the laden travelling carriages, and mud bespattered "char à bancs," which crowded the space before the door.

Long had my interest been excited towards the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, but as I listened to the Babel of voices in the "Cygne," and surveyed the array of guides and vehicles, a chilling suspicion stole into my mind, that I had done wrong in risking any change to the feelings of reverence already received for the Monks of St. Augustin; and although the object of travel certainly is "to correct imagination by reality," yet I did not feel sure that in this case I might not be very considerably a loser, and that if I found the Hospice to have degenerated into a mere hotel for the reception of the curious, and the Monks into mere well paid aubergists, grievous disappointment would ensue, and a very considerable portion of my belief in human virtue be inevitably lost. Deeply pondering this difficulty, I entered the salle à manger, and there happily learned, that the whole party were on their way to Chamouni; and that although travellers *did* frequently ascend the St. Bernard, both in their way to Aosta, and also for the sole purpose of visiting the Hospice, yet that most considered the journey too long, and its fatigue too great to be repaid by the description of interest afforded by the Monastery of St. Bernard.

To me this indifference was incomprehensible, but rejoicing at its existence, arrangements were soon made, and the following morning, early after sunrise, a char à banc and mule were in attendance, which, ere we set forth, deserves a brief description.

The Guide Books, which, notwithstanding their professional character of dry exactness, do sometimes lead travellers astray in minor matters, are pleased to denominate this strange looking vehicle "a sofa on wheels;" but as it is commonly quite innocent of such sophisticated arrangements as springs, while its blue broad cloth linings, in these days of elastic seats and air pillows, cannot certainly deserve the name of cushions, and as the winding mountain roads, that look in the distance like a smooth ribbon, passing along wild glens and skirting the roaring torrent, are stony and somewhat rude, as the traveller will find when absolutely on them, he will, perhaps, think as I did, while jolted sideways up and down, at the jogtrot pace common to mules, that the word "sofa" is somewhat misapplied to a vehicle which requires every cloak he may possess to render it bearable. The mule destined to toil all the way to the Hospice, in its double capacity of draught and saddle, was a calm, sensible looking animal, whose experience had taught him, that when the disagreeable was inevitable, the best philosophy is to yield without remonstrance to our fate; and although in his younger days, our mule, as Jacques the guide assured us, was wont to prefer objections, both with head and heel, he had long given up what only caused him hard blows at the commencement, and a loss of dignity in the end; and he now stood, not only harnessed to the char à banc, and bearing a side-saddle on his back, but content to have a carpet bag added thereto, in lieu of a rider, having learned how ready man is to add burthen to burthen, and toil to toil, on all who are willing slaves. One might sentimentalize upon this; but as a living mule is perhaps not so good an object to employ one's superabundant sympathies on, as Sterne found a dead ass to be, let us fancy that we have entered the char à banc, and in the early hours of a breezy morning, with the newly risen sun glancing on all around, are rattling away through the Bourg of Martigny, over the little bridge, and up to the village of La Batie, where Jacques descends, and turning back with an air of triumph and an extended whip, exclaims, "Voila, Madame!" and certainly it was a scene that deserved attention. Far along in the rich valley of the Rhone, was seen the wide straight road leading to the Simplon, its distance lost upon the bright, sun-tinted horizon, with the bare and towering hills that on either side enclose the valley. On the left rises a knoll crowned with the picturesque Tower of La Batie, while on the right, beneath granite rocks, clothed with fresh leafed oaks, with dark and spiral firs, rushes the rapid Drance, which, taking its rise among the eternal snows of the Great St. Bernard, has with continued effort forced its way through rock and mountain to the bright valley of the Rhone, here perforating the granite, and falling through the rocks in foaming cascades, there wearing its way with deep and silent force, while huge forest trees, loosened at their roots, drop into its torrent, and villages fall in ruin before it: mountain scenery is apt to make one sentimental and philosophic, and therefore it was, perhaps, that the Drance, as I then looked upon it, seemed to me as a fit emblem of many, who, born in obscurity, force their powerful course along, heedless of difficulty, until a dazzling point is gained among the civilized, learned, and beautiful of the world, conquering sometimes by steady labour, and silent perseverance, and again, with a mighty will, and the force of gigantic energy, casting aside impediments which to others would stay their course for ever. On the banks of this beautiful Drance, the most delicate wild flowers spring, engendered among the mosses carpeting the dark granite; and here and there, on open spots of green sward, are clustered fruit trees laden with their produce; yet, tempting as they are, the traveller, if he is wise, will pass them by untouched, for a score of francs may be exacted for the pulling of a plum, or the trial of an unripe apple.

Three or four villages lie on the route in the first portion of the road, dirty, miserable places, the houses

mere stables, elevated on wooden platforms to preserve them during the overflow of the torrent, and the inhabitants all more or less afflicted with cretinism and goître,—diseases, however, which seem to give more pain to the spectator than to their victims in Switzerland, for the cretin, in the sheltered villages of his lovely valleys, is cared for like the idiot of the East—an amiable superstition inducing the belief, that those deprived of the usual gifts of nature are especially under the care of good spirits, who watch over their safety and of that of all who show them kindness—the result being, that a cretin is eagerly sought for as an inmate, and the villagers rival each other in their kindness to the helpless creature who is supposed to bring good fortune to their hearth. Although the diseased with goître do not enjoy the same good, yet the victims seem little sensible of their condition, and in several of the villages exhibited a mirth serving only to excite a stronger sense of the revolting character of this terrible affliction.

In conformance with the modern Swiss custom of levying as much "black mail" as may be from the passing stranger, at the door of every log hut in the villages through which we passed stood little children, with gentle smiles and timid glances, hoping by a pretty curtsey to win the desired "batzen." When thrown, the little mendicant, without acknowledgment, scampered away to place the coin in its mother's hand; but if refused, the modest manner too often changed to a loud laugh, the timid glance was forgotten in a rustic jest upon the English traveller; and as we passed along, every moment gave us fresh reason to admire the wonderful, majestic, and touching character of the scenery, and to commiserate the condition of the people; and thus in due time we arrived at Liddes, the hamlet where the traveller abandons his char à banc, and commences either his pedestrian labours, or avails himself, as in my case, of the back of a rough-paced, hard-mouthed mule.

There is a little inn at Liddes, called the "Union," where those who are on their way to the Hospice usually encounter travellers upon their return. There the mule is fed and rested, and the char à banc left in charge; while sour bread, delicious butter, with the etceteras of a common dinner, are served by the hostess, who wears the peculiar costume of the Canton—a short petticoat and boddice, with something like the Welsh hat, but with the addition of a broad coloured ribbon, puffed round the crown. The salle à manger of the Union, with its two long green baize covered tables, and its dirty walls decorated with bad prints of various apocryphal incidents in the private and public life of Napoleon, soon proved so very uninteresting, that in self defence we sought the common resource of the idle, and looked out of the window to beguile the time, but the scene was one common to all Swiss villages. The opposite houses were built of logs supported upon rude platforms; behind them was a steep, fir-clad hill, and peeping above it appeared a distant snowy peak; abundance of cut firs lay in the rugged way, and the sound of a waterfall reached us from afar. The street presented little to entertain; now and then a sturdy peasant, armed with a stout pole, went by on a sleek and active mule; a large cow with a huge leather collar, and a bell attached to it, sonorous enough for a village church, lounged by in search of pasture; or a poor creature, frightfully afflicted with goître, sat in the sun, employing herself with knitting. Under these circumstances there was, perhaps, some excuse for the scribblings that attracted our attention on the window frame beside us, among which some idler, more facetious than the rest, had inscribed—"The Marquis of Carabbas left Liddes on the 27th July, accompanied by one pair of boots, one umbrella, and two sticks,"—a description very generally applicable. Weary, however, of gazing on our muddy char à banc, I left the salon, and seeing a second door similarly inscribed, opened it; but the same moment proved to me that I was an intruder, for in the centre of the room stood a peasant with a white mantle draped toga-wise over his form, an ornamented baton in his hand, and a broad piece of light blue ribbon, fastened with a huge bouquet of artificial flowers round his hat. Hastily closing the door, I returned to the window of the first room, and soon saw the same person pass out, followed by a pretty young woman, gaily attired in a light blue petticoat, with a garland of roses around her festal hat. She carried under her arm a large basket, the contents concealed by an embroidered silk coverlet, adorned with bouquets of orange blossoms; but I afterwards found that it contained a baby, and the ceremony had been one of baptism. In two hours Jacques and the mule were ready to proceed, the saddle having a sort of rail round the back, which answered two purposes, one being to support the rider in ascending steep roads, and the other to secure thereto the carpet bag, portfolio, cloak, umbrella, and climbing poles; and when this baggage was duly attached, it was not remarkable that the mule proceeded rather slowly,—the more so, perhaps, that he had not quite shaken off the slumber he had indulged in at Liddes. However, the road was too beautiful to render the pace of the mule of much consequence, for it led along the left bank of the Drance, with lofty mountains on either side, crowned and clothed with noble firs, and intersected by mountain torrents. As we proceeded, the scenery grew more wild, yet there were rich slopes of green sward, and bright sunny tranquil spots even amid the torrent's roar and the huge blocks of granite, from the fissures of which sprang soft moss, the mountain violet, and the Alpine rose. Then again the path grew more rugged, and gradually descended, until the last chalet or canteen was reached, and here Jacques, who had long shown symptoms of fatigue, by availing himself of the support of the poor mule's tail over the hilly and rugged portions of the way, paused, and drew the weary animal under the shelter of the chalet.

It is to this point that the monks of the Great St. Bernard, during the severities of winter, direct their steps, for between this and the Hospice lie the great dangers. The whole character of the scenery here changes; no longer rich in foliage and mountain vegetation, the majestic and the beautiful mingling together, the torrent rushing among wild flowers, and the towering rock clothed with the fir and oak; all is bare, desolate, full of terror-inspiring and sublime effects; the ground is a mass of shattered granite, the mountains crowned with clouds are covered with dark stained glaciers, and the Drance flows under blocks of snow, which here and there conceal it wholly. A little farther on a low shed-like building, with grated window looking to the valley, attracted our attention to the old Morgue, but it now contains only a few remains of skeleton bodies, some broken vessels, and large masses of blackened snow. We passed on, and soon came to large beds of snow, in the centre of which

footmarks, not always distinctly seen, left an uncertain path, but here and there tall poles directed the traveller on his way, or marked the points of danger. Lesser beds of snow were then passed, the guide first carefully trying the solidity of the path, and then drawing forward the mule, who sometimes sunk nearly to his knees, or slipped several feet upon its surface; it was altogether wearying; and safe as the way in reality was during the summer season, in full daylight, and with an experienced guide, yet the constant fall of snow echoing from the neighbouring hills, the rushing sound of the under flow of water, with the desolate appearance of all around, produced a vague idea of danger, which, combined with the intense cold, was decidedly painful; however, a short period more of fatigue and labour brought us to a bed of snow lying between two hills, and formed by avalanches from both, eighty feet in depth, and of the most dazzling whiteness; this we crossed, and ascending slowly and with much difficulty the slippery ascent beyond it, we saw, crowning the height, the lone Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

On the steps of the Hospice, watching our approach, stood a monk, dressed in the costume of his order,—a long black dress, buttoned from the neck to the shoe, with a sash around the waist; a tall cap, finishing with a tuft, and a narrow white band passing over the shoulder—a badge distinguishing the St. Augustins. From the monk's side, bounding as if in welcome to the strangers, came three dogs, in colour red and white, large limbed and muscular, with short, falling ears and full eyes, deep with intelligence, in interest almost rivalling the master who now called them to him. The monk greeted us with benignant courtesy, and seeing our weary condition, proposed at once to show us to a dormitory. The corridors, three in number, are of stone, of considerable dimensions; and from either side open the small doors of the sleeping apartments. The monk, after showing us into one, left us; and in a few seconds a servant appeared with materials for a fire and a bottle of excellent claret, intimating that dinner would be served at six o'clock. The dormitory was a long, narrow room, with beds of scrupulous cleanliness, a fireplace, drawers, small looking-glass, and a few coloured drawings of the Monastery from various points of view; while the window looked on the building erected as a place of refuge in case of fire, and on the snows of the opposite hill, whose avalanches had more than once shattered every window in the Hospice. From the dormitory we descended to the museum, where we found the monk who had received us. It contains valuable and curious geological specimens, with the mineralogy generally of the Alps, chiefly collected and presented by travellers, as well as many fine specimens of eagles and vultures, with a chamois prepared in great perfection. While admiring the beauty of the various subjects of natural history, which the monk who had particular charge of them was good enough to take great pains to explain, I availed myself of the opportunity of describing to him the Monastery or Hospice of Denodur, in the province of Cutch, on the northern coast of Western India, where monks, possessing certain property and rank, had taken the vows of passing life in acts of practical benevolence, without reference to the rank or creed of the objects of their philanthropy, but feeding the hungry and giving rest to the weary, without inquiring into aught but their necessity. The monk was evidently interested; and while he inquired much concerning their religious tenets, costume, and habits of life, he seemed disposed to yield respect and sympathy to the band of brothers in the East, who, although they wore saffron-coloured robes, with large circles of glass or agate inserted in their ears, and followed the dictates of an unenlightened superstition, yet sacrifice health, society, and all the ties of domestic life, to pass every hour in doing good; and when I told him that the prince of the land acknowledged as his superior the chief monk of Denodur, the countenance of the St. Augustin grew deeply reflective, and he said, he "should well like to know more of this."

Evening had commenced, however, and the climate was intensely cold; the monk, therefore, with the attentive courtesy which marks their every action, requested me to accompany him to the dining-room, in which was placed a long table for the repast, while the hearth glowed with blazing logs. From this room opens one smaller, but full of interest. It contains the various tokens of gratitude and remembrance sent to the monks by those who were worthy of their attention; and a cabinet is thus formed, which includes, together with pictures, engravings, medals, and coins, some very valuable relics of Egyptian antiquity. Mr. Landseer's celebrated engraving of the Monks and their Dogs was most attractive; but the monks smiled and shook their heads at the cloak and flask, as partaking a little too much of the romantic; for these men, whose whole life is a romance to others, are themselves all simplicity and *fact*.

The books of the Hospice afford another source of interest to the traveller whose eye loves to mark the names of the wise, the good, the amiable, and the talented, who, like himself, have been attracted to this spot of hallowed interest; but it was with deep regret that I noted many pages stained by the offensive remarks of Englishmen, who should have blushed to have written themselves such; and I rejoiced that a want of acquaintance with our language prevented our courteous hosts from knowing how unworthy had many proved who had been the objects of their hospitality.

Our dinner was excellent and abundant, the wine of the first quality, and the hospitality of the monks who presided took the character of kindly and courteous men of the world. Both were young, and evidently abounding in health and vigour. One had passed ten and the other eight years in the Hospice, and seemed devoted to the life they had embraced. Some impression had been made on my mind, to the effect, that the extreme rigour of the climate at this extraordinary height of one thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, had the effect of shortening the usual duration of life, and that few of the monks attained even middle age; but I found that, on the contrary, the clear, bracing atmosphere induced and supported remarkable vigour in the constitution, a fact proved by two out of the seven brethren at the Hospice having lived there for twenty years in perfect health, and two of the monks being still living who had occupied the Monastery in 1800, when Napoleon passed into Italy. One of these venerable fathers is eighty years old, and resides at Martigny, a spot to which the brethren resort in case of illness or for change of air.

After dinner we drew round the blazing fire, and the conversation naturally fell upon the instinct and character of the dogs. There are at present only five that are perfectly trained and to be depended upon, the largest and oldest of whom is called "Drapeau;" but,

singularly enough, this intelligent and powerful animal, who, like his masters, is devoted to the succour of human beings, and will bear a child between his jaws with the utmost tenderness, is so savage towards those of his own species and the brute creation generally, that he is carefully muzzled, having killed no less than three young dogs, two calves, and many sheep during last winter. At night the dogs are secured in a kennel, and at times require severe correction, which is always given by a particular monk, of whom the dogs are very fond. The pups are instructed when very young, by teaching them to dig in the snow for pieces of meat which are buried there; but the monks believe their instinct to be providential, and quite independent of training or other human assistance. On several occasions the monks have been induced to try the Newfoundland breed; but they were found to be deficient in instinct, and also that their long hair became matted with snow and impeded them perpetually. The short-haired breed, now known as the St. Bernard dogs, are originally of a Danish origin.

One of the monks, in answer to my inquiries, mentioned a circumstance which occurred last winter, and as eminently characteristic of the inexplicable instinct of the dogs, deserves record. A brother, with three servants and two of the dogs, seeing it likely that a storm would come on, in which all chance travellers would be in danger, left the Hospice, and descended the mountain, in the direction of the last châlet. After considerable search, it was proposed to return, but the storm had commenced; the snow, which in these regions sometimes rises like a fine dust obscuring every object, now prevented the possibility of seeing the path, and the party trusted as usual entirely to the dogs to lead them in safety to the Hospice. Still the dogs persisted in leading forwards on a road that the monk felt certain was not that of the Hospice, and several times he turned, as if to communicate his doubts to the dogs, but they refused to advance, and bounded back on the doubtful route. The monk and his servants then determined to be guided by them; and scarcely had they done so, when an avalanche fell upon the road which the monk had from the first believed to be that of the Hospice, and which indeed it was; then following their preservers, the party, by an untrod way, arrived late but in safety at the Hospice. The monk also mentioned, that in case of requiring to cross snow of doubtful solidity, the dogs uniformly crossed it backwards and forwards, until the loose portions became fixed and a path secure, when they returned to the feet of their master, who felt no hesitation in following them.

At daybreak the following morning we were awakened by the deep-toned voices of the monks chaunting their matins—the priests of this great altar of benevolence consecrating to their Creator their daily sacrifice; all else was still, life and nature alike locked in icy slumber; and as it was raised on high, the voice of prayer and praise rang through the vast Hospice, and found its echo in the surrounding mountains. The chapel is large, and well fitted after the Catholic taste, which may perhaps appear too fanciful and gorgeous, when contrasted with the plain simplicity of the rest of the Hospice, but one yet reverences the feeling, that in conformity with opinion bestows on a spot dedicated to religious service all that is supposed to be most worthy to do it honour. It may be that to the eye of a Protestant, the waxen effigies, the garlands of artificial flowers, the emblazoned missals, the glasses and paintings in the chapel at St. Bernard, may be unpleasing; but when the visitor glances on the bare oak seats, and the morsel of sheep's skin which is the only luxury of those who, late and early, in the depth of winter and among eternal snows, there meet to dedicate the life of every hour to heaven's service—the deepest reverence is the only feeling that can occupy the mind, and the great principle of self abnegation there enshrined renders all else sacred.

There is also a library, well stored with the best French and German works on natural science, history, and religion; on the reading desk I observed some copies of a work on Switzerland, written and illustrated by a young Frenchwoman, and dedicated to the monks of St. Bernard, the profits of the publication being for the uses of the Hospice. I was glad also to find, that most catholic authors send copies of their works to the superior, and that the treasury of the monks was in a very flourishing state. The library seemed their only luxury, and the monks never left the Hospice without a book, which formed the companion of their solitary walk. They are all men of education and studious habits; and while they are courteous to the stranger, humble before heaven, and tender to all in need, there is a dignity of manner, a gentlemanly bearing, and an independence of thought about these recluses, which I was scarcely prepared to meet, highly as I had ever reverenced the motives of their separation from the world.

During breakfast I was grieved at not again seeing the monks who the evening before had dined with us, but they had gone in their out-door costume, accompanied by the dogs, to visit a farm that they have at some distance; for in the winter they depend almost entirely upon its produce for support, as the necessity becomes pressing of economising the supplies which are laid in from Aosta; and although the monks present to their guests every thing required for the most abundant table, and their liberality, far from being grudgingly given, or of necessity, includes delicacies as well as usual food, good wine, rich liqueurs, dried fruits, and fine coffee, with which to refresh the weary, or restore the strength of the suffering, yet the table of the refectory bears little but the simple produce of the farm on which the monks subsist, reserving all else that they procure, with considerable expense, for the wants or gratification of their guests.

I was anxious to see the Morgue, situated now close to the Hospice; and with Drapeau as our companion, we proceeded thither, accompanied by a servant, who, as a matter of choice, had spent ten years in attendance at the Monastery. As the huge dog bounded over the snow, with all the playfulness of a pup, the servant told us, that there were but few of the bodies in the Morgue, that Drapeau had not been instrumental in saving, and that in one case where an avalanche had fallen on a whole family who were coming up from Aosta, the dog had persevered in his search, long after the monks had abandoned it, and had himself exhumed a woman and child with extraordinary labour and perseverance. Barry, the most celebrated dog of St. Bernard, was fortunate enough to have saved the lives of fifteen persons, but he was now dead, and we had seen his skin preserved in the museum at Berne; but Drapeau was a worthy successor, and an animal of extraordinary strength as well as instinct.

On reaching the Morgue, a low building with a door and window of grated iron, and erected in the midst of deep snow which reached almost to the roof, I looked

in, and the idea of the horrible certainly predominated. Bodies, and remnants of bodies, partially clothed in tattered linen, rested against the walls, or laid piled together upon the ground, much as they do in a public mummy pit in Egypt, while one figure alone possessed that distinctive, individual look which reminded me of the capuchin dead at Syracuse, and proved that extreme cold and intense heat have a similar effect in drying and preserving the human skeleton. The figure of which I speak was altogether a very remarkable one; it stood in a dark corner, but the light from the open window fell directly upon its form, which, with crossed hands, seemed to lean upon a staff, while the skeleton face was turned full on the spectator with an expression that seemed as if life, and the tattered shroud fell around the skeleton with a strange grace scarcely resembling the last garment of the dead. The head, inclined forward as in an attitude of attention, had an air so remarkable, that had the bones where lips once had been begun to move, and the dry tongue to articulate reproaches against the curiosity of the stranger, I am not sure that my first feeling would have been surprise, so fitting would speech have seemed to a form thus perfect in its mute expression.

Soon after breakfast we left the Hospice of Mount St. Bernard, and my feeling was that of increased respect for the monks, as well as that lingering regard for the spot itself, which easily explained the affection which distinguished the feelings of those, who had, from strong principles of religious benevolence in early life, or other powerful circumstances, been induced to abandon scenes of social life for a residence on this lone mountain. And as I turned to look at the tall Hospice, rearing its sheltering roof amongst the eternal snows, terrible as the solitude might seem to some, I felt little surprise at a local attachment, which, independently of higher and purer objects, bound the affections of the brotherhood to the scene of this their labour.

Two young Englishmen had walked from Martigny the day before and without a guide; the result was that they arrived late in the evening at the châlet, so overcome by fatigue, that they were compelled to lie down in the snow several times before they could recover strength to proceed on to the St. Bernard. At last they arrived, guided by the staves, but wearied nearly unto death. Comforts of every description were immediately prepared by the kind monks for their refreshment, and seldom, I fancy, have been more appreciated than by these chilled and foot-sore travellers.

As for Jacques, he was in high spirits, for the monks had fed the old mule until he was absolutely frisky, and Jacques himself had enjoyed roast mutton, bread, fruit, and wine for supper, and a basin of hot soup for breakfast; it was therefore with sufficient reason that the worthy muleteer preferred the route of St. Bernard to that of Chamouni, and always recommended it to travellers.

In leaving the Hospice, the road seemed to offer more difficulties than it had even done during our ascent, and we were glad to follow the steps of two poor women who were driving back a mule that had carried fuel to the Hospice. Firing is a considerable article of expense to the monks, as wood is only procurable at a distance of ten miles, suitable for the purpose, and mule carriage adds materially to its value. The monks begin to lay in their winter store of logs in July, although, of course, firing is always required, as a night was never known in which the thermometer did not fall below freezing point on the St. Bernard, while rain and fog, even during the summer, increase the sensation of intense cold. As I watched the short crimson stuff petticoats, and the ribboned hats of the women, as they sturdily drove their active mule over the shining snow, some surprise arose in my mind, that for so small a sum as they probably received, they could be induced to a work of so much labour, and perhaps danger; but I found that the path is too well known to the mountaineers, to create the slightest alarm; while such is the general reverence for the monks, that peasants living as far away as Liddes and its neighbouring villages constantly attend chapel service in the Hospice, and return the following day; an abundant meal is prepared every Sunday for thirty persons, and the peasants consider the visit as one of their dearest privileges.

In descending, it was curious and interesting to observe the gradual change in the scenery, incident to particular elevations. After quitting the Mount, where every gorge is filled with snow, every peak is an "icy palace," and where nought meets the eye but the wild desolate regions of eternal snow, sparkling and unstained—it is observed, that the snow is less pure in colour, and occasionally severed into huge blocks, beneath which flows a rapid torrent: farther yet, and the bold granite wholly casts off its mantle, and is dotted with the dark blue heart'sease; then again appears a stream, calmly flowing in its bright bed, among moss and lichen, the tender blue-bell, the delicate forget-me-not, and the glowing Alpine rose; while every mile vegetation increases in its beauty, until majestic rocks appear clothed with oak and fir, beneath which the peasant mows rich grass upon the verdant meadows, and the yellow corn ripe for harvest waves among wild fruit trees laden with their produce.

It has been my fate to see much of various modes of life, and many countries; to have visited mountains considered holy by superstition, and those really so by the revelations of true religion. Some I have seen crowned with ice, and others pouring forth volcanic fire; some selected as the abiding places of devotees, existing in caves and holes in the earth, like wild beasts, and others selected for the retirement of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. I have learnt to respect the Jani devotee, toiling through almost interminable forests to worship his Creator on the sacred mounts of Western India, and the monk of Denodur, giving freely in his Hospice to all who asked it; yet the strongest interest that had ever been awakened in my mind, fell far short of that which I experienced for the St. Augustin Brethren of St. Bernard, on my return from this visit to their Hospice, for theirs is the active, long-suffering, yet cheerful and reasoning benevolence of learned, intelligent men, who, follow with the zeal of sincerity, that truth, whose linked evidence appeals to the judgment of all who believe in it.

From St. Bernard, I afterwards visited Chamouni, Mont Blanc, and the Mer de Glace—sublime natural effects, which are unrivalled in the world; but while their interest is principally scenic, that of St. Bernard is touchingly moral; and I would say, let all who desire better to respect their fellow-men, and to learn the full extent of pure benevolence, induced by a sincere faith, visit the Great St. Bernard, and reverence the virtue which will be found there; for the traveller will return, I think, both a more reflective and a kinder natured man, well repaid for the labour he has undergone.

THE FAIRY'S FOSTER-MOTHER,

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

BY THE LATE JOHN L'ESTRANGE.

It is a well ascertained and duly acknowledged doctrine by the professors of fairyism, that there is nothing which the "good people" are so anxious about as the providing an earthly nurse for their offspring; and there is not, as these same gifted professors will tell you, a "knowledgeable ould woman from Wexford to Athlone, but can tell you that it is the most dangerous and unlucky thing in the world to leave a lying-in-woman or a corpse for a moment alone." How this analogy is made out the initiated alone can prove, but numerous are the stories, and most "incredibly attested," which they adduce relative to "poor women" being taken away from the arms and love of their husbands and families, and doomed to spend the remainder of their days in the gloomy caverns of the earth, treated as slaves and drudges by their captors, until their allotted time is come. What particular end is answered, in the moral and political economy of fairyland by this fostership I never could get satisfactorily explained, but the following from the lips "of sybil sage and old," is one of the many wonders in the history of fairy abductionism which may go far in proof of the general principle. I shall endeavour to give it in the peculiar and characteristic style of the narrator, that it may the better convey the turns of thought and expression with which the people clothe their belief in superstitions of this kind, and confident that it would lose much by any attempt at a translation.

"Sure, then, you know the ould Forth of Ballinderry that stands all covered with trees and bushes, about fifty perches from the town of Mullingar. It is as beautiful a spot as you could wish to sit in on a summer's day—so lonely, and wild, and green and shady—down below you lies the road to Kilbeggan, always a foot deep with dust or mud; on your right is the decent town itself, and its *colloguin* (gossiping) men and women; to your left is the sweet *Lough Innuel*, with its calm blue waters and deep hanging woods, its green islands and boggy shores, not forgetting the muddy Brosna that winds its sluggish way through moss and moor until it buries itself in the limpid waters of the Lake through which the ripple of its waves can be traced for nearly a mile on a calm day. Of all the places in Christendom for the 'good people,' that Forth of Ballinderry beats them out. Och, ochone, many a queer turn has happened in the same Forth; and well Mick Mulryan has cause to remember the same, aye, to the day that he'll close his eyes on the light of the blessed day in this wicked world. God betune us and harm! Amin! Amin!

"Now Mick himself (that's when he was young) was one of the decentest and purtiest boys in the parish, and mighty quiet to boot; for barrin' the football and the dance, and the faction fights with the long Doyles and Mullowneys, a skrimmage or two at a wake, and an odd squabble on his own account, his name was never brought up afore the Justice or his Reverence, and very fond of him the same priest was, considering a poor farming boy like him; and when his reverence would ride over to the end of the parish, not a house in the place would his horse stop at but Mick's; and who'd blame the beast, when it's a good reason he had for the same?—for it's there he'd get the genteel usage and plenty of the same, and if there was a good feed of oats to be got for love, money, or

stealing, you may be sure the priest's horse would have it. Them were the good ould times when you might make as free with your neighbour's share as your own. Och, ochone, but the world is changing; often I heard my mother say the same—the goodness be marciful to her bones in the ground—the cross about us all, and why not? Amin! Amin!

"Mick, you see, was an *olphan* (orphan) by reason of the death of his father, who left him a snug, well-stocked farm, round the hill above at *Boreen-a-Corp* (the Road of the Dead); and, by the blessed hazel stick in my hand, Mick was the boy to make the best of it, let alone his ould *collough* (hag) of a mother. Well, I knew her, *Breed rua* (red Bridget); she was the fag end of a long ancient family, and many a worthy and wealthy farmer would be right proud to accept Mick as a son-in-law; but Mick knew his own business best, and what's more natheral, seein' that there was one he loved better than the rest of the world beside, and that was Maihri M'Dermott, the poor widow's daughter. Yes, she was poor, but she was honest; and poverty was no treason in them days any how. They played in the same fields together when they were children; they sought together for the nests of the robin and the yellow-breast; they went to the same school; and Mick was always Maihri's partner in the dance. He loved her as he loved the breath of his body or the light of his eyes, and she loved him as a modest girl should love her promised husband. A sweet creature she was, with blushes like the wild rose in the hedge; lips like the ripe berries of the woodbine; and her yellow hair curling round her white neck. Och, ochone, the ould times were the times in earnest; where can you find the people now like those that are gone? The world is growing worse and worse every day. *Och wira sthrue* (oh! the sorrow it is). What will it come to at last, *farier gear* (to be regretted)?"

It were, I fear, a tiresome task to follow my old historian through all the episodes and ramifications of her tale—enough to say at once that Mick and his Maihri were married, and that the wedding was the grandest affair that could be imagined; and that the lives of the happy pair passed as a pleasant summer's day, without a single cloud to dim its brightness, until it was time to think of making preparations for a christening.

"And now comes the worst part of my story," as we again take up the thread of our tale; "for nothing would take Mick from the wish of bringing poor Maihri into Mullingar behind him on the ould mare with a nice straw *soogaun* (low seat) twisted neatly under her for a pillian. They bought the tay and the sugar for the nursetindher and the neighbours, the good whiskey and the wine for the priest, though, by my good faith, his reverence was neither backward nor behindhand when a jug of punch was singing on the table before him.

"Well, Mick and Maihri were jogging home, thinking of nothing in the wide world, when just as they came to the bridge over the stream at the cross roads, the ould mare that you'd think could hardly draw her skin and heels along with her, made a sudden snort and a bounce. 'Hoo, the sorrow go with you for an ould garron, what the puck's coming over you?' sez Mick, but the ould mare only gave another caper, and a wheel about on the road. 'Arrah, the devil sweep you, you ould *omadhaun*' (fool), sez he, again, 'what's getting into you? Grip me hard, Maihri, *avourneen* (my darling); throw your arm about me, and I'll give her a taste of the stick. *Ha veehonie* (vagabond), take that,—and that,—and that; hold hard, Maihri, what's the matter with the ould blackguard? Its more of it she wants, there then,—and there,—and there; now will you go on? Hold hard, Maihri.'

"'Oh stop, Mick, jewel,' sez she, 'till I get down, and then you can lead her quietly over.'

"'*Duoul Cush*' (devil a foot), sez he, 'I wouldn't please her, the rip. I wouldn't satisfy the ould stag to let you walk an inch; just hold me tight, and devil a danger, I'll take the sulks out of her. Now get on there with you; you wont, wont you? well then, here's at you again. Keep your grip, Maihri, *agra*' (my love).

"In this way he fell to murdering the ould mare, but in spite of all he could do, she wouldn't budge an inch, but backed right into the ditch; and when she felt the thorn bushes, she kicked out like a mad thing, and squeeled and reared, till at last she fairly tossed Maihri off, and Mick on top of her, into the middle of the stream; and there she was—*Och! wira eelish* (oh! the grief of heart), what sufferings poor women are born to go through—Lord lighten the burden on the overloaded! Amin! Amin!

"Mick was ravin' like a madman, when he saw his Maihri out of one faint into another. Some of the neighbours came round him, to put patience into him, and carried Maihri into the next house. The doctor was sent for in all haste, but in about half an hour after giving birth to a beautiful boy, she departed. They laid her out and waked her where she was, and a pleasant plentiful decent wake he gave her, sure enough, and a crowded funeral she had; for, as I said before, they belonged to the ould antient race all out, and they buried her below in Lynn, by the edge of the Lake—a cold spot it is to be buried, too, by the same token—no trees about it to make it comfortable; but the wind sweeps over it across the lake, and whistles and groans among the falling walls of the old church, like the shivering ghosts of the dead.

"You see, Mick couldn't abide to look the ould mare straight in the face ever after, so sould her away. He wanted to get a nurse for the child, but his mother got so fond of it, that she kept it, and said she'd manage to nurse it herself. And so she did, and a fine child it grew, and throve out o' the face. *Och, ochone!*—but sure miracles will never cease; the more we live the longer we know—who can tell how they are to die—many a day in the grave on us, and its well to be prepared. Lord have mercy on me, a sinner! Amin! Amin! *Och, amonum beg* (oh! my poor soul).

"In about three or four months after this *scaal-a-chree* (heart burning,) Mick sez to his mother, one night—'Mother, dear,' sez he, 'I intend pushing purty early for the fair of Multifarnham in the morning, to look after a baste in place of that bad luck of a devil I had. My curse, and the curse of—'

"'Don't curse Mick, *avick*' (my son), sez she, 'but let all your luck go with her.'

"'Well, I won't curse the unlucky limb of mischief,' sez he; 'but bake a cake for me, and leave it with

some milk and butter on the dresser, and I'll just break my fast afore I start, and take a trifle with me.'

"'I will, I will, *a gra gal*' (my white love), sez she, 'and the Lord may speed you, and send you safe home, Mick, dear!'

"Now, you see, the bed in which Mick slept was in a room that looked towards the kitchen, so that when he was not asleep with his head on the bolster, he could see all about the house. His mother slept in a settle near the fire, and the child in the cradle beside her. Now Mick, being more than common uneasy in his mind this night, couldn't rest by no manner of means, but tossed and tumbled, thinking of his own Maihri. The fire upon the hearth had blazed up from the ashes which was pressed over it, and flashed about, so that he could see every thing in the house nearly as plain as if the blessed sun was shining. Suddenly the door opened, as if of its own free will; and who should he see walk in about the floor but his Maihri. His heart beat loudly against his breast; he could scarcely breathe, though his mouth was wide open; and he could do nothing but stare and gaze, and yet he did not feel as one afeard. 'It's her ghost,' thinks he, 'it's the creature's spirit, it is, that's wandering about in thribelation and sorrow; but well I know it's not to do any harm, she visits them she loved so well when she was amongst them, and who would give up their life to save hers. But may be it's not right for me to speak first, it might disturb her errand. I'll wait and see what she'll do.'

"She walked over towards the fire-place, took the Granny's *seestha* (straw chair) and seated herself beside the cradle. She then stirred and settled up the fire as natural as any living Christian, and taking up the child she put it to her breast? 'Oh! Christ Jesus,' thought Mick, 'what's this for!' The poor infant when it felt her touch crowed and nestled into her bosom like a little bird under his mother's wing, and seemed to rejoice as if it knew the kindness of the heart that beat against its little cheek. After some time she stood up, put some water into a deep wooden bason, and stripped the child quite naked. '*Curp na Chreestha*' (body of Christ), said he to himself, 'will she drown her own *paustha bra* (child for ever)? and he was ready to leap almost out of his skin with fear and wonder. But the creature never was unnatural, and dead or alive she had the tindherness to the last. She washed the child from head to foot in the water, dried it, warmed it, and put on its clothes; then she again placed it to her breast, and silently rocked it backwards and forwards till it went to sleep, and then she carefully covered it up in the cradle—and what makes the affair more wonderful, the infant never whimpered, or shed a tear. 'Och, the blessing of holy Saint Crum be about us!' thought Mick, 'but that bangs Bannagher, and Bannagher banged the devil; but the goodness of God is beyond expectation.'

"When she settled all as she found it, she stood up and went over to the dresser, where finding the bread and milk, she began to eat as ravenous as one that didn't see victuals for a year and a day. When she was going out, she gave a long mournful look up into the room where Mick was lying, and gave a sigh from her very heart's core enough to break a heart of stone. Och the Lord may send light to all souls in darkness! for we are ordered to pray for the enemy as well as the friend. *Sha dha vaha wera na thalawntha na grashtha, &c.* (Hail, Mary, full of grace, &c.); Och, Amin! Amin! oh!

"You might take your oath on the height of yourself of Testaments and Bibles that Mick didn't sleep much more that night, so got up brave and early, and the very first beggarman or woman that came to the door, he gave them the remainder of the bread and milk.

"'Ah, then, Mickle, *vich machree* (son of my heart),' sez the mother, 'I thought you were in Multifarnham by this time.'

"'I was thinking so myself,' sez Mickle, 'but I was thinking after that I'd do without a beast for a while longer;' and observing the ould woman turning her beads, 'had you not best,' sez he, 'say a *Pater* and *Ave* for the rest of poor Maihri's soul,' sez he; 'that's if your're not too much taken up with your own concerns!'

"Why, then, bad luck to my soul,' sez she, 'if ever I miss that same, night and morning, on my two knees.'

"The next night Mick stopped awake, on purpose to see if she would appear to him again; and true as the blessed sun, about the very same hour, she made her appearance as visible as before, opened the door, came in, went to the fire, took up the child, washed and dressed it, hushed it to sleep in her bosom, and laid it in the cradle. She then turned to the dresser, but, as there was nothing left for her to eat, she went away very mournful. 'Faix, there must be something in this beyond my comprehension,' sez Mick; 'but I'll soon untwist the turnings of it, if there's knowledge in the parish; and if all fails me, I'll try father Fatterill; the Lord save us from harm! sure I think he'd do as much for me as any other poor boy in the barony.' He rose early in the morning without telling any person about the trouble that was like a fire in his heart; he turned his face and his feet towards the cabin of *Shuawn na mona* (Judith of the bog), the fairy woman. She lived alone in a moss-covered cabin, in the wild bog of Lynn. Many a bad story is told concerning doings with the good people, and many an ill turn laid at her door, now that she's dead, by those that may be would not say it to her face, if she was alive to contradict them, or put the blast on them, or the lameness, or the blindness; and sure we're ordered not to speak ill of the dead,—if we can't do them a good turn, let us not do them a bad one, for

'Many a could day
We owe to the clay,'

and not one of them paid yet. Lord straighten the path for the poor sinner! Amin! Amin! sweet *Breedth na thinna*'* (Bridget of the fire).

"However, they said she knew more than she ought, or than what was good for her soul. Mickle stopped as he drew near to the cabin door, for he thought he heard the old woman talking to some person inside, and sez he to himself—'I'll not go in yet, for may be I'd only disturb the company.' He waited some time, but seeing no person come out, he ven-

* The ever-burning shrine of St. Bridget, Kildare.

tured nearer to the door. 'You're welcome, Mick Mulryan,' sez she inside; 'kick the dust from your pumps and cross my threshold.' Mickle took off his brogues and carried them inside in his hand. 'Its not for nothing that you darken the sunbeams in my doorway this morning, and only that it is the son of your father that stands under my roof, you should turn your back upon my cabin just as wise as you came;' but seeing Mick a little frightened or so, she sez again, 'here's a creepy stool, *alanna*, sit down, sit down. Your father was a decent man, and you're that honest father's child, and it should be a hard day with ould *Shuaun* when she'd forget to the son the goodness of the father. Hold your tongue now—don't speak one word while you're within these walls, for there's them that would smell the sound of your voice here for a twelvemonth to come. When I had neither friend nor relation to help or shelter me, your father opened his door to the stranger. I got the bed in his corner, and a seat at his hearth stone—that door was never closed nor that fire never quenched on me—he put his roof above my head and gave me the first seed to put in the ground; and when I refuse to do a good turn for his child after him, though he's laid cold in his grave, may the seed never grow for me, and may the cabin for old *Shuaun* be the narrow house! Husth! I tell you. I know what you'd be for saying—*Your wife*—Husth! I say again, or I'll close my mouth for ever on the word. *Your wife is nursing a son and heir for the King of the Fairies!*' Mick stood up, opened his mouth, and looked round him like a man that felt the earth sinking from under him. 'Sit down, I say, and listen to me,' she sez again to him; 'mind what I tell you, and it's doing what may come against me, soon and sudden, I am, when I'm telling you or the like of you—may be it would cost me my life, and may be I'd escape—but no matter what way it turns, I shall turn good friends into bitter enemies. Yet for his sake, him that's gone, I'd venture more. Listen to me now, and do what I tell you. When your wife comes to your house to night, don't disturb her until she is going away; then leap out and lay hold on her, and don't let her go until she herself tells you what you must do to set her free, for she alone has the secret; if you let her go before that, you will never see her again—she will be lost for ever, and ruin and destruction will for ever pursue you and yours. There, now go—get up and quit my cabin—put up your money, I dare not touch it—go—go—tell no person your mind, and do as you are bid.'

"The next night Mick was lying awake when all were asleep. The sweet moonbeams stole in through the window, and shone about the house like the light from heaven, when about the same hour, the door opened, and poor Maihri walked in, like a spirit from the dead. She took up her child, washed it, nursed it, and put it to sleep on her bosom. 'Och! the poor thing,' sez Mick to himself, 'how pale she looks!' and he slily stole one foot out of the bed, that he might be ready to jump and catch her. At the slight rustling, she started up and looked wildly about her, but Mick did not stir, and even held in his breathing; so she put the child into the cradle, and turned to look for something to eat. She was then walking out, quite heart-broken; when just as she came opposite to the door of the little room, Mick sprung suddenly on her, and clasped her firmly in his arms. She screamed as if a sword was darted into her heart.

"'Is this you, *Maihri bawn astore ma chree*' (fair Mary, the darling of my heart)? sez he,—'and have I you once more?—and did you come back to me after all—back to your own desolate Mick?'—but she shrieked and struggled as if a serpent had twined itself about her.

"'Let me out—let me go,' sez she; 'Mick Mulryan, let me go,'—and she plunged away and screeched like a mad thing.

"'Never, never,' sez Mick, 'by the powers of man; I have you now, and I'll lose my life, or forty lives, if I had them, sooner than part you now.'

"'You must let me go,' she cried; '*you* can't keep me—you don't know what you're doing—let me go—let me go!' and again she screamed and struggled; and what even surprised Mick himself at the time, was, that, during all the noise and disturbance, his mother or the child never awoke.

"'Shout and wrestle as long as you please,' sez Mick, growing quite stout, 'I'm determined you sha'n't leave me.'

"'Let me out, I desire you,' she cried again, 'it will be worse for yourself if you don't,—you cannot keep me, let me go.'

"'Why then, *duoul a cuish*' (devil a foot), sez Mick, 'nor the devil a hair I care whether it's for worse or better—I have you now, and keep you I will.'

"'Oh! Mick, Mick, you don't know what you're doing!' sez she, 'and it's destroying me out and out you are.'

"'It's destroyed you are already,' sez he, 'and it's myself that's destroyed, and your poor child that's destroyed, and its destroyed and ruined, every mother's soul of us is. Oh! Maihri, Maihri, have you any tenderness in your heart, or has the good nature and kindness left the world?'

"'All nonsense now, Mick,' sez she—'let me go, let me go.'

"'The red devil burn if I do,' sez Mick, 'there now.'

"'There's them that will soon make you, to your sore cost, Mick,' sez she; 'so for your own sake, and the sake of your child, let me go to my destination, Mick Mulryan.'

"'May shame and sorrow light on me first!' sez Mick; 'I'll die where I am, along with you. I don't care if all the fairies in the Forth of Ballinderry, and the seven counties to boot, were dancing round me on the floor this minute. Never will I part you until you first tell me what I am to do to restore you to your own house, your child, and your husband:' here the cock clapt his wings and crew three times.

"'Oh! what will become of me?' she cried. 'Oh! that's my own Mick, my own kind good Mick!' so she told him, and let him in to the whole secret of the way he was to take to recover her—then he let her go, and '*Whin*' she past like a blast of winter's wind singing through a ruined wall, or sighing over a grave.

"As soon as the night fell dark, Mick Mulryan set off by himself to the Forth of Ballinderry. He walked round it three times, and then sat down on the left-hand side of the gap facing towards the west. There he collected a heap of stones; and there he re-

mained through the long hours in darkness, and exposed to the beating rain until the middle of the night, the hour when one day dies and the next is born. Suddenly the wind ceased to blow, and the rain swept off down the sky; and though there was no moon shining, yet the blackness had left the sky, and light white clouds played along the face of heaven. It was then that Mick heard music and merriment, and loud laughter inside the Forth, as if a thousand persons were enjoying themselves at a fair or a pattern, or some grand and great place of amusement. He listened; he could not tell what sort of instruments the musicians used, but he could plainly hear the patter of a great number of little feet, as if they were dancing. After some time the music stopped, and a great bustle followed, and in a few moments more a troop of horsemen wheeled round the Forth at full gallop, waving their swords about their heads as if they were going to cut each other into pieces. They were all shining over with silver and gold, and they dashed past him through the gap like a whirlwind. Then came a company of lords and ladies, dressed in silks and satins, and blazing with jewels and diamonds, followed by a great band of music all on horseback. These also swept out on the gap without once looking to where Mick stood, half screened by the heavy bough of a sycamore. Then came the king and queen, followed by another great company of lords and ladies, brighter and grander than those that went before. Mick watched them one by one as they passed, without saying one word, as he was bid, until, last of all, he saw his own Maihri seated on a white horse, and a haggard-wrinkled witch of a little child in her arms. Mick's heart was leaping in his breast. He fixed his eyes on her without winking; and as she rode up he saw her blue eyes glisten, and she smiled as she used to do, while his blood boiled through his veins. He leapt out, clasped his arms round her, and lifted her from her fairy side-saddle. 'Now you are mine, at any rate,' sez he; 'you are long enough keeping company with these decent people, and it's time to come home along with me.'

"At once there arose such a noise and an uproar all about him, that he thought the last day of the world was come before its time. The thunder roared above his head, the lightning flashed in his eyes, and the wind howled and raved as if it would tear up the big trees by the roots. Still Mick, though terribly startled (as well he might be), found his heart firm the more as he felt poor Maihri's beating against his side, and panting like a poor little frightened bird. Then the soldiers galloped up, with the king at their head. 'Shoot the villain through the head,' sez one. 'Hew the scoundrel into mincemeat for the scald crows,' sez another. 'Let forty of you ride over the rascal and trample him to death,' sez another. 'Throw a big tree on him,' sez the queen. 'Split his skull to the teeth,' sez the king; and one after another shouted above twenty different sorts of death for Mick. But he never minded the noise or the roaring; but clasping Maihri tighter, he turned his back on them, and began to throw the stones he had collected with his left hand over his right shoulder towards them. Soon he heard one fellow crying out, 'Murder, murder, I'm kilt!' 'My eye is knocked out; I'm blinded for ever,' sez another. 'My leg is broke; I'm a cripple,' sez another. 'Oh!' shouted the king, 'the ragamuffin has broke my back.' 'Then, by my royal crown,' sez the queen, 'your highness is now reduced to the rank of a lord.' 'Stop, stop, Mick Mulryan,' sez the general, 'what is it you want?—what brought you here?' 'I'll tell you what I want, ladies and gentlemen all,' sez Mick; 'I want but my own, and I have her now, and I'll die on the spot where I stand before I part her again—so in the name of God, his holy Mother, and the whole of the blessed Saints and Angels at their back, let me and mine alone, and we'll let you and yours alone, and that's a fair fool's bargain.'

"'Well, then, a bargain let it be, Mick Mulryan,' sez the king of the fairies; 'you're a stout fellow Mick, and its not *you* we blame; take your wife and our good will along with her, we'll never disturb you or yours again, but those who prompted you to *this* will suffer for it. Lay our child down on the grass behind you, and go your ways.'

"Mary laid the child down softly, it was taken away, and the whole train swept along like a blast of the storm, and left Mick and his Maihri alone in the gap of the Forth. 'Come, come away, my own brave and kind Mick,' sez Maihri; 'come to our own home, now, I am yours, and you are mine for ever and ever, Amin!'

"The faithful Mick took his Maihri home, and long and happy were their days; their family was one of the finest and largest in the kingdom of Ireland. But *Shuaun na mona!* it was a true word the king of the fairies said, Judith suffered for all, for she was found the next morning stiff stone dead in a bog-hole, though her head, people say, was above the water, her eyes open, and her long grey hair floating about. The crowner's *conquest* was held on her, too, and they gave it their *vardy* as accident; but there were people knew better than the crowner or men, and that was Mick and Maihri Mulryan, for they waked her comfortably, and buried her decent."

A CHRISTMAS CANTICLE.

"So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry."

GEORGE WITHER.

"The lewid peple than algates agre,
And caroles singen everi Criste messe tyde,
Not with schamfastenes bot jocondle,
And holey bowghes aboute; and al asydde
The brenning fyre hem eten, and hem drinke,
And laughen mereli, and maken route,
And pype, and dansen, and hem rage, ne swinke,
Ne noe thynge els, twelve daye thei wolde not."

OLD MS.

NOW does old Father Christmas, with a reverend yet joyous mien, heralding a goodly train of wassailers and gleemen, proclaim through all the realms of Christendom a high and hearty festival, bidding mankind to rest them for a space from toil, and yield without reserve to wholesome joy and unlicentious revelry; and, at his bidding, mirth and hospitality arise, and exercise benevolent sway, reigning in undisputed sovereignty and welcomed universally with loud and fervent acclamation.

Now do the spells of home revive in their ancient weight, within the breasts of many and many a household band, long sundered from the hearths round which they clustered in their early childhood; and the young wife, who had well-nigh forgotten the innocent gambols of her girlhood, feels her heart quicken at the music-sounds of her hoyden sister's voice; and the brother, who in the struggles and the turmoil of a selfish world, had soiled the free fair spirit of his youth, regains some portion of the frankness and sincerity that were his pride of old, among familiar faces and the well remembered haunts of happy boyhood. Now are the dark and cheerless homes of penury lightened for a season by the angel visits of smiling charity; and want forgets to pine, and grief forbears to weep, as benevolence, with open hand and gentle voice, pours forth her store of alms and consolation; and beneath the holy and beautiful influences of the period, men's hearts are touched with compassionate and kindly feelings towards their fellows; and the ties of common fellowship and brotherhood are recognised and felt by men of all classes and persuasions; and the clear strong light of an universal festival shines equally upon all—on the dwellings of the peasant and the peer—on the palace and the poor-house;—and even gleams with a tempered ray upon the inmates of the gloomy prison.

Now does the mystic misletoe depend from porch and ceiling in many a stately house and many a lowly cottage throughout the length and breadth of "merrie England;" and now does the peachy cheek of gentle maiden, caught by surprise beneath its licence-giving branches, glow with a rich rose blush, raised transiently by the hearty impress of the startling kiss. Now as the waits startle the "drowsy ear of night" with their harmonious discord, and choleric old gentlemen, aroused from their first sleep, invoke the plagues of Egypt to rain on all such somnifugous minstrels, and once more bury their heads within their yielding pillows, to woo old Somnus to their drooping eyelids. Now do postmen, coachmen, watchmen, beadles, pew-openers, shopmen, milkmen, scavengers, waiters, and errand-boys, grow superlatively and unaccountably civil, to the innocent amazement of yourself, until boxing-day arrives, and then the mystery is solved—the reason manifest. Now the small green-coated boys, with swollen red hands, blue cheeks, and frozen noses, looking all shrunk and shivering, obtrude their long and pictured scrawls of caligraphy upon your notice, and crave, with "bated breath," some numismatic token of your approbation. Now is a walk upon a breezy common, with wind due east, the snow knee-deep, and the thermometer below freezing-point, a feat of valorous daring. Now is a blacksmith's forge, on a frosty night, a comfortable and cheery thing to look upon. Now is a breakfast of strawberries, a noontide siesta upon the green sward, a bathe by twilight in the "freshet brook," to be numbered among the "Pleasures of Memory;" and violets, green leaves, the plaint of nightingales, wall-fruit, and gipsy parties, to be ranked with those of Hope. Now are the butchers prodigal of their smiles and gas, lavish in fair white cloths and berried holly, and rivals in the display of huge and over-fed carcases, especially in beeves. Now do grocers alluringly set forth a rich array of spices and fruits, candies and conserves, product of

"India, East or West, or Middle Shore,
In Pontus, or the Punic Coast, or where
Alcinous reigned."

Now is a confectioner's shop a tempting thing to holiday boys, whose store of silver coin is burning in their pockets; and greedy looks are turned towards the ice within, from snow and ice without; and many conjectures formed as to the relative

worth of the sugared cakes—sprinkled with ornaments and imagery—until at length the contemplated purchase is effected, and fruition of the Twelfth-night cake forestalled, by craving and impatient appetites. Now do old alms-men, who have outlived their kindred and generation, resort for warmth and converse to the rude settles ranged before kitchen-fires, and mutter between their shrivelled lips and toothless gums, old tales of by-gone days and Christmas celebrations,—

"In their hot youth, when George the Third was king."

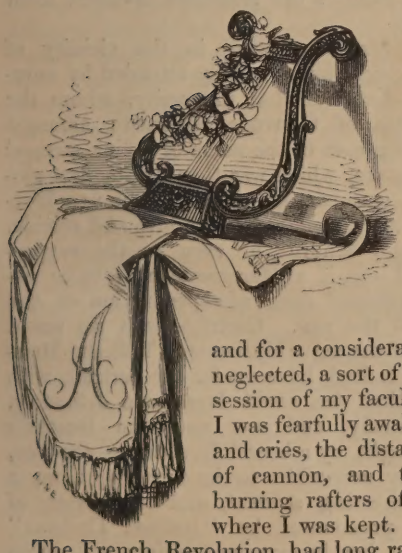
Now do the visages of thriftless debtors look blank and rueful, and creditors hazard wide calculations on the results of settling-day. Now is there awful carnage among turkeys, destruction in the game-field, and slaughter in the barn-yard. Now are the "up" coaches laden with defunct and feathered bipeds from the country, and the "down" freighted with living and smoke-dried importations from the city. Now are those all-important functionaries the cooks stirring betimes, and very crimson are their rotund shining frontispieces, and very red their round plump arms, very greasy their chubby fingers, very eloquent their untiring tongues, in "amorous descant" on the joints and puddings beneath their supervision, and very onerous their labours deemed—to toil when all the world keeps holiday!

Now do the bright and laughing faces of happy youth peer at you from within and without the laden stages, swarming post-chaises, and vehicles of every description, and their loud laughter rings in loud and joyful peals above the clattering hoofs and rumbling wheels that speed them on their journey; and every milestone that is left behind serves to make those faces brighter—that laughter louder than before: and now do the radiant countenances of delighted childhood, beaming with boisterous mirth at every magic change of Harlequin, mischance of Pantaloon, gesture and grimace of Clown, meet you in every well filled box, pit, gallery, of the gay and crowded theatre. Now in the long dark winter evenings do humble companies of five and six huddle around your door, chaunting rude carols of "the seven good joys that Mary had," with many a natural trill and quaver, in patient expectancy of some remunerating pittance. Now do the quiet dim interiors of grey old village churches show strangely and solemnly, festooned with wreaths of glossy evergreens; and monkish carvings look grimly through the dark and shining leaves; and vaulted roofs give pleasant echoes to the choral anthems of children clad and taught by charity. Now does the great dining-room at "the old house at home," with its dark shining wainscoting, its heavy drapery, its huge wood fire, the gleesome circle there assembled, the sparkling wines and beaming faces, look as it looked of yore—"a love-lit winter home."

And now, seeing that a spiced and steaming chalice of generous wine, mantling with a delicious cream, stands before us, we must perforce wind up our article, and in a deep and hearty draught, pledging our readers collectively and individually with the venerable and primitive "*Wæes heal*," we make our bow until the New Year dawns,—bright may its dawning be to each and all! J. S.

ADVENTURES OF A BROCADE PETTICOAT.*

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINCESS OF * * * * * * * *.



AFTER these events I cannot exactly state the interval which now elapsed, nor whether I had undergone a change of country and proprietors; for having been again consigned to the carved oak chest and for a considerable time utterly neglected, a sort of apathy took possession of my faculties, from which I was fearfully awakened by shrieks and cries, the distant reverberation of cannon, and the crackling of burning rafters of the very house where I was kept.

The French Revolution had long raged, its internal horrors having been succeeded by foreign conquest; and the once despised *sans culottes* were now ravaging the fair plains of Italy.

The exquisite sensibility of my nervous temperament was beginning to undergo considerable annoyance by the near approach of the fiery atmosphere, when several lusty strokes with a hatchet clove the lid of my prison, and I was unceremoniously dragged forth, with the other contents of lace, plate, &c., from my perilous proximity, and thrust into the haversac of a marauding French soldier, who, with some other vagabonds of the camp, had skulked from danger on the field of battle, and fired the neighbouring villages, where they could gain more booty by plundering the reeking remains. Returning from this pleasant pastime, my ravisher was met by his commander, who having been prevented heading this foraging party, and smarting from some severe wounds received in hard fighting, *sacrrrrrd* for ten minutes as if he were sounding a mimic retreat, and cursing the fellow's rapacity, ordered him to deposit his spoils in his tent, vowing to make a public example of him.

The soldier having concealed a considerable sum of money about his person, willingly abandoned the con-

* Continued from page 42.

tents of his knapsack, as a bribe to allay his officer's wrath, well knowing, by former experience, that this oblation would screen him from all further trouble in the affair.

At the next town I was presented by the officer to a little singer, who had left the drudgery and scanty pittance of a chorister for the more precarious and miserable situation of becoming his mistress :—she was of a most invincible good humour which bore with all this man's ill-usage ; cooked, washed, and attended upon him with the devotion of a wife and the patience of a servant. Mariette indeed deserved a better fate, for upon the slightest inattention to his behests, he would twirl his moustache, roll forth his favourite oaths, and though belonging to the most polite nation in the world (according to their own assumption), would threaten kicks and blows if she offered to remonstrate. From this tyranny she was rescued by the chances of war, which some months after transferred her, with the baggage of the French army, to the possession of an Austrian Colonel :—this latter was the very reverse of the Frenchman, he not only estimated the good qualities of the poor girl, but perceiving her not devoid of talent as an *artiste*, he procured for her the best tuition which Vienna afforded, and she profited so well by his liberality, that shortly afterwards she was engaged at the theatre as principal singer, with an excellent salary :—her amiability and prepossessing appearance having made her many acquaintances among the actors and actresses, she passed a merry life in that city of good eating, drinking, and waltzing, hospitality and friendliness. The Germans are a most good-hearted people, dreaming of an ethereal ideality of romance, which they seldom carry out in the daily usages of life ; adoring genius and talent in any shape, and too often fancying its existence in the most grotesque and abortive hallucinations of addle-pated, over-excited, *gelehrte* enthusiasts :—seldom brilliant, but indefatigable in their studies (on great or trifling subjects), they will drudge for years amongst elements and primers, and devote a life of research to metaphysical subtleties, involved paradoxes, or sublimated essences which neither benefit mankind nor themselves. Music is their recreation and delight, and the title of a singer or composer is sufficient to ensure respect and welcome among all classes.

Previous to my arrival in Vienna, the mutations of fashion had caused my style of beauty to be considered antiquated ; and my pretty mistress, yielding to the prevalent taste, adopted the Grecian and Roman costume, which had been affected by the French in the new order of things :—instead of the ample folds and swelling round of petticoat, clinging and scanty draperies of muslin, bare arms and bosoms, often revealed shapes which, if admiration were desired by the wearer, it would have been wiser to conceal.

During my protracted existence, I have heard a vast deal of the vices of the stage, and its professors :—my own experience does not justify this accusation :—on the contrary, as a *class* of people, perhaps they have fewer crimes and more virtues than others :—they are accused of envying their colleagues—but what profession is exempt from this infirmity? whilst few are equally indulgent to others' faults, more pitying in misfortune, or so ready with charity in the hour of need :—the poorest scene-shifter will contribute his mite to the daily subscriptions that are collecting in a theatre : hospitals and prisons are visited by these representatives of royalty, and the fastidious beau or fine lady in the scene shrinks not from the coarsest drudgery of the house of sickness, and the trials of devotion to a beloved object. In Italy, France and Germany, it is usual for one actress or singer to support a whole family, of father, mother, brothers and sisters, and, not unfrequently, an aged grandfather or grandmother ; under every vicissitude they are generally cheerful, and with little education and much temptation are mostly clever, and often virtuously self-denying.

Among the friends of Marietta was a young girl who was perfectly infatuated for the stage ; but the wishes of her friends had hitherto prevented the essay of her histrionic powers ; poverty at length procured for her the desired permission, and her successful debut procured her a tolerably good engagement with the manager of the Manheim theatre, who had been present and perceived her talent. The generous Marietta not only presented Gertrude with a considerable sum of money to defray the expenses of her journey, but also insisted upon sharing her well supplied wardrobe with the young friend whose absence she was shortly to deplore. With other stores of linen and lace, *I* was added :—"Not that you can wear the dear old thing," she exclaimed, laughing and turning me round admiringly, "but for a stage costume, in prim old maids and starched dowagers, you will find this rich silk petticoat invaluable."

If anger and hatred had been compatible with my ethereal nature, I should certainly have experienced those passions at this instant : I, who had been the standard of fashion in my youth, the admired of thousands, to be thus scornfully spoken of in my prime, with all my colours unfaded, undimmed, unspotted !—a cold shudder certainly passed over my delicate texture, a creeping presentiment of my altered fortunes ; but totally regardless of my feelings, these silly girls, after some flippant allusions to fashion, and jeers upon hoops, powder, and long waists, disposed of me among other common wearing apparel, with no more ceremony than if I had been a vulgar dress of muslin or cotton, which from the hand of the laundress assumed form and importance.

The city of Manheim being in the vicinity of Heidelberg, the theatre was usually attended by numbers of the students of that university, whom the beauty and talent of Gertrude attracted : amongst these was a young man of the name of Julius, steeped in German literature, which was then at its first glorious burst and enthusiasm : alternately he was Werter, Carl Moor, and Faust, aspired to love and suicide, or the woods and banditti, or even to the suggestions of the evil one, if a Margaretta were to be obtained—as he perused each new production of the master-spirits of the age. Gertrude was no unapt personification of the naïve Marianne in Wilhelm Meister ; she might, indeed, have sat for the portrait, with the difference that she could love more delicately, more disinterestedly, and was not, like Goethe's player, to be bought by a brutal Neuberg :—she was, however, equally accessible to love-making from a young and interesting student, and the verses of Julius, though pronounced by "learned Thebans" only *mediocre*, set her in extacies for days and weeks together : she would learn them by heart, and not unfrequently introduce a stanza or two in her part on the

stage, as more apposite and expressive, to her thinking, of the passion she was representing, than the original lines of the author of the piece. These interpolations were borne with by the multitude, because many were unacquainted with the text, others because Gertrude was their reigning idol:—the critics and a few old grumblers alone groaned and murmured at those innovations, but dared not openly express disapprobation, for fear of encountering the students in their way home.

In the ensuing spring, a short interregnum in theatrical affairs allowing Gertrude a little repose, she was persuaded by her lover to sojourn for that period among the leafy haunts of Heidelberg, where amidst its embowering woods and picturesque ruins, vows were exchanged between them of undying affection and everlasting constancy. Wrapt in such delicious converse, and listening to numerous nightingales, whose liquid melodies still enchant those gardens planted for the recreation and delight of a beloved Princess, sat Julius and Gertrude one balmy evening in May—their arms encircling each other in fond embrace, whilst the stars and pale moon lent sufficient light to their enraptured gaze.

The distant noises of the town, and the chafing river below, were scarcely distinguishable amid the light rustling of the boughs and the hum of fireflies: few persons lingered on the heights, and these, like themselves, courted solitude—when a heavy step approached; it was clearly no lover, for such a one would have sympathized and respected their evident wish for retirement, whereas this intruder looked sharply round and among the bushes and benches. He advanced, and, for a moment, stood silently contemplating the happy lovers; at length a stern voice pronounced the name of Julius.

This latter started from his dream of felicity at the call: "My father!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, degenerate boy, it is your incensed father who comes to snatch you from vice and perdition." Explanations were in vain; passion had the ascendancy, and brutal and unbecoming epithets were applied to Gertrude which she little merited. The young man lost patience, and grew indignant at such usage of his beloved: he would have listened to gentle reproof, and perhaps have been persuaded, in time, to have abandoned his youthful infatuation; but such cruelty and injustice revolted him, and his better nature made him firm in her defence, and loud in her praises.

The old savage grew furious, and charged his son, upon his obedience, to leave his minion, or he would curse him in his sin, and depart. At this threat, Gertrude, who had hitherto remained speechless, sprang between them:—"Restrain your unjust wrath, old man," she cried, "and abuse not the power God has given you over your offspring for the purposes of love and protection: from this moment I release you from all vows made to me, dear Julius, which could only be kept at the expense of a father's curse; and though I do not believe heaven would listen to such imprecations, yet still your good and kindly heart would wither under the infliction. Farewell, beloved one," (and here she embraced him with fervour,) "Gertrude will never cease to cherish your memory." So saying, she rushed down the hill, ere her lover could prevent her, and was soon out of sight. That very night she departed, and finding the company setting off for Dusseldorff, accompanied them thither, without taking repose, and scarcely any food.

A fever was the consequence of this exertion and suffering; and when she awoke from delirium her lover was by her side. He had traced her steps and attended her through her illness; and when she was again convalescent, vowed never to leave her, but to brave all misfortunes for her sake.

She smiled at these protestations, and gave him her feeble hand in token of gratitude, for his words were balm to her heart in her weak state: but when she became stronger, and able to resume her professional career, she sweetly but firmly pointed out the impossibility of happiness attending their union, if blighted by a father's malediction; and at length prevailed upon him to quit her and await better days. How sad are such conflicting emotions:—they left desolate two kind and happy hearts; she was no longer the brillant laughing creature of youth and love, and he returned to his college pursuits gloomy and divested of emulation among his competitors. Adversity, however, and its "sweet uses," by degrees worked out good in this pair: great suffering made Gertrude look more deeply into things, and, after a time, she felt and portrayed the grander passions of tragedy in a manner far surpassing her lighter efforts. Julius, also, awakened to a sense of his dependence on a tyrannical father's caprice, roused his energies, and determined upon acquiring the means of living upon the exercise of his talents. Poetry, which had hitherto been an amusement, now became an inspiration in loftier strains; the hidden beauty of things, animate and inanimate, of nature in her invisible and wondrous workings, were revealed to his mind, and poured forth in sublime verse. He became renowned as a poet, and the wealth he reaped, and the fame he acquired, were both ascribed and dedicated to the virtues of his absent Gertrude.

At the end of two years, he was engaged to write a tragedy for the company to which Gertrude belonged; —whether the constantly bearing her in mind as his heroine really assisted his inspirations, certain it is, he surpassed himself in the passionate tenderness with which he depicted the sentiments of two lovers similarly situated to themselves. Every line was acutely felt by Gertrude, who drank in their secret meaning, and lingered over their sweet utterance with a force of feeling to which her own heart so truly responded.

On the night of representation, so great was her excitement, so highly wrought her capabilities, that the effect was electrical—a dead silence reigned throughout the house, tears were shed by many bright and manly eyes, and as it drew towards the catastrophe, the deep breathing of her auditors alone announced the intensity of their interest in the scene.

At that moment her eyes fell upon Julius, who, with his arms folded, and leaning against a pillar at the side scene, was unconsciously weeping at her powerful deliverance of his pathetic and passionate verses. Their looks met. As if by magic, the moonlight scene in the heights of Heidelberg was again present, with all its intensity of painful sacrifice; in quick succession, vividly arose their subsequent struggles and sufferings, their still ardent and augmenting love for each other; the combined and conflicting emotions were too much: —with arms outstretched, and a convulsive sob, she

uttered his name, and sank motionless on the stage, whilst he, regardless of the surrounding multitude, rushed forth, and frantically catching her in his arms, poured forth every fond and desperate epithet which had so long lain pent up and repressed in his innermost heart.

Wonder, admiration, sympathy, kept the audience mute; and when, at length, the curtain dropped, and some explanation was about to be offered by the manager, applause and acclamation proved the corresponding feeling that pervaded:—that the true situation of the lovers was known, or guessed at, and their feelings appreciated, was universal, except by one individual.—The father of Julius hardened his heart against them both, and demonstrated redoubled anger at this public manifestation of their constancy: perhaps, also, he felt that his conduct was viewed by the world with detestation, and that what he termed consistency and firmness was by others more truly denominated cruelty and oppression. Be this as it may, he immediately afterwards despatched to his son a taunting and angry missive, and, presuming upon their previous submission, required an entire renunciation of Gertrude, and an unqualified acceptance of a bride chosen by the father.

A mild but firm negative was the only reply, which so enraged the unjust parent, ever more eager to seek occasion of dispute than the good of his offspring, although his conduct was disguised under that specious pretext, that he came to the city, where the late occurrence still interested all parties for the young people, and with many menaces insisted upon Julius changing his purpose, or abiding his bitterest malediction.

In vain were all arguments to prove the unreasonableness of such threats, the old man became furious, and in the extreme of his frantic rage, whilst about to invoke some blasphemous impiety against his inoffensive son, the blood rushed in black torrents from his mouth and choked the unnatural curse as it arose for utterance. Julius demonstrated the utmost pity and care towards his unjust parent, but it was unavailable; and nature, as if determined to avenge his cause and her own, never again permitted speech to him who had so abused the privilege: whenever the old man attempted to speak, the dark stream gushed forth, and prevented those sounds which were given a father to invoke blessings and forgiveness on his children, but never curses, however great the provocation.

In three days the wretched domestic tyrant lay a corpse, the victim to his own ungovernable ill-temper, which, in many instances, not only resembles, but is, in fact, a fearful species of madness; and from the evil it works to others, should also be subject to restraint and imprisonment.

The sad impression caused by such a fearful end remained for a long while with Julius and Gertrude, who, in common with most good people, felt more sorrow than resentment for their enemy, and were more ready to excuse his faults than he would ever have done towards them whom he had sought so bitterly to injure; but, at length, their forbearance and tried affection met its full reward in a union whose felicity promised to endure to the end of their existence. When this event took place, Gertrude quitted the stage, their combined fortunes being equal to furnish them with all the elegancies and comforts which their refined tastes could so well appreciate and enjoy. Their habitation was in a lovely, treey nook, with distant glimpses of mountains and the romantic Rhine, whose poetic associations so well assimilated with the fancy of Julius, and kept his mind ever young and ever revelling amidst the glories of nature and the memories of poesy.

As, however, their manner of living was simple and devoid of ostentation, I was presented, with many other stage requisites, to a young comedian, who had just joined the company as Gertrude quitted it, but whose wardrobe did not abound with superfluities. My new mistress I forbear to name, because she was the very reverse of the charming Gertrude;—capricious in temper—vain and light of character—she had no one's good word, and spoke well of nobody;—ostentation was her favourite indulgence, and as her means did not equal her occasional lavish expenditure, I was soon disposed of, through the agency of an abigail, to a Russian princess, who was coaxed to purchase me under the mingled idea of charity and finery, my destination (I shudder even now to avow it) being to cover a chaise-longue in her highness's boudoir at Petersburgh, to which capital she was returning with a numerous suite, and two heavy fourgons laden with Parisian dresses, Dresden china, English smuggled goods of every description (it being the period when Napoleon forbade the entrance of all English manufactory on the continent), numerous dogs, parrots, and monkeys, a batterie de cuisine, and beds for the principals of the party.

Among this heterogeneous mass was I packed, and the contact was by no means agreeable to my taste; for, in addition to being fretted against an upstart Irish poplin and a French merino, I ran the risk of being perforated by thousands of English needles, and innumerable shining blades of Sheffield cutlery.

The winter having for some time set in with full vigour, the whole cavalcade passed the numerous rivers at full gallop; but, in crossing the Aar, the current being strong, weakened the solidity of the ice, and as the last ponderous fourgon rolled over the centre, a violent crack was heard, and the heavy machine vanished among the splitting ice.

In the confusion that ensued, the poor Princess, who was in delicate health, was erroneously informed that her favourite maid and the intendant were drowned. The fright and the horror of this catastrophe were too much for her sensibility; she fell into fits from which she never recovered, but in six hours was a corpse. This sad event rendered the remainder of our journey a mournful cavalcade; and the fury of the Prince, her husband, was unbounded; not that he had been an attached or devoted husband during her lifetime, but that the stupid falsehood of his slaves should have destroyed one belonging to *him*, was an insubordination—a contempt of power unpardonable—and the slave-master had ample employment with his whip for a considerable time after our arrival at Petersburgh.

Notwithstanding this severity, or rather, perhaps, in consequence of it, numerous pilferings were committed upon the precious baggage of which I formed part.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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☞ *The whole of the Engravings under the superintendence of* E. Landells.

THE
ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

MARY STUART AT CHATSWORTH PARK.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

During the miserable captivity of Mary Stuart in England she was hurried from castle to castle, and from fortress to fortress, as the fears and jealousies of her unrelenting foe, the Queen of England, suggested. While in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury she was sometimes at Sheffield, then transferred to Tutbury, then suddenly removed to Wingfield, and immediately after to Chatsworth.

After long imprisonment and harsh treatment had ruined her health, and rendered her, who once danced so gaily and so gracefully, a cripple, Elizabeth was moved, at length, by repeated applications, to permit her to visit the baths at Buxton. On the 26th of July, 1580, the Earl escorted his royal charge from Chatsworth, to the famous well, whose waters were "able to cure all" *maladies*—"but despair," and to that state of feeling was Mary then almost reduced.

In the magnificent park of Chatsworth, unrivalled in its varied beauty, not far from the splendid buildings which form the present house, is a small clear lake, in a secluded spot, half concealed by thick foliage. In the centre of this piece of water is a tower, and on the platform at the top is a grassy garden, where wave several fine trees, in particular a very large and spreading yew, perhaps planted by the royal captive's own hand, for this is the spot where she was permitted to take the air—guards on the steps which led to the retreat, guards beside the lake, guards on the path which led back to her prison, and sentinels on each side of the grated door which had admitted her, and was carefully closed upon her and her attendants.

There is a pretty fanciful balustrade all round the platform, and the view across part of the park where deer are feeding, cattle grazing, and the river flowing merrily along, all cheerful and pleasing—but what must it have been then to Mary Stuart? Wherever she cast her mournful eyes she beheld only evidences of the impossibility of her escape; the mountains of the Peak hemmed her in, the barren moors spread desolate around her, and soldiers were pacing up and down beneath the tower, from whence she gazed despondingly.

She leant upon the arm of Marion Livingstone, and dragged her slow steps heavily along, now pausing to look over the parapet and observe the sporting fish in the crystal waters beneath, now looking upwards to the cloudy sky, which threatened rain even when it did not fall.

"Alas," she said, "shall I never behold the blue sky again!—how dull, and dim, and heavy, hang those clouds above me for ever!—Can this be called life—is this breathing? to be caged thus, like an imprisoned lioness, and have no more space than allows me to

turn backwards and forwards in my den, gasping for air, and sighing—how bitterly—for the sun that lighted my youth! Oh, my friend, I can support this dreadful state but a short time longer—I feel I am daily sinking, and the end of my miseries is at hand."

Marion replied only by her tears, for she thought the words of her mistress too true, and she had offered consolation so long, and so often in vain, that not a word was left her that could revive a hope she felt herself no more. She was pale and emaciated, and nearly as weak in body as the royal victim, who was thus consuming by degrees, unpitied, save by her.

Both remained silent, when the grated door suddenly creaked on its hinges, and the lady of Chatsworth, the imperious, commanding, and energetic Elizabeth of Shrewsbury, advanced. She made a proud reverence to the queen, and thus addressed her :—

"Madam, my husband, who can refuse your Grace nothing, has complied with your request, and repeated his representations, and those of your physician, respecting your health. Her Majesty, whose heart is easily moved, and who regrets your Grace's indisposition, has graciously listened to the statements forwarded to her, and the result is, that you are permitted to visit the Well at Buxton, in the hope that the healing waters will afford you relief." Mary's languid eyes lighted up with instant joy—"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed, "thanks, too, to the queen—this is mercy—this is indulgence to a forlorn prisoner. I shall see the open country—I shall have free air—it may blow upon me as upon those at liberty—I shall once more drink of that fountain which before restored me to health. Let me express to you, madam," she added, with that sweetness which was peculiar to her, and which was heightened by the momentary pleasure she felt, "my gratitude for this kindness : I am sure I owe much to your ladyship."

"Your Grace," returned the countess, coldly, "owes everything to my lord. You will be required to set forward to-morrow, if you can be prepared."

"I am ready now even," cried Mary, eagerly—"there was a time when my progresses might have asked some preparation—that is past—my journeys are without pomp, and my wants few and simple enough."

"My husband will be ready to attend your Grace," resumed the countess, "and this lady, together with what servants you choose to select of your household, will accompany you."

So saying, she bowed, and withdrew. Mary, whose feelings were easily excited, threw herself into the arms of Marion, and sobbed audibly.

"Oh, even this," she whispered, "is happiness! —in every change of place I see a hope ; perhaps even yet I have friends : they may be watching for my good. Shrewsbury pities me—he would assist me if he dared ; he is faithful to my enemy, or he would be kinder to me. How can I blame him—his wife is all deception, and yet I trusted her once, and thought her my friend ;—if Queen Elizabeth had died of that sickness, and if the daughter of Bess of Hardwick had not married Lennox, and had a child to prove my rival—she was all mine ; and even now her interest might induce her to espouse my cause. Do you remember the aged woman at the cavern? They would not let me speak to her again—I feel certain she had tidings to communicate. If the countess does not go with us, I may persuade my lord to give me the indulgence I was then debarred of. I will beg to see the wonderful cave of crystal, which is, they say, so beautiful ;—there the aged peasant acts as guide. Who knows what may be her mission."

Marion's countenance had assumed as changed an appearance as that of her mistress, as she listened : she was young, and in spite of disappointment and sorrow, she could not repress the springing fancies which lightened the load of her thoughts.

"Let us be cautious, beloved mistress," she said in a low voice, as she kissed the forehead that leaned on her bosom ;—"even yet we may baffle them ; even yet a crown may once again encircle this beautiful brow."

The next morning there were great preparations at Chatsworth ; for not only was the captive queen to be conducted on her journey, but the lady of Shrewsbury had declared her intention to pass the period of her husband's absence at her favourite residence at Hardwick Hall, as it did not suit her humour to go to the Baths, and she was anxious to superintend the buildings going on at the new Hall, which she was completing with extraordinary magnificence.

It was with secret satisfaction that Queen Mary and Marion found that she would not be of their party ; and when the grave but gentle earl came to assist his charge to her horse, she welcomed him with so sweet a smile, and with words of such deep gratitude, that he turned away his eyes lest he should be too much moved, and endeavoured to be indifferent to accents which he felt had too much power over his feelings.

His hand trembled as she took it to mount, and he had scarcely power to assist her ; when, just as she was springing to her saddle, she uttered a cry—her horse swerved aside, as if terrified at something—and she fell heavily to the ground. The earl assisted her to rise, in great trepidation, and with the most anxious kindness inquired if she was hurt, and what was the cause of the cry she uttered. She was very pale, and could not answer, but grasped his arm, and motioned to be assisted to her seat. Although full of pain from her fall, she dreaded so much that anything should put a stop to her journey, that she disguised the truth, and endeavoured to appear unhurt.

They set forward, and in a short time were far on their way.

Perhaps there are few excursions in England so beautiful as that from Chatsworth to Buxton by Haddon, Bakewell, Ashford, and through the romantic valleys called Monsal and Taddington Dales. The murmuring Wye here runs leaping and foaming along, between banks, now covered with rich foliage, now guarded by gigantic rocks of fantastic forms, that present the appearance of turrets and buttresses and flanking walls. Sometimes the grey masses hang over the steep acclivities in threatening grandeur,—sometimes they rise pile on pile to the clouds, and, as the valley narrows, almost form an arch across the road.

For several miles the way is grand and beautiful in the extreme : when the valley is passed, a wild and extended country opens before the view, which at that time was far more savage and desolate than it now appears ; for cultivation is fast changing the nature even of the rocky moors, where mysterious blocks of Druid stones long awed the traveller as he passed by them.

In many parts of the road it was too narrow for more than two horses to pass along abreast, and the queen

and her attendant lady were allowed to ride side by side. It was then that Mary asked her friend, in a trembling voice—

"Did you, too, see the dreadful vision that affrighted me?"

"No," replied Marion; "but it must have been fearful, thus to have alarmed you. I feared there was cause for that piercing cry."

"This is the third time in my life that such a sight has appalled me," said the queen. "The first was before the death of Rizzio—the next on the night I landed in England—and now it comes again. It bodes me evil;—alas! that I should inherit little of my ungrateful country, but its fatal gift of the second sight! Just as I was mounting my horse, it seemed to me as if the sky opened, and discovered to me a bloody axe, and a crowned head, falling from the clouds at my feet, —I saw it plainly—and the features were my own."

Marion was horror-stricken, and could not reply; they rode on in silence, and the path becoming wider, Lord Shrewsbury resumed his place at the queen's side, and the guards who preceded and followed drew closer; for they had reached the town of Buxton, and all its population were out, striving if possible to catch a glimpse of the royal captive. They were driven back with severity; and the horses being urged to speed along the rugged street, the party soon arrived at the gloomy mansion which the Earl of Shrewsbury possessed, the court-yard of which enclosed the famous well. The great gates were hastily opened, and as quickly shut, and Queen Mary was conducted to her chamber, where, overcome with fatigue and pain,—for the effects of her fall were becoming more and more evident,—she threw herself upon her couch, and lost all sense for a time of her sorrows, and her terrors.

The Earl of Shrewsbury gave a faithful account to Queen Elizabeth of all his prisoner's proceedings; her fall was not omitted; and he justly reported that she had not stirred abroad from the time of her arrival at Buxton. She was, indeed, too ill, from pain of both mind and body, to ask permission to leave the house: the baths, however, in a short time considerably restored her; and at length she begged the earl to permit her to take rides in the neighbourhood, and, in particular, to see the famous cavern, of which she had heard so much, and which she desired to explore.

"It is damp and dangerous," said the earl; "and your Grace is wrong to wish it—indeed, I scarcely know whether I should be justified in sanctioning such a visit, without an order from her Majesty, and——"

"Nay," interrupted Mary, with a smile, "why should the queen object?—No conspiracy can be carried on in the bowels of the earth.—You may safely trust me; besides, will you,not be at my side?"

"Certainly not, madam," returned the earl; "I have too reverend a care for my rheumatism, which I should certainly increase by such an expedition; and I marvel your Grace, who suffers also, should think of it."

Lord Shrewsbury, however, found it impossible to resist her playful entreaties that so small a favour should be granted her; and it was agreed that she and Marion, with several attendants appointed by the earl, should go to the cavern—sentinels being placed at its mouth during her stay there.

It was a bright, glowing day when the queen mounted her horse, and rode across the fields to the rugged lane, at the extremity of which, in a gloomy hollow, beneath overhanging hills, the mass of rock appears, whose yawning chasm gives entrance into the Cavern of Buxton.

She dismounted at this spot, where old Maud, the usual guide, was waiting to conduct her; and, assisted by Marion, she entered the low vault, whose dark low fissure does not allow the explorer to stand upright, nor can he see a yard before him. Maud led the way, the queen following; and as they were in advance, the old woman, turning suddenly round, grasped the arm of Mary, and whispered, "Observe the crystal pillar on the right hand!"

Mary pressed her hand in return, and hurried forward; in another minute they had reached a chamber, high, spacious, and dry, the roof covered with glittering icicles, which were illumined by the torches carried by the men who accompanied them, and, as they tossed them to and fro, flashed and sparkled in the unwonted light.

Mary was filled with admiration at the magnificent spectacle around her, and her enthusiasm was shared by the attendants, who, their master not being present, allowed themselves to be more occupied with the sight than with their charge. She, consequently, was able unobserved to reach a second opening, beyond which was a wide space or platform, and in its centre stood a circular pillar, so worked by the hand of nature, that its capital seemed to represent clusters of fleurs de lis, and to the whole height it appeared twined with leaves and flowers bearing much resemblance to those of the thistle.

Mary hastened towards this object, and, on the right side, where a projection rather disturbed the evenness of the surface, her quick eye perceived a small black box, which she seized and concealed in her bosom.

The rest of the party had by this time followed, and Mary herself pointed out to them the beauties of the spot: her delight was so great, that for the moment she seemed to forget her melancholy, and conversed as she used formerly to do, with great condescension and freedom to all.

"This is, indeed," she said, "a place which will repay one for the damp and darkness of the entrance; —it reminds me of the caves which extend beneath the château of Chinon, where I once ventured in my childhood, and saw great marvels; but the spars there are inferior to these—nor, much as I enjoyed that adventure, did it give me the pleasure of this. I am a poor queen, Maud," she added, addressing the guide; "but you must wear this for my sake, in memory of my satisfaction here."

She took a small pearl ring from her finger and presented it to the old woman, who, as she received it, kissed her hand with an emotion she evidently tried to repress, and crossed herself at the same time.

Mary departed from the cavern, which ever since bears her name, and returned to her prison-house. There she allowed but a very short space of time to elapse before she shut herself into her chamber, summoned her faithful Marion, and, with trembling hands, drew from her bosom the box which probably contained hope.

There was in it a small jewel in the form of a heart, enamelled with figures of angels bearing crowns, and mottos in silver letters on scrolls surrounding them. In the centre were several embossed flowers projecting considerably from the surface, which Mary rightly judged required only pressure to spring open and dis-

close a little hollow beneath, usually filled with hair. She pressed a bud of sapphire, and in the space discovered a slip of paper, so small, and the inscription on it so minutely written, that it was difficult to decipher. The device was a hand shaking a snake into the fire, and these words,—"If God is for us, who shall be against us?" Beneath this was painted a lion without claws, and under it the words, "Yet still a Lion."

Mary had no difficulty, by all these intimations, to understand that the token came from Philip, Earl of Arundel, son of the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk.

Although there was nothing more to guide her, it was sufficiently clear that her friends were once more busy in her favour, and the heart of Mary was greatly comforted by this proof that she was not forgotten.

A few days after this, the queen, well accompanied, was allowed to ride forth along the wild moors which lead towards Castleton. As she left Buxton, she desired to be informed of the names of some of the mountains, whose high heads nearly touched the clouds, or rather attracted them, so as to be nearly enveloped in their dim veil. "I see on my right," said she to one of the attendants who rode near, "a mountain of a peculiar form,—its summit forms a sharp ridge against the sky, and seems all rock,—how is that dreary spot named?"

"It is called *Axe Edge*, your Grace," answered the man carelessly.

Mary shuddered, and the bridle fell from her hand.

"Let us return," she exclaimed, "I like not this prospect."

They accordingly changed their route, and retraced their steps; nor did the queen pause again or make further inquiries. The party were passing through the high town of Buxton, which is placed on an eminence above that in the vale, close to which the spring is situated, and had just reached the open space, where, in the centre, stood the high cross,—the steps and part of which still exist,—when a wild ragged figure rushed from a low hut by the way side, and caught the bridle of the first guard's horse, which, rearing, had nearly thrown him as it fell back on his companion, occasioning considerable confusion in the body of horsemen who surrounded the queen. At this moment a voice sounded in her ear, "Leap from your horse—fear not."

Hardly were the words uttered, before Mary, prompt to watch and discover any chance of escape, had obeyed the mysterious order, and was caught by a man in a large mantle, which he threw round her as he bore her in his arms through the press—for by this time a crowd of people had assembled, as if by agreement, at a signal, and by their shouts and cries added to the panic which seemed to have taken possession of the soldiers who were in attendance on the captive.

Marion Livingstone, meantime, had not been idle—she had heard the words addressed to her mistress, and the moment she obeyed them, had caught Mary's veil from her head, and thrown it over her own, while in a feigned voice she exclaimed, "They are dragging Marion from me—will they leave me no friend?"

This was echoed by several persons; and the report instantly ran through the crowd. So rapid had been her action, that there was but one person who perceived it; and this was a man who had lately been added to her escort by the Earl of Shrewsbury, as he came with letters from Lord Burghley, naming him as a fit person. The glance he gave to Marion, convinced her that her secret was safe; and the more to conceal herself, she wrapped her hood close over her, and wrung her hands as if in grief.

There was a great stir amongst the party on the discovery of one of the ladies being missing; but the person just named rode up to the men, and cried out, that there was no time to be lost in pursuing the attendant on the queen, as *her* safety must instantly be looked to. So saying he threw his large cloak over the queen's horse, springing on it himself, and seizing the bridle of that from which he just dismounted, set off down the hill with Marion at full gallop, all the guards following in not a little confusion.

When they arrived at the Earl of Shrewsbury's mansion, he ordered the gates to be instantly opened, and rode in at once; but scarcely had he entered, when he was seized, and dragged from his seat, while the voice of the sick earl himself thundered forth—"Traitor! where is the queen?"

Marion trusted that, muffled as she was, she might still continue the deception; but she was commanded to alight—the veil was torn from her head—and the truth became apparent.

Not a moment was now to be lost. Orders were given with the quickness of lightning—fresh soldiers were despatched, and messengers commanded to post forthwith in all directions, to give information, and raise the country.

The vigilant search was but too successful. In the deep, damp recess of the great cavern, crouching down beneath a mass of glittering spar—her clothes drenched with the dripping water, and her body numbed with the cold—Queen Mary was found after a long search, and in an almost lifeless state was brought back to her prison.

That rash attempt at her delivery had nearly cost the Earl of Arundel his life; but the man, whose aid had been given him, and who, having waylaid the real messenger from Lord Burghley, had possessed himself of the letters, and taken his place near Mary, was firm even on the rack, and refused to betray the authors of the plot to rescue her.

The true messenger, who had been stunned, and left for dead by the road-side, recovering his senses, had instantly returned to London, and related his adventure. An immediate notice of it was despatched to Lord Shrewsbury, who had scarcely read the orders sent him, when Marion and her party returned without the queen.

By some delay, the horses which were to have been waiting at the mouth of the cavern, did not arrive till too late: Mary was obliged to conceal herself, and was taken: but for the horror which seized her on hearing the name of *Axe Edge Hill*, which caused her to turn back sooner than was expected, she might have been saved. But it was not so decreed; and the lines which she traced with a diamond on the window of her chamber at Buxton, the morning she left it for stricter confinement at Chatsworth, were prophetic:—

> "Buxton, thy springs with health and vigour rife,
> I sought, to gain a few more hours of life:
> Ye waves, that can its chiefest charm restore,
> Farewell! the captive shall return no more!" *

* The original lines, in defective Latin, inscribed by Mary Stuart on the window of the "Old Hall" at Buxton, are as follow: they are altered from Cæsar's Verses on Feltria:—

THE BROKEN-HEARTED CLUB.

BY PIERS SHAFTON, GENT.

If I acknowledge to a weakness, it is that of a predilection for what is called "seeing life." From my youth upwards this curiosity has been my besetting sin. Innumerable are the scrapes it has led me into. That I should be at this time a breathing being is a matter of surprise, as well as congratulation, to myself. From the adventures I have achieved, the suspicious characters I have mingled with, and the still more suspicious places I have frequented, the "final end and conclusion" of all my vagaries ought, unquestionably, to be an elevated post opposite the debtors' door at Newgate, the hulks, or a romantic and secluded life in "the bush," in the sequestered glades of Australia. But here am I, in spite of my own misgivings—in spite of all the prognostications of my excellent friends, who foretold that before my thirtieth year I should be the subject of a coroner's inquest, if I did not die by the hands of the law,—"alive, and"—as I have no doubt they would find me, were they to take the liberty of referring to their prophecies—"kicking;" a respectable, steady, "settled down" married man of six-and-thirty, who drives his wife to church twice every Sunday in a one-horse phaeton, with a rumble behind, containing two smiling, and not unfrequently squalling, pledges of connubial bliss. Yes! it is with no small vanity that I proclaim myself that long desired but apparently never-to-be-obtained character, "a respectable man!"

I may here mention that I am a trustee to the Provincial Savings Bank; honorary secretary to the Dorcas Baby-linen and Lying-in-comfort Institution; vice-president of the Skin-flint Soup and Bible Charity, and a trustee of the East London Philanthropic Society for the Amelioration of Juvenile Delinquencies! I have actually served the office of churchwarden; and confidently expect in the course of the next twelvemonth to be a Poor-law guardian! Which of you, after this, will put your trust in fortune-tellers?—even when your most particular friends gratuitously take upon themselves that office.

I must, however, acknowledge there was some foundation for the misgivings of those who took so lively an interest in my destiny. Without any positive vice, it was always my luck to seem vicious. "Tell me," says the Spanish proverb, "who are your friends, and I will tell you who you are." If told by this test, I fear at one part of my life I should be set down as a particularly good-for-nothing sort of individual. And yet, after all, as I have said before, I had really but "one fault," and that was in being too much of a philosopher! How could philosophy be better directed than in studying the human character—than in viewing life in all its phases? Accordingly I became, much to my own satisfaction, but to the horror of my well-meaning but more matter-of-fact friends, a practical peripatetic philosopher.

In my pursuit of knowledge, and in practically working out that grand maxim,

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

I experienced many vicissitudes and perilous adventures, and naturally became the subject of evil report and misrepresentation. It was not in the smooth, polished circles of society, where the surface is all alike bright and glittering, but hollow within, that I could find materials for my practical investigations. No, I had the sagacity to feel, that if I made mankind my study, I must take man in the rough, before the coarse edges of his nature had been rounded by the polishing hands of civilization. Deprived of the opportunity of beholding him in a savage, or as a philosopher I should say, in his primitive state, I sought for specimens of my fellow creatures in situations where they were less likely to be under the influence of artificial tastes and refinements. My philosophical speculations, consequently, threw me into a great deal of what is called "low society." My object was to see life, and life I did see to a much greater extent than if I had confined my sphere of observations to my own club, and my dear mother's drawing room, and the select assemblies, and whist clubs, in which it was the height of her ambition to see me shine, a "bright particular star."

In the course of my experience I have found few situations in life where human character can be studied in stronger relief than in those composite collections of human curiosities called clubs. I do not refer by this designation to those mushroom palaces, as gorgeous as cement and sham Corinthian columns can make them—where committees of members of both houses of parliament meet for the purpose of investigating the correctness of a milk score, or detecting a flaw in the laundress's bill for washing the tablecloths or napkins,—or soothing the feelings of some indignant member whose olfactory nerves have been assailed by a stale egg,—and where well-dressed gentlemen assemble to exercise their liberality by blackballing their foes, and now and then their friends; to read the newspapers, lie with dirty boots on costly sofas, and to eat sulky mutton-chops on misanthropical mahogany,—no, I allude to something as different, as a club of this sort is to the club of Hercules. I mean those little convivial knots, where kindred spirits form themselves into clusters, for the express purpose of enjoying themselves, and being the means of enjoyment to others, and cultivating those feelings which are the natural offspring of conviviality and good fellowship,—benevolence and a love of one's kind, the very opposite of arrogant pretension and selfish exclusiveness. It was at the period of life to which I refer that I had a sort of club mania on me. Ere I was six-and-twenty, I was a free and accepted Mason of the first degree,—a Noble Grand of the order of the Bucks, an original member of the illustrious order of the Codgers, an "Eccentric," a Grand Arch of the Independent Lodge of Odd Fellows, and a most venerable Master of the ancient order of the Druids. I was a member

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"Buxtona quæ calidæ celebrare nomine lymphæ,
Forte mihi posthac non aduenda, vale!"

The ancient window has long since disappeared; but an English version of the lines is scratched with a diamond on a pane of the new, which is always shown to visitors, as well as the suite of rooms occupied by the queen; in one of which the rafters are much ornamented, and there is an evidence of its having been rather an elegant apartment.

At Chatsworth House, all of Mary Stuart has disappeared, except her picture, a beautiful one by Zucchero; and in the park still exists the garden tower, called "Queen Mary's Bower"—given in the wood-cut.

besides of several other distinguished societies. The Beefsteak claimed me for one of its own—as I am proud to add, also, those illustrious assemblies, the Buffalo Club, the Jolly Cocks, the Incomprehensible, the Devil's Own, the Rough and Tumble, the Kit-kat, the Dilletanti, the Virtuosi, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the Ugly Nose Club, the Scatter Wits, the ancient order of St. John of Jerusalem, the Small Coalman's Musical Club, the Enormous Lying Club, and the Club of Ugly Faces.*

If my valuable life should be spared, and the numerous public duties I have to fulfil permit it, my intention is to benefit the world with a history of all these distinguished associations, most of which have fallen into a state of desuetude, and some only remain the melancholy ruins of their pristine splendour. I cannot, however, delay the history of one of them, and that is "The Broken-hearted Club;" for in the bosom of that intellectual society I spent some of the happiest hours of my chequered existence; and amongst its members I found some of those congenial spirits which the sympathetic heart ever yearns for,—and seldom—alas! how seldom—obtains. Where now are those brilliant but erratic spirits? I hardly dare to ask myself the question—much less to answer it. Some are removed altogether from the earth; others are scattered on its surface, far and wide. Society has condemned many to a perpetual banishment; unable to take a correct view of the philosophy of human life, that imperious arbitrator has judged what was merely wild and eccentric to be profligate; what was merely the irregular burst of genius to be the licentious infraction of the laws of civilized life! I blush for the laws of my country—I blush for the unphilosophical spirit in which they have been framed and administered, when I indignantly declare, that many of the *choicest* spirits that graced the Broken-hearted Club have been doomed to expatriation by narrow-minded juries and matter-of-fact judges! Nay, further, that *their lives* have paid the penalties of their misunderstood eccentricities; and that even at the present hour the martyrs of our unphilosophical laws are yet to be found heroically pursuing their inglorious destinies at the hulks, or in Botany Bay! So much for the boasted equality of justice in our happy land!

Without, therefore, a constant reference to the Old Bailey Calendar, the "Annals of Crime," and other statistical authorities, a complete history of the Broken-hearted Club could not be achieved. I shall therefore content myself with an account of my introduction to this society, with a glance at its ceremonies and rules, and a tribute of recollection to a few of its most distinguished ornaments.

It was to my friend Jack Doldrum that I am indebted for an introduction to this glorious circle. I remember well the evening when he proposed making me a member. I was suffering under a depression of spirits, whether arising from any philosophical reverie on the inconsistencies and caprices of my fellow creatures, or from the accidental circumstance that I had been that morning disappointed in not receiving a bank post bill from my aunt in Durham, I will not undertake at this distance of time to determine. Jack, with all the lively discernment of a devoted friend, witnessed my distress, and attempted in vain to dispel it. After having emptied my last bottle of whiskey, in preparing what he called "specifics for exorcising the blue devils," and finding that my depression continued, he at last started up, and declared that I was eligible for the Broken-hearted Club! In vain did I entreat him to enlighten me on the nature of this institution; but Jack was inflexible, declaring it was a fundamental law of that great order, that no member should divulge any of the secrets of the society, on penalty of death, *or* expulsion; and Jack, with a serious air, assured me, that the latter was by far the most terrific punishment of the two; and, *therefore*, most generally inflicted on the erratic members. My curiosity being wound up to the most intense pitch, he kindly offered at once to propose me, and initiate me into all its mysterious solemnities.

"Then let us be off, without loss of time," I hurriedly answered, and seizing Jack's arm, scarcely made more than one step from the top of the staircase to the bottom. My kind-hearted monitor, however, gravely chid me, and told me that if I gave such positive indications of hilarity, his duty to the society would prevent him making me a member, on the ground of ineligibility. "How was it possible," he logically observed—"that a man who skipped from one end of the stairs to the other, could be eligible for the Broken-hearted Club, unless"—he thoughtfully added, after a pause—"he did so with a suicidal intention?"

"For mercy's sake, my dear Jack, give me the benefit of the doubt; if you really disbelieve I'm broken-hearted, I will hang myself upon the nearest lamp-post!"

"I do not require so elevated a demonstration of the depressed state of your feelings, but am inclined to think that the mere fact of your tumbling from the top of the staircase to the bottom, is a proof that you are mad, or intended to put an end to yourself; in either case you are eligible—so come along, and endeavour to persuade yourself you are chief mourner at your own funeral, and walk and look accordingly!"

Obeying Jack's injunction, we soon arrived at what appeared a large, lonely-looking public-house, situated in a gloomy court, in a melancholy and deserted quarter of the town. One solitary candle burnt in the window. The entrance, although open, looked as if no one had crossed it for years; the termination of the narrow, gloomy passage being lost in darkness, and its silence appeared to have remained ever unbroken. With a silent pressure of the arm from my companion I felt a little assured, and followed him to what I presumed to be the bar. Here a withered crone rose at our entrance, and mechanically reached down a black bottle. "You will need of that, to keep your courage up," whispered Jack. I hastily swallowed the contents of the proffered glass, which I found to be simple brandy, and Jack went through the same mysterious rite. I then, having proffered to pay, (a ceremony which Jack did not think it necessary to imitate,) and my money being accepted with a very matter-of-fact air, I followed him up a dark and gloomy staircase, with another injunction, "to keep my courage up." Having reached the landing-place, my guide gave three peculiar raps at the door, which was barely visible by the aid of a dimly burning lamp; the three knocks were responded to by a voice from within, demanding in sepulchral tones, "Who breaks the silence of these sacred halls?"

* For an account of some of these societies, see a strange book called "Satyrical Reflections on Clubs," London, 1710.

Jack answered in equally lugubrious tones, "A votary of its hallowed mysteries."

"I spy a stranger," replied the voice from the interior.

"He would be one of us."

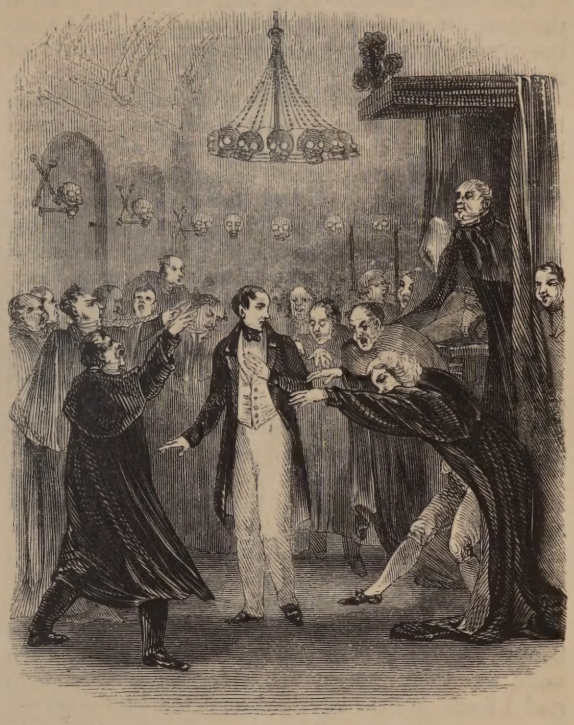
"Let him enter, and undergo the test!"

The door at this moment seemed to fly open by magic, and we both entered. No person was, however, visible; and while Jack carefully made the door again secure, I had the courage to survey the apartment into which I had been so strangely introduced.

It was evidently an ante-room of moderate dimensions, and quite destitute of furniture. The walls were hung with black cloth, and the ceiling was of the same sombre hue. From the centre hung a kind of lantern, the sides of which were made either of glass or horn, stained with a blood-red hue. This threw an unearthly light round the dismal chamber, which looked more fitted for the reception of the dead than the living. At one extremity my eyes were attracted by objects at which I confess I started. There was a door apparently leading to some inner apartment, which in addition to its being hung like the rest of the room with funeral draperies, was guarded by two mutes, with all their sable insignia of woe. Approaching the awful spot, my companion beckoned me to remain where I was, until he had gone through the necessary forms and ceremonies previous to my induction.

Naturally of a vivid imagination, now I was left by myself, save the mutes, who remained in their position, silent and motionless—my presence of mind forsook me; but just at the moment as I had determined to rush from the gloomy walls, and recover myself in the open air, the sable doors were thrown open, and Jack again appeared, silently motioning me to follow. I mechanically obeyed. Having entered the doors, our further progress was impeded by a curtain of black cloth, which hung in massive folds, but being drawn aside by an invisible hand, a scene was presented to my wondering eyes which yet vividly lives in my memory.

The chamber in which I now found myself was in the form of a crypt, of large dimensions; like the ante-room, it was hung with black, containing recesses that were evidently occupied, but whether by the living or the dead, my confused senses at that moment prevented me from discerning; opposite each of these recesses, was a table formed like a flat tombstone, supported by human cross-bones. The light with which the place was partially illuminated was emitted through the eyes of skulls, that did duty for lamps, and seemed to glare with a horrid appreciation of the grim deception. Opposite the entrance was an elevated seat on a dais, over which was a canopy formed of black velvet, and ostrich feathers, and other hearse-like trappings. On the throne I observed a human figure, but of what form or character my scattered senses refused me the power of judging. The silence was profound until I had reached the centre of the room, when the stillness was broken by the melancholy tones of a death-bell! Hardly had these ceased, when they were succeeded by a lugubrious strain, proceeding from invisible instruments, which my ear recognized to be the "Dead March in Saul." Imitating my leader, who had by this time enveloped himself in a mourner's cloak, with weepers, I stood opposite the throne, and bowing thrice to the figure on it, I was thus addressed:—



"Welcome, brother—brethren give him welcome!"

Here, from each of the recesses, simultaneously issued a groan so deep, so sadly sonorous, that it seemed to my bewildered fancy as if human nature had but one heart, and that was bursting!

The figure on the throne, in deep and solemn accents, continued to address me—

"Our beloved brother Doldrum has pledged himself that you are this time labouring under some deep, and as you believe, incurable grief—that your heart is broken! that you are disgusted with the world, and have sought refuge in the bosom of this society, to mingle your woes with ours. Is that your desire?"

I bowed assent, heaving at the same time a most dolorous sigh, as if to verify the sincerity of my affliction.

"Then, brother, welcome, to share in the cup of our bitterness; bitter, indeed, is the cup that we swallow; exquisite as is our distress, we will not refuse to share it with our brother!"

Here the speaker was interrupted by one long, low, melancholy Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!

"Shall he mingle his tears with ours?" Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h! was the only reply.

"Our brethren refuse you not their sympathy.—Let the sacred rites commence!"

Here a sort of gong sounded, and in a moment, from each of the recesses, their inhabitants rushed, clothed in long mourning cloaks, with weepers and hatbands. Surrounding me, in different circles, like the witches in the cauldron scene of "Macbeth," they began, hand in hand, singing in a remarkably dismal chant a most supernatural chorus; at the same time joining in a peculiar dance, anything but lively in its figure, and a most decided imitation of the Eleusinian mysteries, or the more modern religious rites of that most eccentric sect, the Shakers.

This being brought to an end, at another blast of the gong each of the figures rushed to his respective recess, leaving me still standing in the centre of the gloomy chamber.

"Drink to the wretchedness of the new-made member! Gentlemen, charge your skulls, with the usual honours, groans, three times three!"

At the word of command being given, I perceived from each of the tombstone tables a fantastic cup resembling a human skull lifted up, and in another instant a most fearful round of groans saluted me. Feeling a necessity to acknowledge the compliment, and at the same time the usual want of words, I made a bold attempt to enter into the spirit of the scene by sending forth a groan to the best of my ability. A hum of approbation assured me that the return I made was considered both acceptable and appropriate.

The president, having again cleared his throat and rapped with his hammer, addressed the society thus:—"My wretched brethren, our new brother having been admitted, let him, after he has read the rules and signed the declaration to obey them, and paid the admission fees, take his seat, and then," (putting his handkerchief to his eyes and sobbing plaintively,) "my children, we'll all be unhappy together."

A board shaped like a hatchment, with a deep black border, which had been previously suspended from the walls, was then brought me, which being directed to read I found to have inscribed on it the following:—

Rules of the Broken-hearted Club.

I. This being a society for the promotion of general wretchedness and unhappiness, no person can be admitted unless upon the introduction of a member, who can pledge his belief that the candidate's heart is broken, or ought to be so.

II. That the member so introducing a candidate, shall be bound (if required,) to state some definite ground of wretchedness or misery under which the candidate is labouring, or conceives himself to be.

III. It is essentially necessary that the candidate shall have been crossed in love: if, however, he has been married three times, that circumstance shall be taken as a sufficient substitute. The qualifications of widowers and old bachelors to be strictly investigated. Married men with drunken partners to be declared eligible without further inquiry.

IV. Individuals in the following capacities to be considered duly qualified:—Elderly gentlemen with handsome young wives. The same with marriageable daughters, and fortunes to give them. Members of the aristocracy, having titles, and no fortunes to support them. Theatrical managers, if not actually in a lunatic asylum. Members of parliament of large and independent constituencies. Junior officers in crack regiments, with noble colonels. Briefless barristers without private fortunes. Young artists, authors, or actors, with merely their talents to depend upon. Members of the army and navy on half pay. And young physicians who have never yet had an opportunity of slaughtering their fellow creatures!

V. That persons who have become members by reason of a certain qualification, which they shall subsequently lose, shall forthwith cease to belong to the society, or to participate in its funds; but notwithstanding they shall be eligible for re-election, on regaining that or a similar qualification.

VI. That it being a fundamental law of this society that all the members thereof are to be equally unhappy, that any one of its members having a good fortune left him, or any other fortunate event having befallen him, shall become ineligible. Such member, however, to continue on the roll, on giving up such fortune, or renouncing such other advantage, to the benefit of the society, to be appropriated to the general enjoyment of misery and unhappiness.

I had scarcely finished the perusal of these rules, when a sound of the gong informed me that some other change was about to take place. Instantly the lights disappeared, and the room was enveloped in profound darkness. I heard a rushing noise from the draperies, and suddenly there was a general commotion amongst the members. What awful ceremony was next to take place my highly wrought imagination vainly endeavoured to suggest. My courage, which had borne me miraculously through the whole of these trying initiations, now utterly failed me—I was nearly sinking with terror: when suddenly a blaze of light illuminated the room, which to my astonishment I found completely metamorphosed! My first salutation was a hearty slap on the shoulder from my friend Jack, with a—"How d'ye find yourself, old fellow?" This was responded to by as loud and as cheerful a burst of laughter as ever gladdened mortal ears! Looking round for explanation, I found Jack and the chairman and the rest of the members had discarded their funeral robes: the skulls had disappeared from the walls; the canopy, with the velvet pall and plumes, had vanished; the tombstone tables, cross-bones, and every other dismal sign, had gone, I knew not where. The lugubrious president was changed into a rosy-cheeked, dapper little gentleman, with a tumbler of something hot and smoking in his hand, enjoying to his heart's content my bewildered look. Shouts of merriment now stunned my ears, as if the spirits of the joyous crew had been, during the late mystic ceremonies, dammed up, and were now let loose to range unrestrainedly. Cheerful faces surrounded me, and it was quite clear that fun and joviality were to be the order of the evening.

"Well, you Johnny Raw, didn't you hear the command of the chairman, that we were all to be unhappy together, so top off a glass of punch and make yourself miserable!" cried one of my new made brethren; another helped me to a seat near a table, on which was smoking a large bowl of punch, and a third, after a friendly poke in my ribs, volunteered a song, which he sung in a rich, melodious voice, smacking his lips at the unctuous humour, as if it had left a flavour on them! At the conclusion the whole of the members joined, or rather shouted, chorus, in the old fashioned stave—

> "A very good song, and very well sung,
> Jolly companions every one;—
> Put your hats on—keep your heads warm—
> A glass of good liquor will do you no harm!"

A simultaneous clink of the glasses, and a momentary pause following, were wound up by one hilarious shout.

It was impossible to resist this flood of boisterous merriment—the more intoxicating because the more unexpected, like a burst of sunshine from the murky pall of a thunder cloud. I soon got vastly at home with my brethren, and the bond of unity was complete. Song followed after song; jest flashed after jest; quips and cranks, stories and puns, trod fast on the heels of each other, in generous emulation with the vanishing bowls of punch.

In a moment when the general enjoyment appeared to have reached its climax, the president's hammer was again heard, and a pause succeeded: he then briefly reminded the society that it was time to proceed to the business of the night, and he should therefore call on brother Sadgrove to prove his qualification as a member, by a recital of the cause of his misery—and which I shall endeavour to do justice to by relating in the speaker's own picturesque style the next time I find myself in the humour for confession.

Sir John Suckling.

Sir John Suckling was born at Whitton, in the parish of Twickenham, and baptized there on the 10th of February, 1608-9. His father was principal Secretary of State and Comptroller of the Household to King James I., and his mother was sister to Lionel Cranfield, the Lord Treasurer Middlesex of Clarendon's History. The Sucklings were of Woodton, in the county of Norfolk. The father is described as a man of grave deportment, and very comely person, of a fair complexion, with good features and flaxen hair. His mother died in the fifth year of his age, leaving two sons and four daughters: his father in his twentieth.

His first education was, it is thought, at Westminster, from whence, in 1623, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Quitting college, he joined the six thousand men raised by the Marquis of Hamilton for the wars in Germany, and was present at the sieges of Crossen, Guben, Glogan and Magdeburg, returning to England, it is thought, with Hamilton in September, 1632.

His wit and readiness at repartee made him welcome at court, where he was known as the late comptroller's son, and a great gamester. He is now so much in favour, that Garrard communicates his doings in his gossiping letters to the great Lord Strafford.

He became, in 1637, a poet in print, by his well known "Session of the Poets," and in 1638, by his play of "Aglaura." His "Session," so often imitated, was the first poetic session in our language. He has more wit but less scurrility than Rochester; less malevolence than Mulgrave, and a fertility of fancy quite unapproached by his several successors. Ben Jonson is, in Suckling's

"Session," described as being there alive; the date of its composition cannot possibly be later than 1637, the year in which Jonson died. The incident on which the poem is founded has escaped detection; the laureateship it could not be—nor the office of city poet—for both appointments were held by Jonson.

When his "Aglaura" was acted, he bought all the clothes himself, "which," says Aubrey, "were very thick; no tinsel, all the lace pure gold and silver."

When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms in 1639, and advanced to the English borders, many of the courtiers complimented the King by raising forces at their own expense. Among the most active was Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred that it cost him £12,000. His first adventure has been celebrated by Sir John Mennis, in a poem called "*The Campaigne.*" His troop ran away, and is now distinguished only for its finery and cowardice.

"No errant knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravada,
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book,
He'd have conquered a whole armada."

"The Campaigne" has found a lasting sanctuary in Percy's Reliques.

He now joined himself with Harry Jermyn, Percy and others, to effect the escape of Strafford from the Tower, but was detected, and obliged (May 5th, 1641,) to fly into France. His end was tragic. Having learnt that his servant had robbed him, he drew on his boots in great haste; a nail or blade, purposely poisoned and concealed, pierced his heel, and produced a mortification of which he died. This is believed, but on unsatisfactory evidence. He was dead in 1642, for a separate elegy to his memory was printed in that year.

Poetry was his amusement, cards and bowls his pursuits and calling. Sheffield Duke of Buckingham assured Pope, that every card that came from France had a mark of Suckling's affixed to it. He was one of the best bowlers of his time in England. He played at cards rarely well, "and did use," says Aubrey, "to practise by himself a-bed, and there studied the best way of managing cards." Aubrey had heard a story of his sisters coming with tears in their eyes to the Piccadilly Bowling-green, "crying for fear he should lose all their portions."

The games of bowls, as a fashionable amusement, is extinct in England;—London at one time abounded in bowling-greens, and our directories are still rich in bowling alleys. "A bowl-alley," says Earle, "is the place where there are three things thrown away beside bowls, to wit, time, money and curses,—and the last ten for one. The best sport in it is the gamesters, and he enjoys it that looks on and bets not. It is the school of wrangling, and worse than the schools, for men will cavil here for a hair's breadth, and make a stir where a straw would end the controversy. No antick screws men's bodies into such strange flexures; and you would think them here senseless, to speak sense to their bowls, and put their trust in entreaties for a good cast. To give you the moral of it, it is the emblem of the world, or the world's ambition—where most are short, or over, or wide, or wrong-biassed, and some few justle in to the mistress—Fortune."

Suckling sat to Vandyke for his portrait—not the head engraved as after Vandyke, and prefixed to the late republication of his poems. For "he was of middle stature and slight strength, brisk round eye, reddish faced and red nosed—his head not very big, his hair a kind of sand colour—his beard turned up naturally, so that he had a brisk and graceful look." This is Aubrey's portrait, and it agrees admirably with the head of Suckling preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

Suckling's gaiety of verse is proverbial. His "Aglaura" is full, says Flecknoe, of fine flowers, but flowers stuck rather than growing there. His "Ballad upon a Wedding" is very airy, very natural, and very elegant. His song,

"Hast thou seen the down in the air?"

is a bad imitation of a parody upon Jonson.

Colley Cibber.

Colley Cibber's claim to remembrance rests on a secure foundation. His Apology for his own Life is one of the most entertaining pieces of self-exposure in our language; it contains the best theatrical criticisms we know of, and a better gallery of theatrical portraits than the Garrick Club possess in the large and interesting collection made by the late Mr. Mathews. His characters are, of their kind, as fine and vivid as any drawn by the careful hand of the great Lord Clarendon. Betterton and Bracegirdle survive in everything but in voice; engaging Oldfield is so engagingly dolorous that she charms new Churchills, and converts by conquest each reader into another Maynwaring. Booth, as Cato, is made a piece of prose delusion; and Wilks, as Sir Harry Wildair, a transfer from life to death—an impersonation in words—a shadowy something, a prose marvel, and a perfect picture.

But Colley has other claims upon our remembrances. If we neglect or condemn "The Non-Juror," there is no denying *praise* to 'The Careless Husband," one of the very best of our Charles the Second school of comedies. His five volumes of plays stand neglected on our shelves—the dust of sixty years and more lies on their tops in the cases of the British Museum;—you may pick them up for a shilling a volume among the old booksellers in Holywell Street. Who now reads Cibber? Forget his "Careless Husband"—it is his "Apology" that pleases and preserves his fame. We had written his *name*—but his name can never die—it lives (preserved in amber) in the undying poetry of Pope. Needlessly and undeservedly it is true—but still there, and most ludicrously there.

To Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of Colley, we are indebted for the celebrated figures of Madness and Melancholy over the gates of Bedlam—

"Old Bedlam, close by London Wall."

These were the tragic conceptions of the father and "the brazen, brainless brothers" of the son. Colley was the comic conception of old Caius; he had no tragedy in his brains, or melancholy in his mind, or madness in his conduct and ideas. The son could no more have conceived those fine statues than the father could have written the "Apology" of the son. Tragedy and Colley originate a similar association of ideas in our mind, like those unlikely alliances of poverty and Rothschild—prudence and the late Dr. Maginn—an alderman unfed (one who could write, like Johnson, *impransus* under his name)—a Jew and hard labour—a Royal Academician and an enlarged idea. But it is time to turn from Colley, in his double capacity of author and actor, to Colley as the beau about London, a dandy revived for the especial benefit of the present generation.

Colley Cibber's features were very far from being individually handsome; his eyes, though small, were all vivacity and sparkle; his lips a perpetual play of words in action, with or without utterance; his nose short, but well-shaped; his figure middle-sized and handsome, his legs well-turned, his hands and feet

small, and his person wanting no recommendation which dress could lend it. He wore his sword according to the last air, and his wig was of the last fashion in length and curl. At the time we speak of, his age was about five and thirty; two or three genteel comedies, which Congreve had seen and sat through, had stamped him for a man of talent; his character as a comic actor had confirmed and increased his reputation for written wit. A successful intrigue with a lady of distinction, young, gay, and fashionable, had added to his consequence and standing. He was always ready to stop up a gap at ombre, and he knew all the little news of the town. He had been admitted within the chosen circle at Wills', and was a foundation member of the new hemisphere of genius at Button's. His vivacity and wit, the gaiety of his manners, and the fame of his amours, made him at times, when behind the scenes of Drury Lane, the centre of a little circle, composed of men like Arthur Maynwaring and Colonel Brett, General Churchill and General Dormer, Sir Thomas Skipwith and the Earl of Macclesfield—representatives in full of the gayer complexion and pursuits of the town.

Mr. Martin has drawn his hero at the age of five and thirty—fooling an idle half hour away with a turn or two in the middle walk of the New Exchange. He has newly commenced a little interlude of compliment and ogle with one of the fair shopwomen of the place. The best millinery in England was to be had at the New Exchange in the Strand, and the prettiest girls in London to recommend the wares. The age of Cibber was a polite but corrupt period in the history of our manners and customs. The prettiest face would rarely redden at the most naked allusion—so that it was couched in the particular language of gallantry, and came from the lips of one whose dress and air were sureties that he was a man of mode—rich in play terms, and well versed in the conduct of a correct and clouded cane. The certain signs of refined gentility were well enough known; but if anything was wanting to make good a claim, the snuff-box, and the air with which it was tapped and opened, set the matter everlastingly at rest. Our actor Colley had all the graces and finish of a dandy—the air and the attitude true to the last arrival. He was the happy parent of certain parts of dress and certain phrases of speech that had their short-lived seasons of fashionable existence. Colley had made many conquests among the fair, many a fair face had been taken away from behind her shop-board by the wiles and wickedness of the clever Colley. O! the ruin effected by that New Exchange—

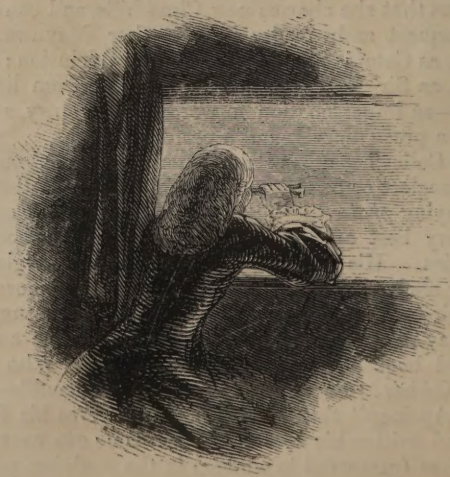
"Thither run
Some to undo and some to be undone."

Many a young wife has dressed herself up for the day as a milliner's girl, and in that character sold wares and trinkets in the New Exchange. There was no crime, it was thought, in such innocent deceit. Vexation when discovered there might be, and there was; but the thing was laughed at, and the fair deceiver played her part at some other time with more skill and without detection. It was at this period that our plays represented our citizens, one and all, as amorous old Fitzdottrels, fit only to make money at one end of the town for their wives to spend at another. The greater portion of the audience frequenting these plays were the wives of the citizens thus ridiculed. The money acquired by their husbands at the Old Exchange was expended by their wives on the fashionable wares within the New; while the very writers that ridiculed, and the very players that represented their creations on the stage, were the West-End gallants to the wives and daughters of these city Fitzdottrels.

It would be no easy matter to call up a picture in words of the middle walk of the New Exchange at the period we speak of. Mr. Martin's little episode is an illustration in part of the whole character of the place. Your ears were assailed with cries of "What d'ye buy? What d'ye lack? gloves, ribbons, and essences? ribbons, gloves, and essences—fine Paris gloves, fine Paris perfumes—what d'ye lack? &c." Here a fair milliner was heard with a "What d'ye lack—a pair of gloves such as Mr. Cibber should wear in Sir Fopling Flutter or Sir Courtly Nice? a fair, flaxen, full-bottomed perriwig, like Sir Fopling's last, should be worn with gloves like these"—and so saying she exhibited a pair of gloves of a most delicate primrose colour, emitting a most refined perfume, and glittering on the back with rows of small and polished spangles. The poet-player was at once all eye, admiration and ear. A whole battery of artificial small-talk was played upon the successful vender—an exchange of compliment and look, and a most polite understanding. The gloves were bought, a whisper made, a recognition passed, a parting glance given, and a place of assignation named. . . . . "Avoid the Arcade! pass not the Piazza!" . . . . . Within an hour our fair milliner was sitting in a mask in the side box of old Drury Lane.

We shall not pursue this intrigue through all its mystery and crimes. The offended husband, having missed his wife, had traced her to the Exchange, and from the Exchange to the Theatre: she was all but detected, and had been completely so, but for the timely interference of Lord Macclesfield and Colonel Brett, who, aware of the danger their friend Cibber was in, had managed to inveigle the husband within the bar of the Rose Tavern, where, what with drink and mad sayings, they detained the forgetful Fitzdottrel till such time as Colley could have seen his fair milliner at her own door, within Broad Street Buildings. The tables were turned,—Brett and Macclesfield sent home a drunken husband to an upbraiding wife, Cibber had the fame of a new intrigue to administer to his vanity,* and Macclesfield and Brett the delight of thinking that they would lay Colley before long under a similar obligation.

* "This person was one who constantly derived a vanity from every folly, (not to say vice,) of which another would be ashamed." —*Warburton's Advertisement to the Dunciad.*



AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.

BY BENSON E. HILL.

Doctor W——, the Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post-chaise, and the unbroken *garrons* used for drawing these crazy vehicles.

One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the bishop, being a very humane man, and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance; perceiving this he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac yell, demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his tattered garment, than with another whirl of his bludgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed—

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off? a few paltry tinpennies! It's the gould I'll have, or I'll spatter your brains. Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse, you devil, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents, "My good fellow, there it is, don't ill use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you plase; as sure as I'm *not* a good fellow, I hav'n't done with you yet. I must sarch for your note case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow to-night."

It was given up: a glance at the road showed that all hope of assistance from his servants was unavailing, the carriage had disappeared, but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait awhile, or may be I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and sales, and then you may trudge."

Now it happened that the Divine felt a particular regard for his watch,—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron,—and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you ould varmint? Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for,—but, without any more bother, just give me the watch, or by all that's holy —— "

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim,—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said—

"And now be off with you, and thank the blissed saints that you lave me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt."

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry he set off at what equestrians term "a hand canter;" scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him. He endeavoured to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly-tempered steel?

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber,—"stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenceless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a stand-still. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical rogueishness of expression, as he said,—"And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat,—laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig,—put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last feat had been the most meritorious of his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage; the servants could not repress their laughter at seeing their master in such strange and motley attire; but there was in his face such evidences of terror and suffering, that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly when they learnt by a few brief words the danger he had undergone. "My dear W——!" exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for Heaven's sake take off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch, or anything else, just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket-book, purse, and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined; they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party retired for rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken, after a desperate resistance,—the notice of the police being attracted by the singular appearance of a man of his station sporting a new black coat, and covering his shaggy, carroty locks with the well-powdered and orthodox peruke of the right reverend the Bishop of Cashel.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY JULIA DAY.

Child of the vanish'd hours!
Lone Orphan at thy birth,
Baptized with chilling showers
And cradled upon earth:

Like mortal infant thou
With spotless beauty fair,
All pure and sinless now,
A radiant smile dost wear.

Hail to that gleam! Alas!
The transient glory's flown,—
Stern shadows frowning pass,
Where light of promise shone.

On, pilgrim child—go—speed—
On—with thy darken'd brow:
No prayers thy steps impede,—
We would not stay thee now.

With prophet eye we scan
Thine aspect darkly change;
Like brow of sinful man,
'Tis fearful, sear'd and strange.

We note thy mournful tread
Upon our wither'd path,
A footfall o'er the dead
Each passing moment hath.

Yet—yet our vision shows
More dread thine onward way,
Wild sins and ruthless woes
There mingle in dismay.

With guilty sorrows bow'd,
Thine age with terrors crown'd,
Death's pallid spectres crowd
Thy closing hours around.

Lo! an unfathom'd gloom,
Pierced by no mortal gaze,
(Thine ancient kindred's tomb,)
Engulfs *thy* perish'd days.

THE BEAUTIES OF WAR

THE deadly animosity which existed between the French and Prussians during the occupation of France by the allied army, can hardly be conceived by any but those who were spectators of it; — it showed itself in a thousand modes,—not merely in contest in the field in the serious antagonism of war, but in the most trivial and insignificant actions of ordinary life. The hatred was reciprocal. I have seen a Prussian officer, when his load of wood came to his quarters, make the carter wait an hour, to his own inconvenience, before he would allow it to be unloaded; the man standing all the while in the rain, swearing with the peculiar grace and volubility of that period,—a fashion so extraordinary, that those who have only visited France within the last twenty years cannot form to themselves an idea of the extent to which the accomplishment may be cultivated. The man in his turn would contrive to place all the worst pieces of wood to come out first, so as to give the impression that the whole was of inferior quality; and when the Prussian had exhausted himself with complaints and remonstrances, and the Frenchman with oaths and exclamations, (that the worst wood in the world was too good for a Prussian,) he would ostentatiously place all the fine pieces uppermost, with a smirk which seemed to say— "Now, you can't make a complaint to the authorities, for the wood is better than average, and I have had my revenge by worrying you."

A row of the largest pieces of artillery was placed along the Quai Voltaire, and all that side of the river down to the Chamber of Deputies. Night and day stood by the side of each a man with lighted match, and it was understood that they were loaded to the muzzle with grape shot. Directly in front of them, across the river, were booths, swings, stalls for fruit and confectionary, printsellers (not the most decent), rope-dancers, mountebanks, and all other caterers for the public amusement; while enormous crowds of grown men and women were amusing themselves with all the enthusiasm of children, apparently unconscious of the existence of the deadly instruments of warfare which pointed their brazen throats at them. The indifference to danger generated by habits of warfare is inconceivable by those who have never seen it. Every individual of the motley throng knew that on any sudden "emeute" he might be blown to atoms before he could reach a place of safety, but he *trusted it would not happen*, like the dwellers on Vesuvius: and if the guns were fired, perhaps he might be able to get out of the way in time—"If not, not," and so he continued his amusement.

With those whose patriotism was too powerful for restraint, and who felt the utter impossibility of open resistance by arms, it was some consolation to walk behind the row of cannon, just out of the reach of the bayonets of the sentinels, and empty their hearts in execrations. I was often tempted to go to listen to them, from the extraordinary energy and eloquence of their vituperation, which was curiously composed of words (not sentences) without the slightest meaning; occasionally, however, the orators would break out into threats of revisiting Prussia, and wreaking their vengeance; but as these threats were unintelligible to the soldiers, they excited no more attention than the preliminary oaths. The Prussians knew that the words were intended for insult, because the pantomime was so perfect that it did not require the aid of language to make itself understood; but they generally bore it with the most philosophical indifference. I was always apprehensive, however, that the patience of some one individual soldier might be unable to last out the succession of execrators, and that the human overcoming the *military* feeling, might vent itself in an explosion, and I might thus come in for a stray shot, which would have been a disagreeable reward for my anxiety to complete my vocabulary of French.

It was really a very extraordinary exhibition, and such as I verily believe could exist only in Paris. The crowds of swearers and threateners gave way at the approach of the large patrols (incessantly traversing all parts of the town), and vanished—*how* or *where*, used to astonish me, for the moment the patrol had passed they made their appearance again like a swarm of gnats, and resumed their occupation. The thing seemed to give them great relief; and if so, as it did nobody any harm, it would have been a pity to inter-

rupt their expectoration. A Parisian mob is, perhaps, the only collection of human beings in the world which could feel consoled by the process.

In remote parts of the country, however, the animosity was less *lively* and more *deadly*, and assassinations were frequent. The Prussians had so many deep injuries to avenge, that it is not extraordinary they should occasionally exercise the spirit of retaliation, and in the small bodies of their troops dispersed in the villages personal conflicts were common, in spite of military discipline. A large part of their troops were landwehr (militia), and even landsturm (levy en masse), so that discipline was necessarily imperfect. I was at this time quartered in the house of a gentleman who was secretary to a branch of the municipal government, and he often showed me petitions from towns and districts, entreating to be relieved from the presence of the Prussian troops, and to be allowed English in lieu of them; still more frequently came petitions for English instead of French, whose tyranny and exactions were intolerable. Defeat had exasperated them to madness, and they wreaked their vengeance indiscriminately on friends and foes. The state of demoralization of the French army was complete.

Occasionally a Prussian officer would take care to let his hosts feel that France was not safe from experiencing some of the miseries she had inflicted on other nations; and the hatred of Blucher was so intense for everything connected with Frenchmen, that offenders were pretty sure of impunity when complaints were carried to head-quarters. The Duke of Wellington's general orders at this period show his great anxiety to establish better discipline, and his fears lest the severity of the Prussians should excite a general revolt, and jeopardize all the fruits of his hard-earned victory and arduous negotiations.

One of the instances of this tyranny and resistance will show that it is not always safe to indulge a spirit of retaliation in an enemy's country, however completely it may seem to be subdued. There was no part of France where there appeared less chance of collision between the foreign troops and the peasantry than in the province of Normandy. Prussian troops took up their quarters in the towns and villages of that country with as much tranquillity and composure as in their own, and they no more contemplated opposition from the inhabitants, than an English regiment would expect it in Scotland. Being in very small bodies, the officers were enabled to exercise a close surveillance over their men, and whatever license they might allow to themselves, they maintained strict discipline among the private soldiers.

A Prussian officer, with whose friends I am acquainted, was quartered in the house of a widow, who, since the death of her husband, continued to conduct a large establishment for the manufacture of crockery (Fayence) at B——. This hard and heavy substance requires the greatest possible heat for its vitrification, and the furnaces are of gigantic magnitude and strength. The men employed in the manufactory lodged and boarded in the house, and, like the miners in Cornwall, were not mere servants, but a sort of fellow adventurers, whose gains depended in some measure on the success of the establishment. These men, whose laborious occupation was incompatible with any but great bodily strength, felt the honour of the head of the establishment to be in some sort their own, and that they were bound to maintain the cause of the widow and the fatherless. Madame L——'s family consisted of one son only, about fifteen years of age.

The servant of the officer, having seen the indulgence to others for similar freaks, determined to exercise a little of the pleasure of authority himself, and after his master was gone to bed was in the habit of keeping up the family to prepare his coffee, which he did not choose to take till two hours after the time they usually retired to rest; he would sometimes take it into his head to be hungry at three o'clock in the morning, and insist on having something grilled for supper, which if not done to his taste he would throw into the fire, and command them to take more pains with the next. Madame L—— at last determined to make a formal complaint to the officer.

Whether the mode of stating her grievances did not please him, or the narration excited recollections which awakened a dormant spirit of revenge, he received her remonstrances with haughtiness. "Madam," said he, "my servant shall call you all out of bed six times every night if I please, and you shall wait upon him yourself. I am sorry that you have no daughters, that you might learn how your infernal countrymen behaved to my sisters. My mother was a widow with four daughters; six officers of your brutal and uncivilized nation were quartered in her house—she had lost her only other son in the battle of Jena, and I was far away. The conduct of your countrymen would have disgraced the lowest savages—my mother and sisters were subjected to loathsome indignities, and made to perform the most abject menial services for their brutal guests. My mother's heart was broken—she sank under the horrors she was compelled to witness; and while her corpse yet lay in the house the officers endeavoured to dishonour my sisters; but I should go mad were I to begin a list of the atrocities committed by your army. You shall know a little of the miseries of war—to-morrow you shall have a couple more officers and half a dozen soldiers to maintain—see that you prepare for them. Take care to let me have a turkey dressed at half-past two in the morning, and coffee at four."

The lady slunk away, terrified at the aspect of the infuriated Prussian, and retired to think of the best mode of pacifying him: she rightly conjectured that the attempt would be most likely to be successful after she should have prepared him a dinner with unusual care, and given him time to subside; set herself to the task with the determination to please him, if possible; and hoped that a more humble entreaty in the evening might avert the dreaded infliction with which she had been threatened.

Not so her son, who had been listening at the door, attracted by the loud voice of the officer. He heard all; but in his attempts to rouse the workmen to resistance did not think it at all necessary to repeat the officer's account of French cruelties in Prussia—he dwelt only on the threats held out to his mother, and the tyranny of the servant—and he succeeded in inspiring them with a determination to take a safe revenge.

The lady went on with her preparations for the officer's dinner, and was deeply engaged in larding a fine fowl, when horrible screams assailed her ears. She rushed to the door of the kitchen—it was fastened; to the door which led to the manufactory—tha

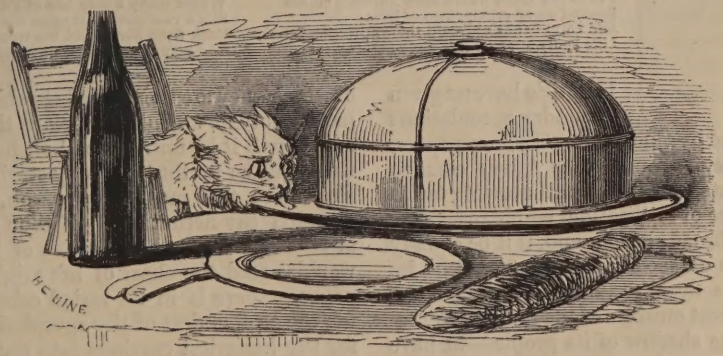
also was fastened; every outlet for escape was closed; —she screamed for her son, and was answered by him from the other side of the door, that there was no danger, and no cause for alarm. She entreated to be told what was the meaning of the screams, which now became fainter and fainter, as if retiring to a greater distance—"Soyez tranquille, ma mère," said her son, "you will know it all presently. I will let you out directly; there is no danger—none whatever."

Presently the door was opened, and her son led her into the manufactory; but what was her horror to see the officer and his servant lying on the ground opposite the great furnace, each bound round with bandages from neck to feet like an Egyptian mummy. At the moment she entered, the door of the fiery furnace was thrown open, and cast its glare on the faces of the helpless beings; the servant had fainted from excess of terror, and the officer's bloodless countenance in vain assumed an air of firmness. "Save me, Madam, if possible, and I swear to you that this outrage shall never be betrayed. I and my servant will instantly remove, and you shall have no others quartered on you." The lady stood aghast and unable to utter a word. The men cried out, "Don't believe him, Madam, let us make complaints impossible;" and they took up the helpless beings, and brought their feet near to the mouth of the furnace. "Say but the word, and in three minutes there won't be a vestige of either of them. We can never be detecte—dthere won't be an atom of bone left, and their buttons will be undistinguished in the cinders. Say the word, Madam—say the word—they will be senseless in three seconds—the furnace is in full glow, and they will be turned into steam and ashes in half a minute."

It was an awful moment! the men had not exaggerated the effect of the furnace, for the intense white heat, much greater than that of a glass-house, would have volatilized every particle of the hapless wretches in an instant. The men held both the bodies in the attitude of throwing them into the furnace, and as their mistress's terror deprived her of the power of speech, they took silence for consent, and were proceeding to put their threat in execution, when the son, who had only intended to frighten the offenders, and never contemplated the actual murder, screamed out his horror, and threw himself on his knees to intercede for them. The mother had by this time found her tongue, and joined the prayers with those of the son; but it was not till after very long and urgent entreaties that they succeeded in arresting the hands of the ruffians, who were gloating in anticipation of so complete and so safe a vengeance. Indeed, except by the confession of one of the parties, detection would have been absolutely impossible.

The officer and his servant were liberated, the latter placed in bed delirious, and the officer was in no frame of mind to do justice to Madame L——'s cookery. I venture to guess that the fowl went away untasted.

The next day both officer and man were removed to fresh quarters; but the servant's delirium gave rise to suspicion; and although the officer contended that the whole was a fable, it is supposed that his fellow soldiers believed his story, for the manufactory was shortly afterwards burnt to the ground, and the men thrown out of employment for months.



THE UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR.

STYLES, deeply enamour'd of praise,
And burning to come at a share of it,
Has been *publishing*, all his days—
But the public is quite unaware of it?

While others catch notice and smiles,
(Though not, as he *feels*, worth a third of him,)
'Tis cruelly galling to Styles,
That nobody seems to have heard of him!

Poor fellow! how sadly he strives,
His efforts, how vain their severity!
Still, still he *goes down*, while he lives,
But he'll never go down to posterity!

In pity at all that he tries,
In pity for fever so hot in him,
Fame, grant but one word, ere he dies,
Just *to say* you had really forgotten him!

G. D.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION OR NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA!

Far to the East, where once Aurora's smiles
Looked on an archipelago of isles;
And coral banks uprear'd their glittering forms,
Like spots of azure in a sky of storms;

Where many a ship has sail'd the foamy brine,
Sits a vast continent upon the Line.
Back from her strand the troubled ocean rolls,
And points with eager finger to the Poles!

T. K. Hervey.

THIS title have we given to sundry speculations that have been suggested by a file of recent Sydney papers, which have just (as they say in Change Alley) come to hand. If the refinements, elegancies, and growing tastes of a people are evidence of civilization, ample proofs are afforded of it by these broad sheets; and, if it be equally true, that the progress of society may be traced by its darker attributes—the deep shadings of vice and depravity—as the correctest outlines of the human countenance are traced by the shadow of its profile—we have by the same medium "confirmation strong."

A newspaper is at all times an epitome of life. The joys, sorrows, pangs, and pleasantries of human nature are there crowded in one picture. The same Gazette records the prosperity of one, and the bankruptcy of another; the "ups" of the favourite of Fortune, and the "downs" of her rejected. True is the reflection which it casts of human life and human destiny. There is scarcely a line between "births" and "deaths:" and "marriages" seem only a connecting link between the two. The same page that records the struggles of an empire, details the catastrophe of a convicted thief. True to life, a newspaper, like the day of its publication, slips through our fingers, and becomes, in the picturesque words of dear old Jeremy Taylor, of "the portion of weeds and worn out faces," without one event clinging to our memory, or escaping from all absorbing oblivion. Newspapers, like the days of which they are the "brief chronicles," become of the past, before we are fully conscious that they are present; and so will it be until both shall have an end, for when there will be no future, the past will need no historian. Put away thy musty tomes, oh, philosopher! and abandon thy hermitage;—if thou wouldst study man in all the wondrous intricacies of his nature—if thou wouldst read the chart of life aright—go to the newspaper,—there is in its varied columns matter enough for the profoundest of thy speculations,—food sufficient for thy hungriest cravings into the origin of good and evil.

Lively, however, are the suggestions afforded by a file of papers from a rising colony, combining, as the worthy folks who manufacture the Penny Magazine profess to do, "amusement with edification." There is a jumble of the very stalest with the "very latest" news, which has a striking and yet perplexing effect. —But then, the wants, vanities, and allurements of life, as they are so happily displayed in the columns of the advertisements, suggest but little if any difference to the broad sheets of our own native journals. There is unfortunately the same prolific crop of "accidents and offences," and "coroners' inquests," which invariably meet our eyes in the newspapers at home,—conveying the wholesome truth that crime and sorrow, whether they travel at home or abroad, generally go hand-in-hand, or if not, that they tread very closely on each other's footsteps,—"police reports"

are by no means supplied with a thrifty hand, and "law cases" are just as dry and uninteresting as if they came direct from Westminster Hall. Thus we may go on quietly skimming over the columns under the delusion that we are reading our accustomed morning paper, until the delusion is dispelled by some out-of-the-way expression of, or relating to, "iron gang chains," or "ticket of leave men," and are transported to Botany Bay at the rate of fifteen thousand miles a second.

Thus too, under the head of "Latest News," we are taken in with an extraordinary event which had happened some ten or twelve months previously. For instance, in the papers before us are the novel and interesting facts respecting the ceremony of the christening of the Prince of Wales, given as if they had only occurred the day before yesterday. This is a new method of embalment! the news to us of the baptism of the young heir to the throne is just as much a matter of history as that of Edward the Black Prince's.

There is another provoking characteristic of a colonial newspaper. Madeira is said to be improved by a voyage to the East Indies, and by the same rule, we presume, wit is also the better for being sent on its travels! Some joke, perhaps, which our lively friend Punch has given birth to, and which the "Thunderer" of Printing House Square really thinks good enough for his columns, astonishes the town some morning, pierces the dull heart of the city, and sheds its momentary ray of life on the care-worn faces on 'Change, or even circulates briskly through the equally dense atmosphere of Westminster Hall. The same afternoon it shines like a constellation in the misty dulness of the evening papers; then illumines the awful darkness of a twice-or-thrice a week paper,—and after undergoing that ordeal, without actual evaporation, it shines forth again in all the lustre that the Sunday papers can bestow. Then it takes its course "free gratis for nothing" through the provinces, and not a country paper but what finds a nook for our old acquaintance. When at last it has run its race, —when *all* the papers, metropolitan and provincial, have successively pressed it into their service, and the worn and threadbare joke is quietly "laid," never, as we fondly imagine, to visit us again,—lo and behold! from the columns of some colonial paper, some eight or ten months after, we behold its venerable but intrusive face, smirking like its namesake *Old Joe*—as he was wont to salute his Christmas audiences already grinning in anticipation—with "here I am, you see!" Bewildered at the apparition of our ancient enemy, which, in the weakness of our judgment, we thought, like the Cock Lane ghost, was laid for ever, we groan with the persecuted Frenchman—

"Begar, here's Monsieur Tonson come again!"

There are few things that give us a better idea of the wants, tastes, and pursuits of a people, than those humble but faithful reflections, the advertisements in their domestic journals. We are supplied with a fund of thought and pregnant fancy, by some of those before us. At random, we will take a glance. The first that meets our eye are some cabalistic signs of masonry:—"Brothers H. Watts and A. Copen" inform all the world, and the masonic part in particular, "that the lodges of 548 and 260 dine together," on a day there mentioned,—"tickets five and twenty shillings each!" What greater proof, we should like to know, would you require of the "march of civilization," than that people living from fifteen to seventeen thousand miles apart from us, can give one pound five for their dinner? This beats the Crown and Anchor; and the Freemasons' Tavern must look to it! But what proof, exclaims some dyspeptic reader, is the price which a gourmand pays for his dinner, of the advancement of the mind? The proper estimation of a good dinner, we hold to be a good proof of high civilization. But if you must have purely intellectual enjoyments, here is for you:—"A vocal and instrumental concert, under the patronage of Lady Gipps, who has signified her intention of being present." Yes, Lady Gipps is to be there;—and there's not the slightest occasion for your elevating your eye-brows in that incredulous manner!—and she is a *bonâ fide* lady, an importation of aristocracy from the mother country (the only imports, by the way, they have not a glut of just at present); and will most likely give herself, as all lady-patronesses do, as many airs, as the singers give the audience. Only listen to the "programme,"—nothing but Italian music goes down with the currency-lasses. English, we have no doubt, is voted there as low as we hear it is in Park Lane, or Belgrave Square. "Overture—*La guzza Ladin*," which in Sydney passes for "choice Italian," and stands godfather for "*La gazza Ladra*." "Cavatina—'Vivi tu,' Miss Wallace." Rubini will find nothing to astonish the natives with, should he ever pay a visit to New South Wales; and even Costa is a familiar name with them!

Nor do the fashionables of Sydney content themselves with one of the Fine Arts—the votaries of Terpsichore are equally aspiring. Thus, on Thursday the 24th of May, "being the anniversary of our most Gracious Queen Victoria," (we are glad to think, with the Pacific rolling between us, and our Sydney brother subjects, that the Queen's birthday is not forgotten,) a "fancy dress ball" was to be given "in commemoration of the auspicious event." A "professional gentleman" (we wonder which profession, law, physic, or divinity?) was to attend as "master of the ceremonies, —the whole to be under the superintendance of Mr. Sippe." All honour to Mr. Sippe! "Single tickets, one guinea each;"—but mark the gallantry of the economical arrangement that follows;—"double tickets to admit a lady *and* gentleman, one pound eleven shillings and sixpence"! What a delicate compliment to the sex—taking them in at half price! What an encouragement to the married gentry to show a little of their former gallantry to their wives! And what a severe rub to the old bachelors, making them pay just five shillings and threepence more in proportion for their privilege of single blessedness,—twenty-five per cent. according to Cocker!

As an adjunct to this advertisement, we find another, which runs thus:—

"Cock'd Hats!!!" (The triple notes of admiration are faithfully transcribed.) "A few superior London-made cock'd hats may be had at J. G. Maelzer's, George Street."

We trust for the sake of the enterprising importer, that the beavers, being well cock'd, did not fail to go off!

Conviviality is also on the rise, another proof of the stride of civilization! "The independent order of Odd Fellows are requested to meet at the lodge, on

business of importance." *What* business of importance can Odd Fellows have, we wonder? Nothing less stupendous, than brother Joltman smutting brother Higginbottom's face with a burnt cork, or brother Doleful putting a little pepper in his neighbour's rappee. Be this as it may, if we ever go (or what is more likely, if we are ever *sent*) to Botany Bay, we shall give the lodge of Odd Fellows a look in, and claim admittance as an honorary member!

But what have we next?—something really too good to abridge, we must give it therefore entire:—

"Pro Bono Publico.—J. Stiffens, undertaker, having adapted a most handsome chariot into a comfortable mourning coach, hopes that those persons who in the order of Divine Providence should require the same, will be pleased to favour him with their orders. Long live the Queen!—N. B. Two apprentices wanted."

This is a *bonne bouche*, too good to swallow at one taste,—we must nibble at it a little. What a lesson does the Australian advertiser read us on the vanity of human affairs, when he converts "a most handsome chariot" into a "comfortable mourning coach;" and invites our universal attention to the fact, with the commencing "Pro bono publico"! Ought not the public to feel particularly grateful for this delicate provision for its possible needs and requirements? And then, too, what an ingenious hope is that on behalf of "*those persons who, in the order of Divine Providence should require the same*, will be pleased to send *their* orders." Happy privilege, "to shuffle off this mortal coil," in the capital of New South Wales, with the aid of a Stiffens to carry your last wishes into execution; where every defunct, having neglected to give his funeral directions in his last will and testament, may order his own burial, select his own feathers, pall, and prancing long-tailed steeds to carry him to his "last home;" and pick out the longest visaged mutes, and give his own personal directions for preserving their sobriety.

And who is there, that does not admire the loyal conclusion, "Long live the Queen?"—a wish that must be considered exceedingly disinterested, when expressed by an undertaker, who possibly sees no objection to her Majesty living, while her subjects die as usual—for the good of trade. But "finis coronat opus;" and what a delicious *finis* it is too, the *nota bene* at the end:—"N.B. Two apprentices wanted." This is in the same fine spirit of practical philosophy as the body of the advertisement, and is intended, doubtless, to illustrate the necessity of attending to our worldly wants, even in the most afflicting of our spiritual trials.

Here is another staggering proof of the march of civilization.

"Splendid Oil Paintings.—Ex Mary Ann, on sale by private contract, by the undersigned, a few splendid oil paintings, by Stanfield, Turner, Corbould, Owen, Cooper, and Landseer.—A. Polack."

Bravo! citizens, denizens of New South Wales; this shipmen speaks well of your judgment and discrimination. And bravo! too, Stanfield, Turner, Corbould, Owen, Cooper, and Landseer! your fame has spread to the antipodes; other canvas than that which swells with the breeze has been wafted over the Pacific—the canvas of glorious art, instinct with the life of the imagination! But, gently; what have we in the very next column?—as if to bring us to our soberer senses—

"A large quantity of

Japan Blacking,

from the renowned establishment in London, of

Day and Martin!"

Surely, surely, ye caterers of Sydney taste, we could have done without *this* proof of the polished state of the Sydney understanding!

We can only read the titles of the following—but which, as titles ought to do, suggest each in itself a volume. "Steam Engines for Sale,"—"Prepared Canvas for Oil Painting,"—"Sydney and Asiatic Union Club,"—"New Theatre, eligible Investment,"—"Maitland Races,"—"French Wines imported from Bordeaux,"—"Public Notice, Regatta!"—"Carriage Horses for Sale,"—"Splendid London-built Carriages,"—"Printed Forms of Bills of Costs,"—"Statue in Honour of Sir Richard Bourke,"—"Bank of Australia,"—"Australian Floral and Horticultural Association,"—"St. John's Total Abstinence Association."

Putting aside the "Printed Forms of Bills of Costs," although we are inclined to think they are a significant proof of the luxury of the land, we ask, what can be more gratifying than these abundant testimonials of the *utile* with the *dulce*, where taste seems the natural consequence of wealth, and elegance the unfailing reward of industry? We lay stress on these artificial refinements of life, not that they are important in themselves, but that they suggest reflections that are of the last importance to the philosopher and philanthropist. We have been too long accustomed to consider New South Wales, either as a banishment for incorrigible ruffians, or the home of a race of rude barbarians. Have we not, however, before us indubitable evidence, that there is the same relish and demand for all the elegancies and refinements of society, as the most civilized cities in Europe can crave for? Here are club-houses, theatres, concert and ball-rooms, regattas, horse-races, cricket-matches, and splendid equipages for the rich and idle; Bible-meetings, total abstinence societies, and charity sermons "for those who like them;" statues and pictures for the man of taste—or, a much more numerous class, those who think themselves such; "patent leather" for the dandies; "French stays" for the ladies; banks for the merchant, landed investment for the capitalist; all, in fact, that people can't do without; besides—what forms a much greater and more expensive catalogue—every thing which they *can* do without.

Not only have the Fine Arts taken root in Australia, but Literature is beginning to lift its beautiful head from the native soil. At present, that delicate plant must be considered more an exotic than an indigenous production; and, therefore, we may overlook a little forcing in the form of puffs—some of which, however, would not do discredit to the green-house of New Burlington Street, or to even that great horticulturist of the Parnassian Groves, Colburn himself. If we were to quote some of an auctioneer's flaming announcements, we should be giving another proof of the affluence and poetical variety of our mother tongue; but by doing so, we feel satisfied that we should be depriving, for ever afterwards, our readers of one of their greatest enjoyments—the perusal of George Robins's advertisements;—in a word, the Sydney ones out-robins's Robins!

Enough, however, of this trifling, and let us turn to more serious demonstrations in these journals, opening as they do a new world for thought and meditation. In the "Australian" of the 22nd of May, is "the

Annual Report of the Sydney College;" another gratifying illustration of the increasing prosperity and intellectual advancement of the colony. "It requires, (the committee say, and we echo after them,) but little exertion of the imagination to view the Sydney College at no distant date pouring forth from its portals, our future judges, legislators, and rulers; our heroes (if we should ever be so unfortunate as to require their aid), our bards, historians, and our future men of science, of literature, and piety." And truly, this date does not appear to us to be very far removed from the present period, judging from the course of instruction pursued, and the importance and facilities bestowed on those studies, which elevate the mind, and fit it for its noblest employments. With this evident proof of the work of intellectual cultivation going on spontaneously in our dependencies, we are not without some ground for apprehension, that they "who order those things" in the mother country, will find out that they must not insult the growing intelligence of a rising colony, by sending out imbecile or tyrannic governors to preside over their destinies; or dunder-headed judges and attorney-generals, whose only fitness for the exercise of their profession abroad appears to be the absolute impossibility of their getting bread and cheese by it at home! We do not aim by these remarks at the functionaries of Sydney, but, generally, at the description of men who have usually found favour in the eyes of the Colonial Office. Government, in respect to its foreign appointments, seems to act pretty well in the same spirit as private families, which, if they happen to be cursed with particularly idle or good-for-nothing sons or dependents, generally send them on their travels;—a sea voyage, and a change of climate, working as great a change in the moral and intellectual attributes, as it has the credit of doing in the physical constitution. Let, however, the colonial officials read the above extract, and we will venture to affirm, that they will come to the conclusion, that, unless they export better articles, the home-made manufacture will very shortly beat them out of the field.

There is another important feature in the rising fortunes of this colony—it has, like Canada, a "Legislative Council," a House of Representatives, or "Collective Wisdom." Whether we may congratulate our brother Australian subjects in having a House of Commons, it is unnecessary here to determine; our business is merely to show that they debate, and make speeches in the most orthodox manner and; have of course a government party, which, like parties in a more experienced, but we will not say better regulated assembly, not to be named without the risk of Newgate, acts in the most direct spirit of contradiction. Whatever one side of the house proposes, as the "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best," is sure to be denounced by the other side, as the stupidest, absurdest, foolishest, worst. Can any thing, we ask, be more like things at home? Bills are turned into acts of parliament with as much facility, and a little more expedition, as in a certain other law-making establishment; and if long speechifying be a mark of extreme civilization, the Sydney legislature can boast of it.

As a natural consequence of having a parliament, the worthy electors are periodically reminded of their franchise by the bustling incidents of a general election. The papers of July last are full of the details of a contest that took place in the early part of that month. Those who are partial "to the good old times," and seeing ancient customs kept up, will be delighted to hear that party-spirit does not sink to Zero on the other side of the globe. There is such a characteristic account of one of the late elections, (the Maitland,) in which matters were carried on with so much ardour, that the military were called out—the Riot Act read—and as many heads broken, and bludgeons shattered, as if the scene had occurred within a hundred miles of St. Stephen's Chapel, that we must give a short account of it. But previous to doing so, we shall select from the speeches that of one of the candidates,—we need scarcely say the successful one—for there is a genuine John Bull flavour about it, that tells you at once the speaker was as he professes to be—a man of few words; and, if he had never "made" a speech before, this is the very kind of thing we should have expected from him:—

"Mr. Condell then addressed the electors as follows: Gentlemen, you all know I am no orator; but as I have not come here of my own choice, but in compliance with the wishes of a large body of my fellow citizens, you must take me as I am, and give me credit for an earnest desire to do you all the service I can. I yield to no man in this; and therefore, although I may not be an able speaker, you will always find me an honest and independent voter whenever the interests of this province are at stake. Gentlemen, I cannot pretend to have got a pass key to the governor's closet, or a ticket of admission for his back door; I have never liked back doors all my life—the front door for me, or none at all. Gentlemen, I am for separation, speedy and entire separation, from New South Wales, and a government of our own in Melbourne. Look at the streets of Melbourne and our poverty stricken corporation, and tell me if we can do without separation any longer. Gentlemen, I am for the general education of the people, and then we shall be able to live peaceably and quietly, and have neither club law nor mob law: we have had too much of both already. Gentlemen, I am for immigration into Port Phillip with Port Phillip money. Let the Sydney people find funds and immigrants for themselves. Gentlemen, they tell you I am a brewer. It is quite true, and I think we have brewed them the bitterest beer they have ever drunk in their lives. It is all bitter, but no hopes.* Gentlemen, I thank you for the honour your have done me, and trust to your support on Saturday."

We will now borrow the following account of the election, from which it will be seen that the constituencies in New South Wales understand to perfection the art of "getting up a row."

"Borough of Melbourne.—The election for the borough of Melbourne took place on Saturday, June 17th. The polling commenced at nine o'clock precisely in all the four wards. During the day the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the town, each party endeavouring by the most energetic measures to carry off the election in favour of their particular candidate. Late in the day, when it became apparent that Mr. Curr was so far behind as to render all probability of success hopeless, several of the voters on both sides were intimidated and threatened before polling, and openly insulted afterwards. It was understood that the final state of the poll would be declared in the open space in front of the Mechanics' Institute, to which place a large assemblage of people repaired, and attempted to enter the building, but this was prevented. A sharp conflict, however, took place between the populace and a party of special constables, but nothing serious occurred. Soon after the police magistrate arrived on the spot, and subsequently Mr. Dana and a party of mounted police; and the police magistrate then read the Riot Act, when the policemen unsheathed their swords, and though several attempts where made by the crowd to unhorse some of the police, the latter did not use their swords with any degree of violence. After a short interval the fighting in front of the

* We suspect a pun on hops was insinuated here; but the attempt was of too audacious a character to be boldly made.

door ceased, and Mr. Curr appeared at one of the windows, and advised the people to disperse, as the state of the poll would be declared on Monday. After some time the rioters gradually dispersed of their own accord, in knots of from fifty to a hundred each. One party proceeded to Mr. Young's shop in Collins Street, the windows of which they smashed, and otherwise did considerable damage. Mr. Williamson's shop was also attacked, but not seriously damaged; and a stone of several pounds' weight and other missiles were thrown through the door of the Imperial Inn. The house and shop of Mr. Green, in Elizabeth-street, was also attacked; several shots were fired by the inmates, and two individuals were wounded. The military soon after arrived under the command of Captain Lewis, who, with the police magistrate, the mounted police, and the constabulary, succeeded in dispersing the rioters and restoring order. Mr. Green was taken to the watchhouse, and although several persons wished to bail him out, the police magistrate did not think it prudent to comply. The mayor's house was also attacked, but assistance being procured, no damage was done. Mr. Cantlin's house was also attacked, and the windows smashed. By eight o'clock in the evening, however, tranquillity was restored."

While on this topic, we cannot resist the inclination of selecting from the same channel a short correspondence which appears to us deserving of a more permanent record than the columns of a Colonial Journal, from which we have taken it,—the *Maitland Mercury* of the 15th of July, 1843. We give it as an instance of pure and noble independence, and without knowing, or indeed caring for, anything of the political sentiments of the gentlemen on whom it reflects so much honour.

From what we can understand of the constitution of the Sydney Legislative Council, the government have the power of selecting twelve nominees as members holding seats, as formerly (and for aught we know still) our own government had certain nomination boroughs, which were notoriously filled up by their own members or supporters. It seems that a Mr. James Macarthur being a candidate for the late Cumberland (New South Wales) election, was defeated by the popular candidate, upon which his Excellency, the Governor, addressed him the following letter :—

"Parramatta, July 5, 1843.

Dear Sir,—The unexpected result of the Cumberland election induces me to ask you, as a member of the old Council, whether it would be agreeable to you to enter the new one as a nominee of the crown, one seat being still at my disposal.—Very faithfully yours,

George Gipps.

James Macarthur, Esq."

The following is Mr. Macarthur's reply, which evinces as beautiful an instance of self-denial and elevated principle, as would shed lustre on the name of a Fox, a Burke, or a Romilly :—

"Parramatta, July 5, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's obliging communication of this date.

The result of the Cumberland election, however unexpected by your Excellency, in common as I believe with a large portion of the public, is one which, as a possible contingency, I have frequently contemplated.

With every desire to aid the government by a faithful discharge of any public duty intrusted to me, I can have no hesitation in declining the seat in the new Legislative Council which your Excellency has been pleased in so kind a manner to offer me, *because I do not feel that, after having been rejected by a popular constituency, I could act as a nominee of the crown, either with advantage to the public or satisfaction to myself.*—I have the honour to be, Sir, your Excellency's faithful and obedient servant,

James Macarthur.

His Excellency Sir George Gipps,
&c. &c. &c."

If this note had been addressed to Sir Robert Walpole, or some more modern premier, we think he might have *pooh pooked* the scruples of the writer, and quoted some very great names indeed, who after being most ignominiously defeated on the hustings, had very complacently sneaked into the house by a rotten borough,—like a sorry cur, who, after being kicked away from the entrance hall, finds his way into the house by the back door!

But we are treading on forbidden ground, and shall therefore leave politics to those who are fond of fishing in troubled waters; there is another subject, fruitful in itself, and most important in its result, but which in these days of polemical heat and controversy, we must put our blinkers on before we attempt to pass it,—the Church. There is, we need scarcely say, a church establishment at Sydney with a bishop at the head of it. In a recent Sydney Journal we see an interesting account of the laying of the foundation stone of a new church.

Like one who has been toiling up a steep eminence, and when he has nearly gained the top, turns round, and looks behind him on the ground he has gone over, let us turn back after viewing the height to which, in the progress of refinement, Australia has already climbed, to what she was "sixty years since." In the language of one of the tenderest and most tasteful of our modern bards (T. K. Hervey), we are thus corroborated :—

"Upon the close of the American war in 1786, Botany Bay was chosen as a proper place of transportation for criminals. Of those who took part in the debates upon that question, the more illiberal and narrow-minded, unaccustomed to extended and philosophical views of human nature, ridiculed the strong colours in which its advocates painted the future condition of a nation which was to be the offspring of crime, and were alike sceptical as to the possibility of reclaiming the natives from darkness—and the colony from guilt; and uniting them in social ties, and by social interests. The subject was one which afforded ample materials for ridicule to those who love better to rail than to reason; but nearly half a century has since elapsed :—the colony (which was shortly afterwards removed to Sydney Cove on the south side of Port Jackson) is in a condition to justify the expectations which were formed of it;—the moral and natural soils have been found alike fitted to repay the labours of European cultivation;—and the author exposes himself to slight danger of contempt, in drawing a picture so warm and enthusiastic as that in which he has ventured to prefigure the possible greatness of Australia." *

Since the above was written, Australia has seen better, and even worse days than her sanguine supporters could have imagined, or her most incredulous deriders could have had the hardihood to predict. Her commercial prosperity rose to a dizzy height; a reaction followed, from which she is as yet but slowly recovering. Intemperate speculation, the usual result of successful and more prudent enterprise, led to severe reverses; but a nation (particularly a young colony) may be, like the human body, *too well;* there is something highly threatening in a very robust state of health; bleeding and a reduction of the system is the course usually prescribed under such circumstances, and through that course Australia has been saved from the usual consequences of a plethora.

We are glad to perceive that the hopes of the colonists are reviving, and by means too that will excite a smile. The great exports of New South

* *Vide* Preface to "Australia, and other Poems," by Thomas K. Hervey. London. 1824.

Wales are wool and sheep. Wool, however, has depreciated in price, but a new channel of wealth has appeared; the Sydney agriculturists may well say, "*revenons à nos moutons*," for it is to the *moutons* they are indebted for it. We shall not, like the Maitland Editor, "indulge in useful reflections, and delightful anticipations, which this new resource so plentifully suggests," but content ourselves with stating, that instead of shearing the sheep, they now boil him down for tallow. The following little bit concludes with such a charming aphorism, that we cannot omit it.

"We would say to the settlers, then, use the golden opportunity of bettering your circumstances, which has so miraculously turned up—use it thankfully—use it promptly—but use it *advisedly* and with MODERATION. *A sheep shorn may live to be shorn again; but a sheep boiled is gone for ever.*"

We shall have our own "delightful anticipations" on this new discovery, and hail its influence on those indispensable accessories of domestic life, "long fours," and "short sixes."

Thus have we endeavoured to sketch the progress of our colonies; and we shall soon feel them, if we don't mend our own pace, treading on our heels. Like an overgrown boy who has been always treated by his mother as a baby, she suddenly discovers that Little Johnny is almost as big as herself, and, from the knocks and thumps he occasionally gives her, almost as strong. The old lady views the stripling by her side with some serious misgivings, and thinks it time "to do something for the youngster," or the youngster may feel disposed to do something for himself. The young gentleman really "begins to think himself quite a man," and looks with lofty contempt on the last pretty toy she made him a present of, although it was a set of bran-new soldiers with red coats, with an interesting assortment of whips and guns; he will be no longer pacified with such pretty playthings as used formerly to stop his mouth, and has recently evinced symptoms of "rebellion" and insubordination of a most decided character; besides an independence of acting and thinking quite distressing to the old lady's nerves. Does old mother England take the hint? Will she allow us to remind her that she has been already deprived of one of the most thriving of her brats, Miss Columbia, whom she snubbed as a child, till the young lady made a bolt of it one fine morning? and she may rely on it, some of the bold hussy's younger sisters will, if she does not manage them better, be following the bad example.

Gentle reader, hold with us but a little longer—we are not going to inflict on you a chapter of colonial policy, although we have reason to believe that such a topic would not, at the present time, be out of place. The English people are now beginning to think that their colonies are worth their regard: they don't at all relish the idea of the Russian bear putting his paw upon the East Indies; and they have not the slightest wish, at present, that the West or Canada should form part of the United States. We have no apprehension ourselves of either of those events, but rather hope that England will herself discover, that if she will preserve her empire, her colonies must not be disregarded. May her government of them be that mild parental control, which, instead of disuniting its offspring by unsympathising coolness and proud restraint, draws it to its maternal breast by kindly nurture and cherishing fondness!

To conclude with the subject with which we commenced; the rise and progress of this colony under all the fearful disadvantages with which it has had to contend—of mismanagement from incompetent governors, a felon population, and being made the depôt of an overfed market—is as creditable to its own resources, as it is satisfactory to the mother country. We have seen, that little more than fifty years since, this beautiful and almost boundless territory, for its extent is not even yet fully discovered, now so replete as we have shown with the graces and elegancies of life, was an uncultivated desert, or, to adopt its own homebred phrase, "a bush." The solitary kangaroo, or the coarse savage a thousand times more brutish and untractable in his nature,—for here

——— "while along creation Music ran,
She placed no echo in the heart of man!"—

its only inhabitant; and the first traces of civilization spread by the very off-scourings of London vice and depravity. And now! may not an Englishman point to it with pride and exultation as a proof of what English energy has accomplished, and what English industry can do? Into its beautiful harbours ships are pouring from each country of the civilized globe, while from them as many more are departing, freighted with the rich products of her natural wealth and industry. Here is food too for the philosopher as well as the patriot! What, though upwards of fifteen thousand miles and mighty oceans intervene between Australia and her dependency, English feelings, English objects, and English pursuits there predominate,—her influence creates—her power commands—the same tastes pervading, the same topics exciting, and the same mother-words lisped, as in her own infant cradles. From the same altars the same creed is acknowledged, and to the same throne of grace the Great Dispenser of all good is supplicated in the same prayers!

The great cities of the earth have passed away, "and made no sign;" the scholar and the antiquary cannot even agree as to their site. The glory is departed from Athens, and Rome is her own melancholy monument. May not England anticipate the same doom? May not the capital of the world share the same fate as prouder capitals have before her? May not our prolific soil be exhausted, the seat of our manufactures be removed, the resources of our national wealth be dried up or exhausted?—YES, as far as *this* small plot of earth is concerned; but what is to prevent her empire over the seas being maintained in a wider field for action, where her energies will have a bolder and freer scope?

"What though the temple from its base decline?
Its hallowed things may deck another shrine.
What though thou perish on the northern wave?
Thy phœnix spirit shall escape that grave!
Thy fame shall mock the wasting flood of years—
Worlds are thy children, continents thy heirs!
I see them in the east, and in the west,
Where'er the ocean heaves her troubled breast;
Wide o'er the regions of the setting sun,
Where mighty streams through vast savannahs run;
'Mid woods coëval with the land they shade,
And bright wing'd birds in every sunny glade;
'Mid lakes, whose deeps the plummet's search defy,
And hills that hide their summits in the sky;

Where to the wandering eye, a world appears
Veil'd in the mystery of four thousand years—
I see thy children, children spread afar,
And gather up thy arts of peace and war." *

Yes! it needs no great stretch of the imagination to prefigure the seat of the English Empire removed to a country, already its own adopted child, almost boundless in extent, the parts already discovered being nearly as large as the whole continent of Europe, forming as it does a portion of the globe already too unwieldy to be placed within any of its former divisions, and demanding one for itself alone. With every capability and variety of soil and climate —in general nearer to her other dependencies, including Canada, both the Indies, the Oriental Archipelago, those numerous islands in the Polynesia, in the Pacific Ocean, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, from which it is barely separated—and in all of which civilization is not only dawning, but its sun has almost risen, all revolving like satellites round the star of nations,—Australia may be considered as that part of the British Empire which the prophetic eye regards as the future seat of English power. Great Britain may become classic ground; and centuries hence, pilgrims may wander over the deserted and moss-grown streets of London; yet what patriot would feel his *amor patriæ* wounded in the foreknowledge that the sun of English power may set in its present northern sphere, to rise again in the East, in another region, not less English because a mighty ocean divides it from the maternal soil.

These are speculations, we admit,—that they are wild or premature we deny; but they suggest mighty considerations, of which the ultimate fate of a great nation —the most favoured under heaven—is the chief.

* T. K. Hervey's Australia.

A SUPPER SCENE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"Give me good wine,—
Wine is the word that glads the heart of man;
And mine's the house for wine."

THE NEW INN.

BEFORE the great Fire of London in 1666, and London reviving in unwonted splendour under the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, the highway to Westminster by Ludgate and Charing Cross wore a look in every way different from its present every-day appearance. There was scarce a shop-front of glass in the whole line,—goods were exposed for sale either in small pent-houses abutting from the main building, or in booths such as we see still at country fairs. Temple Bar was a plain barrier or postern, very unlike the present archway of Wren's making; the pavement for the foot passengers seemed very undecided in its extent, and the carriage-way altogether unlike the Holyhead Road or the even surface of Fleet Street or the Strand as we now see them. The chief moving portion of the street (for it is to Fleet Street we refer) was made of waggons, somewhat unwieldy, but picturesque in make; a stray carriage or sedan; with a citizen on his quiet palfrey, and a gallant or two of the West End breed, mounted on mettled horses, and dressed to the last point of fashionable perfection. The foot passengers were gentlemen of the Inns of Court, tradesmen, and men of 'Change. A house here and there was of brick—few were of stone—and the majority were of wood, with picturesque fronts and gables, and occasionally a rude carving on each side of the upper portions of the house, rough in execution and Gothic and grotesque in conception. To call attention to their ill-displayed assortment of wares, the tradesmen employed their apprentices, lads like Frank Tunstall and Jin Vin, to draw the eye of a likely passenger to their masters' wares by a clamorous roll-call of goods and chattels, with the ever-recurring, "What d'ye lack?" like the "Buy, buy, buy," of the butchers in Newport Market. Some of the nobility had their houses in this street with their gardens extending to the river side, as the Temple Gardens extend to this day: the Inns of Court and Law were off the street, and Alsatia too was at hand. Dr. Donne was the vicar of St. Dunstan's; but the savages that struck the hours on the church clock, to the joy and wonderment of many, were not then in existence. Isaak Walton's house was near the Bar; while where Child's Place is now, stood the Devil Tavern, the favourite resort of Ben Jonson, and all who desired to be sealed of the tribe of Ben.

This tavern in its exterior gave, like the majority of the then London houses, no great promise of the comfort and good cheer within, though for the days when

Jonson reigned there, it was one of the better sort of street tenements. The doorway was neat even to a fault, and the small diamond-shaped panes in the windows clean even to a nicety. The porchway was filled with rosemary and flowers. The sign that hung outside gave rise to many a hearty laugh, for it was at once humorous and local in its allusions. The Devil was seen, (and a good sized stage Devil in appearance he was,) having his nose, not tweaked, but pulled till, "Lord how he roared again," by the Saint to whom the parish church was dedicated. St. Dunstan was seen in a kind of saint-like exultation, and the whole sign was no common piece of pictorial workmanship. Above this humorous sign-board was the Sun, Phœbus-Apollo, and the name of the landlord, to wit, Simon Wadloe. Underneath was seen, in raised gold letters—

Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.

A better landlord or a kinder-hearted man than Simon Wadloe never existed. His was a roguish eye, and a ready and a witty tongue. His look was—

Rosy and reverend, though without a gown,

and Simon "brewed good drink for gentlemen:" he drank freely himself, was a judge of wines, and even of "viler liquors;" for, like Chaucer's cook—

Well could he know a draught of London Ale.

Aye, and a good glass of Bordeaux-wine withal; for Simon, from the Docks in Tower Street to the Royal Cellars at Whitehall, was famous for picking and choosing, and selling pure and honestly. There was no "allaying Thames" in what Wadloe sold. He drove a good trade, and was known from Mile-end to Marylebone—from Whitechapel to Whitehall, known, too, and respected.

The flooring of Wadloe's doorway was of red brick, covered with clean rushes. His own sanctum or bar was richly ornamented with all the materials for drink and drinking: forbye a fine red-cheeked, ripe-lipped, well-shaped wife, and a comely daughter, some seventeen, the very image of them both. The variety of drinking-cups were in measure and fashion almost endless. Some of elm, some of box, some of maple, some of holly; with mazers and broad mouthed dishes from a pottle to a pint, and from a pint to a gill, noggins, whiskins, piggins, crinzes, ale-bowls, wassail-bowls, parcel-gilt goblets, court-dishes, tankards and cans; with cups made of horns of beasts, of cocoa-nuts and gourds, ostrich-eggs and shells of fish, shining like mother-of-pearl. These were above, while below were seen small-jacks tipt with silver, the great black-jacks such as the Christ's Hospital boys still use, and the court-bombards, which, when the French first saw, "they reported at their return into their country, that the Englishmen drank their commoner kind of liquors out of their own boots."

The rooms in Wadloe's house were not distinguished as ours are now. Names supplied the place of numbers. There was the Half-Moon, the Portcullis, the Pomegranate, the Three Tuns, the Cross Keys, the Vine, the Queen's Head, the Crown, the Dolphin and the Bell, one and all so styled from the figures on the arras with which they were hung.

But the chief room was "The Apollo," a handsome, large and lofty room, with a gallery for music at the upper end. In this room was held the Apollo Club —a collection of choice spirits brought together by the directing genius of Jonson. Over the door, in gold letters, and on a black ground, were the following verses:—

Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.——
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower-bottle:
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker;
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.

Above the door was the bust of Ben, the founder.

This room (for we defend the system of describing old upholstery) was fitted all round with a panelling of oak, carved from the plain skirting of the floor to the rich timbered ceiling above. Two rows of medallions in high relief ran all along the upper lines of the room —medallions such as Torrigiano would have carved and Walpole purchased—such as we see at the Sun Tavern at Kelvedon, in Essex, to this day. The fire-place carried its proud height to the very rafters of the ceiling. Its open and capacious mouth was filled with flowers, a branch of the glossy and poetic bay-tree surmounting all. Tables of elegant workmanship, and chairs as varied in shape as the drinking-cups to be seen below at the bar, stood on a Kidderminster carpet, then a dear article and of rarity. The rules of the room, cut in marble, and of Ben Jonson's ordaining, were let into a panel over the fire-place. They were in Latin, and twenty-four in number, all convivial and sententious.

It was a fine day in June, and some time in the reign of the martyr Charles, that as the cry descended to the bar of "Score a pint of bastard in the Dolphin," and Wadloe's wife was busy chalking up the debt, a tall figure, somewhat up in years and apparently fatigued, was seen to enter within the bar of the Devil Tavern. His suit was of black, neither in the fashion nor out of it; his make large and corpulent, with an ungracious gait, but one that told of activity in former times. His eyes were large and lustrous, and his whole face great with thought, and, though scorbutic, highly interesting. There was a perpetual play of humour and merriment upon his lips, and he wore the air of no common, every-day character.

The drawers bowed becomingly as he entered, and in taking his short cloak and sword from him, were interrupted by Wadloe, who assisted in such offices the more favoured of his guests. "Well," said the stranger in black to the fair hostess at the bar, "the Duke looks well and hearty; nothing seems to go wrong with Simon, nor with you, Mistress Margaret, nor my pretty god-child there: I seldom come to see you now,—I am not what I was, and it is a long

way from Westminster here; but I must move nearer you, for Simon's house is rife with old doings. One becomes younger in thought as he enters. But have the guests come yet? Is Dick here? or have you seen Sir John?" These questions and others answered, the stranger was conducted up the stairs of the tavern, that seemed familiar enough to his feet.

The stranger had not many minutes ascended the stairs, with all the satisfaction of one who looked upon the place as his own best home, before a very different kind of guest was seen to enter the Devil Tavern. Youth, handsomeness, gaiety, and intellect were on his countenance, his step was easy, clean, and graceful; his body, though slender, well-proportioned and upright; his hands, for one was uncovered, aristocratically small and white; his legs manly, and his feet in what the painters call in exact keeping with his figure. Nor had he allowed his person to want any of the recommendations which dress could lend it. The cultivated finish of the man was at once perceptible in the ease of his acknowledgments—the gaiety of the man of pleasure in the way he smiled upon and spoke to the daughter of the host and hostess. He had thought it a sin to have passed beauty by without a smile of intelligent admiration.

Our gay gallant had lingered in all likelihood at the bar of the tavern, had not the entry of two young gentlemen at that moment put a stop to the flowing facility of his speech, and that grace and manner of compliment and remark which he understood so well in all its moods and tones and bearings. "What, Sir John," said the more unreserved of the two, who knew his man, "still unchanged! still unchanged!"—"Ah! are *you* here?" he replied. "O yes, still unchanged. It were a crime to unnotice nature in her utmost loveliness. Mine is the homage which man pays, or ought to pay, to beauty, in whatever rank of life it is found—in the court or in the cottage—at a masque at Whitehall, or here at the bar of the Devil Tavern."—"I'gad, it is the old story, Suckling," said his friend, "here is the poet and the man of pleasure in one. Everything you enact or do is your own poetry put into action."

"Ah!" said Suckling, laughingly, "your Lordship knows the vein—it was once your own. But let us up to the Apollo, and to the oracle there of our own erecting. I love the god that we have set there, and long to see our father after his late attack of the palsy, which never shook a nobler intellect than his."

"Never, never," said the two, as they accompanied the gay, the witty, and poetical Suckling to the room in the Apollo, where they found several guests assembled, that seemed, from their greetings, to know one another well.

Here, surrounded by several friends, stood their

The Devil Tavern.

oracle, and poetic father: for the fine large figure in black we have before attempted to describe, was no less a person than Ben Jonson, who, in advancing to welcome his guests, was shaken most heartily by the hand by the three that had recently entered. "My Lord, I am glad to see you—the name of Falkland has ever been dear to me; and you, Sir Henry, (for the friend was Sir Henry Morison,)

Two names of friendship, but one star,

I wish you both most heartily welcome here: and you, Sir John, not less so. My son Randolph, who writes all like a man, is burning with desire to see you. My man, Dick Brome, is known to you all, and Dick can need no recommendations." The several parties here accosted one another in the most friendly and fraternal manner.

But who is to relate the doings and sayings of that evening—as well may we endeavour to revive the merry meetings of the Mermaid, the subtle flames of wit that were kindled there, or the bright sayings that passed current on such occasions. A painter may as well attempt to paint the inimitable cestus of the Cyprian queen, or supply by colours, and on canvas, the all rare

and unapproachable Falstaff. The table talk of a day at the Mermaid, with Jonson and Shakespeare, and Raleigh and Selden, had required a better Boswell, in his best Boswellian mood, to give the drama of the whole; a Gurney in short hand, to take the words; and another Hogarth to limn the characters as they rose, descended, rose, and again declined.

The supper may, however, be described, for Ben has left an invitation to a friend that tells the dishes at the table with all the zest of a cook, and the power of a poet. "Ah! ah!" uttered Jonson, as he saw Wadloe ushering in the drawers, and entering with the first dish—a good custom, and then in full practice. "But, Simon, are we all here? Oh! yes, it is all right." The table for the occasion was a round one, and eight sat down to a supper of the reign of Charles I.

A beautiful and exquisitely sententious grace was delivered by Jonson, who, when he had reverently finished, said aloud to Sir Henry Morison on his left, "This is not to be Acolastus' wish:

> It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
> The entertainment perfect, not the cates.

However, I will answer for the Duke that the cates are good."

"To set your youthful palates in order," he went on with saying, "or I may say our palates—for I feel among so many friends quite young again—Simon has brought some olives and capers, and a salad to usher the haunch of mutton, a very necessary piece of precaution for advancing the appetites of his gayer guests."

But not to tire the reader with too much description, we shall only enumerate a few of the dishes that were served up. A couple of hens, short-legged ones, with lemon and wine sauce; a coney, a brace of pheasants, woodcocks, landrails, godwits, and a dish of larks. A large pigeon pie was in the centre of the table. The cheese came last of all, with every fruit that an English autumn could then produce.

The wines were of the choicest flavour and rarity. Canary first, the favourite drink of the fine old poet, with a variety of the French and Rhenish grape, drunk from glasses made in the Whitefriars Glass-house, in no humble imitation of the Venetian manner.

The conversation, timorous and restrained at first in its flight, grew, as the evening advanced, and the wines mounted, to a more lofty and less guarded nature. Then it was that Suckling's gaiety attained its height, that Falkland shone forth, that Brome joined in forcibly and well, that Randolph spoke like his father Jonson, and Jonson like himself in his best time and in all his moods.

The cates, as they were called, removed, and the wines in the ascendant, Lord Falkland, in a clear, distinct, and fervent voice, proposed the health of Ben Jonson, in a cup, he said, of his own very elixir of wine, canary. He characterised the genius of the man, enforced the obligations he had laid English literature under, the delight he had afforded the stage, the good example that his works had in inciting others, and of the rank he would hold with posterity. Then, changing to the subject of the man himself, he touched shortly and tenderly upon the varied scenes of his life, the friendships he had formed, the men of genius he had brought around him, the reverence in which his name was held, and the immortality he had bestowed on others: concluding with a fervent wish, most fervently expressed, for his better health—that though his life had been of sufficient duration for his fame, it could never be too long for his many friends and numberless well-wishers.

"My Lord," said Jonson, the tear lighting rather than overcasting his large and lustrous eyes—"My Lord, my noble Lucius, I may say, and you, my friends, I thank you, one and all. My life has now been extended, if not somewhat beyond the average run of man, at least beyond what many are allowed to reach, and I am grateful. I have outlived many friends, and laden as I am with sin, have been granted years, not of life, but disease—

> It is not growing like a tree
> In bulk,—doth make man better be,
> Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
> To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear:
> A lily of a day,
> Is fairer far, in May,
> Although it fall and die that night;
> It was the plant and flower of light.
> In small proportions we just beauties see;
> And in short measures, life may perfect be.

And I would appeal for the truth of this to myself, and to my noble Lucius near me, one grown old to little good—the other young in years, but ripe, learned, and virtuous. But let me not breathe a breath of discontent against Heaven: I have seen two generations, and still desire to live to see more."

The tone and tenor of Falkland's speech, with the subdued melancholy of Jonson's acknowledgment, seemed for a time to dull and deaden the gaiety of the evening. Jonson saw this, and turned the discourse on Suckling. "We've been talking, I think, my dear Suckling, a little out of our usual way: it was once out of mine, but you've to thank Lord Falkland for it. I am grateful for all he said."

"Nor are we less so, Father Ben," replied Suckling; "nor do I see, though the tone of your matter was a little out of place, that either of you broke through your *Leges Convivales*, or Code Ben Jonson. I think, my Lord, (addressing Lord Falkland,) we should fine our father, Ben, in a bowl of canary, for not having framed a rule prohibiting the Dr. Donne-like melancholy of his tavern-rejoinder."

"Oh! well," said Jonson, "I consent, I consent—here, drawer, a bowl of the Duke's best canary, in his best parcel-gilt bowl,—though if the rule was added, it would stand no chance of being broken in upon, were the world made up of men like our gay, clever, and light-hearted Suckling, who lives for pleasure and the Piccadilly Bowling-green."

The drawer entering with the bowl, Jonson was heard reciting above breath a favourite little poem of his own composition—

> Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,
> That I may see the plump Lyæus swim,
> Above the brim:
> I'd drink as I would write,
> In flowing measure filled with flame and sprite.

"That," added Jonson, for he rose at the last to be perfectly audible—"that I made one night at the Mermaid, when Will Shakespeare was there, and, let me see, Michael and a few others—"

"I love it the best of all your small poems," said Randolph, "even better than your request for eye and lip service from your lady-love."—"I love it, too, as

Randolph does," said Suckling. "But what a night was that at the Mermaid. I would have taken twenty years upon my life, and a disease or two into the bargain, to have been but a listener there: I love Shakespeare, for if ever a man wrote from a full soul, and when his own fine thoughts impelled him, it was he. His very embroideries would turn to silver in the melting-pot."

"He was a great man," said Jonson, "with all his faults. There was ever more in him to praise than pardon. I loved the man, and do honour to his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. For the time in which he appeared, and with his education, which was mean in the beginning, and little attended to in after life, I consider Shakespeare to have been the greatest genius the world ever saw. He wrote with such readiness that it became a fault with him. The stream of invention he had in abundance, a fine fancy, great perception of character, infinite humour, a command of language, and with wit at will. The commonest stage story that scarce chirped, so callow was it when it cried, touched by his all-reviving genius, started into life, and what was at first worthless as a whole, became, at his call, stuff of another make. He is to be tried by no rules, for if so, you condemn him, and render him an injustice. He is to be judged by what he attempted to perform,—to produce a plot for stage representation probable in its origin and in its consequences, strong and picturesque in its characters and situations, pert and lively in its dialogues;—all this he did, and he gained his end."

"Nay," added Suckling, encouraged by the warmth of Jonson's commendations, "I would add, that in two of his Roman plays, 'Coriolanus' and 'Julius Cæsar,' he had outstripped all his better-educated contemporaries, and brought old Rome before us, in her rites and ceremonies, in her men and in her manners, perfectly, plainly, and unmistakingly." —"Stay! stay!" said Randolph, "you forget, Sir John, our father's 'Catiline' and 'Sejanus.'"—"I had not overlooked them," continued Suckling,—"they are great productions, and justify the designation he bears of 'O rare Ben Jonson;' but—"

"They are cold and dead-coloured, our friend Suckling would say," Jonson joined in with; "and I admit it; they are too classically correct, too servilely accurate to the times they touch upon, and want interest sufficient to link them to our own. Shakespeare, with all his want of art, with little more than North's translation of Plutarch before him, did wonders. The stock and bulk of his classical acquirements could not colour or even tinge the labours of his pen. Great as he is, he had been greater still with education and with care."

"But," said Morison, "tell us, Father Ben, do we see Shakespeare properly in his printed plays."—"Very imperfectly indeed—there is much in his book that Will never left us—much was foisted in by the players. 'Andronicus' and 'Pericles' are not his, but Greene's."—"The King," said Falkland, "has found the text so very corrupt, that he has called on Lowin and Taylor for perfect copies to be submitted to our father's supervision, with a view to a more correct publication of his plays."

"I shall be glad," said Jonson, "to render this service to literature for Shakespeare's sake, for his Majesty's, and my own. He it was that recommended me to the players to make additions to the old 'Jeronymo,' by far the best play before Kit Marlowe and Will Shakespeare came among us. When 'Every Man in his Humour' was written, I did not want friends, nor did I lose those I had before. I was always envious, but mine was the envy of emulation."

"O! master, I must ask of you," said Dick Brome, "to tell Sir John Suckling the cause of Shakespeare's death!"—"Why, my dear friend Dick, his was a simple end, though a hasty one. In the year 1612, or thereabouts, he had retired to his native town, and the banks of his own sweet Avon, with a decent competency, the produce of his labours for the stage, and of his shares in the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres. He had come to town after a two years' absence, to settle something about the lease of a tenement in London. He looked well, and was fuller in the face than when he had left. His wit was as free, as natural, and entertaining as ever,—if any thing, it had gained. A few of us had a social night with him at Greenwich, talking over other days—the past, the present, and the future. There were of the party, Mike Drayton, Dick Burbage, and his fellows, Hemings and Condell. We sat late, drank freely, and foolishly enough came poetically home in the water-poet's boat. The day had been very fine, summer-heat almost throughout, but it turned chilly in the evening, and we had not taken our long cloaks with us. We got well enough home, and dear Will Shakespeare returned to Stratford the next day, complaining of a cold. A ride through a heavy rain upset him altogether; the cold gained upon him, and in spite of the skill of his son-in-law, Hall, and the considerate care of his own Anne Hathaway, brave, open-hearted Will Shakespeare ceased to exist among us. The whole looks like a dream to me—and we are to be pitied who survive him."

"I have his epitaph here, by a young fellow at Cambridge," said Suckling; "as it smacks of the right vintage I shall read it."

"Hold! hold!" said Ben; "remember, Sir John, the Code Ben Jonson, No. 18—what does it say?—

"Insipida Poemata nulla recitantor."

"I remember," said Suckling, "and in this instance am not afraid. But Father Ben must read them to his sons, for no one reads so well as Ben Jonson."

Suckling then handed over a paper of verses beginning—

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones—

"O! these," said Jonson, "are from a fine soul—these are young Milton's. He will be heard of yet. His father, a scrivener in Bread Street, was a great frequenter of the Mermaid Tavern. Shakespeare was fond of the father, and often had this young Milton, when a child, upon his knee." The verses were then read aloud—Lord Falkland affirming that the writer was evidently of Shakespeare's nursing.

At "a wee short hour ayont the twal," the servants of Falkland, Suckling and Morison, entered the room of the Apollo, with their masters' smoking-pipes. Old Wadloe carried Jonson's, and the drawers those for Randolph and Dick Brome.

"Bring us the pure weed here, Simon," said Lord Falkland.

"My Lord," said Jonson, "Sim never drugs his

tobacco; there is no coltsfoot in what he supplies his friends with. Old Dick Rundletson, at the Mermaid, never could get Sir Walter better than what Simon sells."

"My Lord," said Simon, evidently nettled at the idea that there was a bad article of any description in his house;—"My Lord, I served my time with old Rundletson, and I speak it fearlessly out,—there was not a better judge of tobacco from the Tower to Tyburn than Richard Rundletson."

"And you may add," said Randolph, "that Sim is his true and well-deserving successor."

"I like," said Lord Falkland, "to throw a doubt on the genuineness of Simon's stock; he gets quite warm in his own defence, and speaks with all the confidence of injured purity."

The clouds of tobacco that filled the Apollo did not check or conceal the course of the bowl and bottle. Stories, lewd in their nature, and in their manner of telling, were told in thick succession. Jonson had an inexhaustible stock, which he told with a glee and a quiet humour never surpassed. Randolph told a few and of the best about his fellow-collegians. Lord Falkland, of the Irish nation, his father's stories before him; and Suckling, entertaining anecdotes of the ladies at court, seasoned with scandal of the most amusing kind. Laugh succeeded laugh, peal upon peal, merriment upon merriment. The wine-cup rose and rose again, yet no one present was more than dashed or sprinkled with what they had taken—for hard drinking was a vice then in its full vigour of perfection.

The pointed wit, the lively anecdote, and the naked allusion, have not been allowed to reach our time. Of that night there is nothing left but the memory. We take the excellence of the jests and jokes upon hearsay, as we do the fame of the Grecian painters.

It is said that Jonson, towards that witching hour of time,—

> ——— When day and night
> Are standing in each other's light,—

seemed rapt in his own meditations. Snatches of verses were heard indistinctly from his lips; some, however, clearer than others. This was heard fully and fairly:—

> O! if my temples were distained with wine,
> And girt in girlonds of wild yvie twine,
> How I could rear the Muse on stately stage,
> And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
> With quaint Bellona in her equipage.

"*That* might have been," he added; "but I am old now, and my sons have succeeded me, and well and worthily too. There's Randolph, who writes all like a man, making his Acolastus speak better than my Sir Epicure Mammon. My noble Lucius has the divine god within his veins; and Sir John there has the muse to himself in her gayest moods,—while Dick, professing my old arts, has gained no more than he most richly merits. But I see my noble Lucius is for off,—that Suckling is asleep, and the real Apollo is once more within his own oracle."

Daylight was the linkboy home to the whole party; Ben Jonson excepted, who slept till twelve next day in the Dolphin, when he rose refreshed, with his favourite dish before him of a cold turkey-pie and a draught of malmsey.

DEATH'S HERALDS.

Oh stream, why flowest thou
  Fleetly and fast?
Like an hour goest thou
  Into the past.

Thou lovest rapid wings,
  As if they brought
Oblivion of many things
  That thou lov'st not.

Stream—stream, we travel thus
  From the green earth:
Destiny speaks to us
  In woe and mirth!

Death is for ever nigh,
  Like a quick power,
Telling us we must die
  Every hour.

When the plants change their hue—
  When the leaves fall—
When the few friends we knew
  Come not at all.

When we are bidden forth
  To the dim room,
Where lies the wreck of worth
  Deck'd for the tomb.

E'en on the bridal-day
  Still comes the thought—
"Let it be e'er so gay,
  Yet it is nought!"

Oh stream, thy waters, too,
  Murmur the same—
"None shall again renew
  Life's fitful game!"

All things the truth betray,
  Glad though they seem—
Ever they show or say
  "Life's but a dream!"

I, too, am hasting fast,
  Worthless and worn,
Scorning the life that's past
  With a deep scorn.

A.

YOU might travel many a league, and never meet with village inn so picturesque or so antique as ours. You might traverse many a broad acre of dingle, wood, and park, and yet not see so brave, so fair an oak, as that which covers with its mighty arms the time-worn sign that swings before our humble hostelry. It stands in solitary majesty, leafless and bare, a grim, gaunt skeleton, the huge anatomy of a strong-limbed giant, its summer bravery put off, its leafy gloriousness departed, its many-hued autumnal robe stript from it, and trodden down to mingle with the sodden soil beneath. Centuries have rolled over it, and generations passed it by, and still it towers in altitude, in beauty, and in bulk, the same. Lichens cling firmly to its rugged bark, and mosses drapery its hardy roots; but they become it, as hoary hairs become the veteran; they are gnomonic of a rare old age—old age without its concomitant decay. They must have been coeval—oak and house; and he who reared the one must surely have committed to the earth the tiny acorn from whose grave sprung up the Titan vastness of the other.

But the inn! didst ever see a crazier pile?—an edifice so nodding, tottering, curious and uncouth? Story overtopping story, and a row of heavy gables, sombrous and uniform, ornate with cunning carving, worm-eaten and somewhat defaced withal, lifting their peaked summits above the sunken windows, the redundant cornices, quaint corbels, vacant niches, brackets and bas-reliefs, which diversify and decorate the motley aspect of the "Royal Oak."

It hath had its mutations—that way-side alehouse; and the rude effigies which rustic art hath traced upon its sign-board, have changed as often as the blazon of the royal shield. When its walls first rose, the hermit's stirring call to arms was ringing through the realms of Christendom, and noble blood was shed like rain upon the thirsty soil of Palestine. Then, the "Red Cross" became the rendezvous for village gossips; and if, perchance, some humble palmer sought the shelter of its roof, daylight would dawn before the throng dispersed whom curiosity had convened to hear the wonder-teeming tales with which the wanderer regaled the greedy ears of that attentive company.

Anon, when many an eventful year had run its course, and the Crusades were numbered with the bygone things of an imperfectly remembered past, the "Harry Tudor" swung from before the village inn; and crippled veterans, who had been eye-witnesses of, and actors in, the sanguinary and merciless wars of the Roses, met in the summer evenings beneath the verdurous roof spread out by that all-sheltering oak, and spun interminable recitals (that varied with the occasion and the audience) of Hexham's total rout—of

Stamford's fierce, disastrous fray—of Barnet's Sabbath fight, and Bosworth's bloody field.

Once more the sign was changed, and Harry Tudor's sharp and thoughtful face was hidden beneath a patch of sober, russet-coloured paint. True to the spirit of the age, the shuffling close-cropped tapster (of the period of the Commonwealth) scrawled on his board the hackneyed watchword, which certain of the Republicans had adopted—"God encompasseth us!" *That*, we may be sure, was never destined to survive the Restoration; and in its stead, there was accordingly displayed as reasonable a resemblance of the oak of Boscobel as the limner's fancy could devise. And often renewed as it has been, still does the sign revive, while under it we read the well-known name of its hearty honest host, "John Summers."

Pondering upon the name, something of his past history occurs to mind,—scattered reminiscences that were silently fading out of memory. Five and twenty years ago John Summers was a handsome stripling, light of heart and blithe of limb, and somewhat of a wag to boot; indeed, the very life and soul, mainspring, projector, promoter, and part-perpetrator, of every freak and frolic that from time to time enlivened and excited the less inventive, less mercurial, less enthusiastic minds of our good friends and old familiars, the villagers of ——. Supreme in —— steeple, lord paramount of bells and bell-ringers, marshal of Christmas minstrels, comptroller of festivities at Easter and at Whitsuntide, grand caterer at harvest-homes, chief of the commissariat at the banquets of the club, joker in ordinary and extraordinary at weddings, umpire at cricket-matches, director of bonfires and fireworks on each recurring Guy Fawkes day,—what a perfect Proteus was honest John!

He had a brother, too, ("alas! that *had*, how sad a passage 'tis!") of a temperament so opposite, and disposition so dissimilar, that at times one almost felt disposed to doubt their consanguinity. Abstracted, reserved, contemplative, and naturally of a proud, unbending mind, the contrast which the character of Edward Summers presented to his elder brother's, was obvious to the most superficial, the most careless of observers. As they grew to manhood, this diversity of character, and the differing tendencies of their pursuits, went far to dissociate and divide them. The elder, as we have intimated, was somewhat of a free-hearted, jovial, roystering fellow, could troll a catch, and frame a reasonable after-dinner speech, pithy and pertinent withal; was unrivalled as a rifle shooter, famous at fly-fishing, expert at quoits, and, as a cricketer, was justly noted for his scientific batting. Edward, on the other hand, almost effeminately delicate in person, found no enjoyment in the rough but manly pastimes of his brother, viewed his celebrity in those respects with something like contempt, acknowledged no community with his companions, and concentrated all his energies in the cultivation of his talents as a self-taught painter. Such profitless expenditure of time, it must not be concealed, was viewed with grave concern by one whose knowledge of cartoons was limited to certain scores chalked with scholastic regularity upon a cupboard door within the bar; and whose picture-gallery was limited to a series of brightly-coloured representations of a fox-chace, which, together with a pair of dingy caricatures, graced the club-room of the "Royal Oak." In fact, paternal prudence augured but ominously of the future from the experience of a costly, and (in so far as emolument was concerned) an unproductive past.

Meantime, the thoughts of both the brothers were simultaneously directed into one and the same channel—a channel easily surmised. Both fell suddenly in love! A childish play-mate, a relative by some remote affinity, who, years before, had parted from the village as a merry, hoyden girl, chiefly remembered by reason of the exceeding and never-failing mirthfulness of a most sunshiny disposition, returned to it a matured and really dazzling beauty; a girl still in years, but in height, in figure, and in mind, a woman. She soon became the "cynosure of neighb'ring eyes," and was as much an object of admiration among the rising bachelors of ——, as (truth must be told) of envy, and (occasionally) of detraction, among the comparatively slighted maidens of the village. With both the Summers's, the intercourse of childhood was presently renewed; and with the younger, in all its early warmth. Perhaps the pride which woman naturally feels at seeing a proud man kneeling at her feet, valuing a conquest rather in proportion to the difficulty of its acquirement than its actual worth, or perhaps (so contradictory is the human heart) a sentiment of admiration for peculiarities of character so diametrically opposed to those which marked her own, influenced Lucy Frazer in her choice. But be it as it may, Edward Summers was the accepted lover.

Well might the unsuccessful suitor, who had seen his junior brother's claims preferred to his, feel with some bitterness the slight thus put upon him; for if ever there was human being whose peculiar privilege it seemed to be to communicate to those within her sphere a happiness that was perfectly contagious, that being was Lucy Frazer. You could not tell from what precise source it sprung, nor how communicated. She *looked* a volume of unutterable kindness. The comprehensive benevolence of her soul appeared literally to find an utterance in every glance that emanated from her large and lustrous eyes; and when her lips broke into smiles, it came like some most welcome gush of sunshine, a pleasant prelude to the music of her voice.

John Summers, however, was a philosopher, and his philosophy was of an eminently practical order. Had it been otherwise, the placidity and equanimity of mind with which he bore his disappointment, after the first transient ebullition of chagrin had passed away, would have been infinitely less than that which he displayed upon the occasion. Other cares and other considerations shortly afterwards occupied his mind. The old man, his father, fell suddenly a victim to an attack of apoplexy, and the "Royal Oak" devolved in consequence upon the elder, while a legacy of some three or four hundred pounds fell to the heritage of the younger Summers! This, to the latter, was a godsend he had scarcely ventured to anticipate; it seemed to offer him a footing from which he might in time attempt to scale the very topmost round of Fortune's ladder.

Full of high hopes and sanguine expectations, coloured with the glowing promise of a brilliant future, —a promise that was destined never to be realized,—he married, received his patrimony, and flung himself adventurously on the metropolis—launched, with a flowing sail, upon the eddying sea in which so many a noble heart has been engulfed. But the skill which

was the wonder of a village, was no meet rival for the excellence schooled, disciplined, and matured within a city's teeming sphere. A self-humiliating truth like this was slow to force itself upon his mind, and reluctantly received, when it had gained admission there. Three years he lived upon the fruits of that economy which a thrifty parent had sedulously practised for the space of thirty; though subsidiary means were now and then derived from his professional labours, such subsidies were rare and scanty. The last remnant of the legacy vanished ere long. Then came the bitterness of hope deferred,—the incessant but inoperative struggles of a mind inadequately framed to wrestle with the difficulties which pressed upon his path,—the gradual demolition of every anticipation most desperately clung to and most inveterately cherished,—the slow approaches of inevitable penury,—the progressive relinquishment of little luxuries at first, and then of comforts, and then of actual necessaries. By all these gradations—step by step—the lowest deep of poverty was painfully attained. But even this, which bore down hope and health before it,—the hideously palpable reality which rose up in place of all the pleasant visions shaped with such ease, and abandoned with such reluctance and regret,—even this was powerless to vanquish pride. And hence the brother he had rivalled, but in whose love he still maintained a place, was kept profoundly ignorant of the clouds which now were settling down so heavily upon the patronless artist's prospects.

What the wife felt, and never uttered—submitted to and never murmured; how patiently she toiled, and never spoke of weariness,—suffered in heart and mind, and yet could wear a smile,—could still whisper encouragement, still caress, and never weep but when alone,—would be a painful speculation, and yet not profitless. If the heroism of the poor, the noble, the enduring fortitude of woman, more especially in her severest trials, her most intense distress, were chronicled—ay, simply noted down in all their naked truth,—those chronicles would glorify our common nature, and put to shame the glowing narratives in which historians too studiously have sought to embalm and perpetuate the madness, the folly and the lust of many of the misnamed heroic, and many of the misnamed great.

We wander from the thread of our discourse, which now assumes a gloomier texture. Poor Summers declined apace—forbade all application to his brother—sickened—grew hopelessly delirious—waned with the waning season—and "perished in his pride!" At such a juncture, it became imperative upon the part of Lucy to inform the brother of her loss, and this she did, not without some trepidation and misgivings. When the intelligence was thus broken to him, he neither raved, nor tore his hair in agony, nor would permit the paroxysms of an ineffectual grief to have the mastery of his mind. Mourn for the dead he did, unquestionably, and laid his brother's ashes in a grave beside his father's, with such solemnity and undissimulated sorrow as testified the earnestness with which, at heart, he loved him. But the living had their claims upon his sympathy; and with a delicacy that was strangely blended with the naturally frank and warm-hearted manner in which his kindnesses were generally performed, he proceeded to provide a home for the widow and the orphan of his brother.

Hard by the narrow plot of ground which hides beneath the grassy ridges on its surface the moulder-ing dust of successive generations, the resting place alike of wrinkled age and soft-cheeked infancy;—so near to it, indeed, that towards sun-down the shadow of the old church tower darkens the little porch, and when the Sabbath-day services commence, the organ's swell is audible in every chamber, stood (as still there stands) a cottage that then had been for some time tenantless,—a dwelling like that of the poet, *parva sed apta*. This did the thoughtful care of honest John select for those whose welfare now became his favourite concern. It was thenceforth a choice amusement to him, an employment into which

he entered with an almost boyish zealousness, to make it habitable,—to furnish it according to the fancied tastes of Lucy,—to call to mind the predilections which he remembered her to have expressed when but a laughter-loving maiden, whom it seemed impossible that calamity could ever touch,—to carry there the high-backed, velvet-cushioned, oaken chair (a family heir-loom) in which she used sometimes to sit, and bid the brothers jestingly kneel down and pay their sovereign mistress fealty,—to add, besides, some favourite ornaments of antique rarity, that at the same time had attracted her regard,—to till the garden, clear the walks, plant its neglected beds with flowers, prune the redundant branches of the vines and fruit trees; and, in fine, to make it what was, and is,—an enviable haven for the shelter and security of one, upon whose gentle nature the tempests of the world had early and in rapid sequence spent their shocks.

It would have done your heart good to have seen John Summers thus employed, and afterwards to have witnessed the glow of honest pride which mantled on his comely visage when he led the widow and her orphan thither, and when he heard her falter forth her approbation and her gratitude. And if in very thankfulness she gave the feelings of her full heart vent in a copious flood of tears,—and if John's eyes grew likewise moist, and if his voice wavered like a girl's, when he assured her he would ever be to her a brother,—and if he felt uncomfortably awkward—he knew not how—in the contemplation of the happiness he had effected, and could only answer in reply to frequent thanks, "God bless you both!" and wondered how his eyes could be so dazzled by the sunshine, and pressed the little one until his tiny hand was almost flattened in his uncle's grasp,—surely on such occasion it was only natural.

Why prolong the narrative? Is not John Summers still the landlord of the "Royal Oak," a substantial man in purse and person—still a bachelor, and, in redemption of his promise, a brother to the widow? Is not the artist's relict a tenant of that pretty cottage near the church? And is not her handsome son the very image of his ill-starred father, excepting that his mind is rather moulded in the fashion of his gentle mother's?

Fortune has prospered both; and a competence bequeathed to Lucy by a distant relative of her mother's, enables her now to mitigate with liberal hand the sorrows and distress of which she herself has felt the weight and known the bitterness. J. S.

THE STOCKINGS; OR, IDLE INNY.

AN IRISH FAIRY TALE.

BY THE LATE JOHN L'ESTRANGE.

An old moss-covered, clay-built cottage, near to the little road that winds round the base of the celebrated *Mullaghmast*, in the county Kildare, was, many long years ago, the residence of the widow Fitzgerald and her only daughter. Though the widow was "poor and miserably old," with merely the possession of the wretched cabin and "a small bit of a garden," she still boasted a high descent. Her constant theme from the rising to the setting of the sun, was descanting on the nobility and the antiquity of her family and connexions,—tracing them, upon her husband's part, to that chief of the name, who came into Ireland with the first chivalric band of iron-clad Anglo-Normans, and, on her own side, to the Irish Vesta, the famed Saint Bridget of the burning shrine, a princess of the high heroic Milesian race; until her daughter's head was fairly turned, listening to the long drawn-out and oft-repeated tales of the grandeur and glory of her ancestors. The maiden was called Winifred, after some one of the ancient and canonized virgins.

"You know, Inny," she would say in Irish, "that although poverty like a dark cloud has settled on us, yet it cannot blacken the brightness of the clear-flowing stream; riches, like the sun, may gild the barren moor with its noon-tide beams, but it cannot illuminate the muddy slough. So hold your head high, child of my burning love, nor stoop to mingle with the clown and the churl."

Now Inny Fitzgerald was really a handsome girl,—there was a something in her air and appearance superior to the daughters of the neighbouring farmers. She was tall and fair, with a swan-like neck, and a dove-like eye, glossy raven hair, a delicate blush, and a gentle retiring mien. The high and unsuitable notions instilled into her mind by her mother had their usual evil effect; for thus schooled by the foolish old woman, she never condescended to learn any useful art, and seldom stirred from morning to night to perform any necessary office about their little home. She spent the most part of her time in reading whatever books she could procure or borrow amongst the neighbouring peasantry, and these were mostly of such character, that they only served to stimulate those wild and romantic sentiments already imparted by her mother. When the girls of the other cottages would be busily employed spinning, sewing, or knitting, Inny might be seen sitting in the sun at her cabin door, beside her mother, reading the wonderful adventures of Parismus, Parismenes, and Parismenides, Hero and Leander, Dorastus and Faunia, (from which Shakespeare has drawn the "Winter's Evening Tale,") the notorious Don Bellianis of Greece, the redoubtable deeds of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and the life and career of the renowned Redmond O'Hanlon, the hero robber chief of Ireland. The simple dame with open mouth devoured these olden legions of giants, enchanters, and ladies fair, which she believed as firm as faith in Gospel truth; and the girl, though half a sceptic, had her fancy so filled with heroes, knights, ruffians, and queens in distress, that they constantly floated in her day dreams and filled her visions of the night.

In this shadowy world she passed the beginning of her days, and many a peasant lad who sought to win her love had but to nurse his disappointed hopes as

the reward of his ambition. She spoke in a strain which none of them could well understand; and they told their tale in a style so different from that in which the Green Knight poured forth his passion at the feet of the bright Colberta, that she could not avoid turning away quite shocked and disappointed. However, with coming years we gradually emerge from the twilight of youth and romance into the glaring day of care and reality. Our valleys lie no longer beneath the magic mist of fancy, nor our mountains tinged with the golden hues of the imagination,—for one side soon begins to look drear and lonely, and the other steep and sterile.

In this state of dreamy, unprofitable existence a few brief summers passed away; and when at length the old woman, feeling her strength decline, could not help thinking how desolate her child would be when she was no more, she then regretted that Inny had not listened to some of the honest youths, who, though so much beneath her in birth, were yet so far above her in worldly consideration.

"When I am gone, Inny, darling," she would cry in unavailing regret, "who will then care for the desolate orphan? who will give the friendless bread to eat? —and, misery to think on it! that one of such a race should fall so low,—you cannot earn a morsel for yourself,—it is useless to expect assistance from our friends —for since your father fell into decay, and was taken away from us, the shadow of one of them never darkened my threshold. Oh! what will become of the solitary bird of my widowed nest, when I am no more?"

Although Inny keenly saw all the horrors of her situation in perspective, yet, with a daughter's true filial devotion, she turned from their contemplation to sooth the distress of her mother.

"Do not fret about me, mother," she would say; "God, you know, always protects his own; and how often have we read of the good and innocent being rescued by His mercy from worse even than poverty—from shame and the shadow of death?"

It was one fervid day in the middle of summer, as Inny was preparing their frugal meal under the direction of her now almost helpless mother, that a young man with a large pack on his back entered the cottage.

"God save all here!" said he, seating himself, and placing his pack before him on the ground—"Well, but it is a warm day, and weary to be carrying such a load; and the heat has made me as weak as water without whiskey."

He was a handsome, agreeable young fellow, with a free address and an ardent eye; and appeared to belong to that class known by the name of pedlars or travelling merchants. He entered into conversation with the widow and her daughter, and was evidently attracted by the bearing and manners of the latter; while, with the tact of his trade, he opened out his bundle before her, and displayed its hidden finery to her wondering eyes.

"See there," said he, "there's a stuff fit for the Countess of Kildare, and I am sure it would suit your complexion to a hair, *ma colleen dhas* (my pretty girl); would you like it?"

"And if it is fit for the Countess," replied the old woman, still catching at her favourite theme," my daughter, poor as she is, might not think it too fine for her wearing,—her blood is as noble as any that flows in the veins of either Countess or Earl—she is of the same race."

"I could swear she was above the common," said the ready and flattering pedlar; "a body might look a long time before he'd meet with such an eye and an air among the *bodachs*' (churls) daughters about the moat."

"Aye, aye," responded the dame, "the sun is the sun, let the day be winter or summer."

"But look at this," resumed the pedlar, turning to Inny,—"there's a scarf that a princess might wear on a birth-night;" and he turned and exhibited it in different lights.

"It is beautiful indeed," remarked Inny with a sigh, after feasting her eyes upon its bright shadowings, leaving it back upon the heap."

"There's velvet for a coif," said he again, opening out a piece of rich murrey-coloured cloth, "real Genoa —what a beautiful contrast!" and rolling it into a kind of hood he placed it over her dark ringlets,—"but such hair does not want it," he added, throwing it aside,—"'twere a pity to confine those tresses or to shade that brow."

"It is too rich for me entirely, or the like of me," said Inny, still gazing on the finery with an anxious eye.

"Would you like the stuff?" said the pedlar. "You shall have it a full groat in the ell less than any other in the county; take it—I know you would make it look so well that I'd sell nothing else for the season."

"I would like it," sighed Inny; "but if a single groat would purchase your whole pack, I haven't it at present."

"Well, if you haven't it now, you may another time, and to show you I am a different sort of trader from my brethren of the pack and the worn wand, you shall have the dress until you can make the money by your spinning or knitting; and I promise besides, not to hurry you," replied the pedlar.

"No," said Inny, "I could not think of taking what I couldn't pay for;" and she felt the full force of the young man's remark and her want of industry.

"Since the decent young man is so good," interfered the mother, "you might take his offer, and we could pay him from time to time."

"Come, keep it and welcome," said he; "I know it pleases your fancy, and it will never be said that Maurice O'Moore denied a garment to a handsome girl of gentle blood, because she didn't carry the coin on the end of her finger."

Inny was persuaded to keep the stuff and scarf, and in the spirit of grateful hospitality she detained the merchant to partake of their repast. He gazed delightedly on the gentle Inny; he thought there was an extraordinary grace in her every action, and he imagined that he never tasted so sweet a morsel as that prepared and set before him by her fair hands, so that by the time the meal was concluded he had drunk deep of the tender passion.

"Now," said he, "a sweet *Colleen* like you must have a heap of sweethearts; but when you appear in that elegant dress, the numbers that will follow you will be beyond countin',—'twill make you look like a queen."

"Poor Inny," replied the mother, "has always taken my advice; for though poor, we considered ourselves above the people about us,—she has no sweethearts."

"You were right," remarked the merchant; "for springing from a good old stock myself, I vowed never to take a wife unless I could meet with something above the mean-minded. I never considered money an object; but wished to have one *genteel* and *industrious*, with whom I could share my heart, and enjoy my earnings in love and happiness." This was spoken with a view of finding out was the pretty Inny engaged, and of showing the mother that he was a prize worth attaining; as he found, when he rose to depart, he should leave his heart behind him.

The generous and gallant pedlar became the subject of praise to both mother and daughter; and many a secret prayer did the old woman put up to Heaven, that such a man might be destined as the companion of her beloved child; and often did Inny dwell upon the open, yet courteous and flattering turn of his manners. She soon procured knitting-needles, and prevailed on one of the cottage girls to teach her how "to mount," and begin a stocking; and when Maurice O'Moore called again, she had thrown aside Parismus and Parismanes, and was busy over the shining wires. She blushed in pleasurable confusion as he entered, and cast her work aside, that he might not observe her awkwardness. His visits grew frequent, and their object became very unequivocal. He made her presents, was attentive, delicate,—and, what all women like better still, he was assiduous; he wooed, and won her, and they were married. She loved him tenderly and sincerely, and bent her wish and will to please him in every particular, and they were happy.

The honey-moon was scarcely over, when he made up his pack to depart on an expedition of traffic, leaving a wish, as travelling rapidly wears hose, that Inny would have some new stockings knitted for him by his return.

She did not now know what to do—she had led him to believe, through the instigation of her mother, that she was a miracle of industry, and could do every thing becoming to and necessary in a wife; she could not bear that he should think unworthily of her. She wept incessantly; and though she commenced knitting a stocking, in the vain hope of doing something, yet she could not see to move the needles, for the blinding tears that constantly filled her eyes. Often would she retire to the little garden, to indulge her griefs alone; and day after day passed away in unavailing sorrow, until she almost wished she was dead before her husband came back, to find that the wife he prided in and loved so much, could not or would not comply with his first request.

One evening, as she sat in her little garden summer-

house, that overlooked a field of furze and fern, weeping over her past idle life, there suddenly stood before her a very small and hideously ugly creature in the shape of a man. She started in fear at seeing the uncouth object so close to her, without perceiving how he approached. His head was immensely large, and his shoulders were broad and sinewy, yet he was not much higher than her knee. His eyes were small, deeply

sunk, far apart, and ever shifting and restless, twinkling and moving from side to side with involuntary flashings, like the flames of two tapers exposed to the winds on a dark night. The colour of his face was of a glistening, greenish, sickly, reptile-like yellow, drawn and puckered into an infinity of cross lines and wrinkles. His nose was flat, and his mouth enormously large, with long white protruding and fangish teeth; and round his chin was scattered, at broken intervals, a fringe of red coarse, bristly hair; while a shock of the same colour covered his head, but stood up from the skin, and streamed from it as dead-like as if it had not found root upon the mis-shapen skull. He glared up at Inny, and forgetting the grief that was at her heart, she shuddered before the malignity of his glance. He grinned spitefully as he spoke,—

"Ah! then, how do you do this evening, Inny O'Moore?—is it not a great shame for you to make your eyes so red, crying, and your husband coming home to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" repeated Inny, in fear and wonder.

"Aye, indeed, to-morrow, Inny O'Moore," said he again, and his voice was deep and hollow. "To-morrow! yes, yes, you are a fine wife for an industrious poor man!"

"Oh! what will become of me?—what will I do?" cried Inny, weeping afresh, and forgetting everything, in the fear and shame of meeting her husband.

"I'll tell you what you'll do," replied the little man; "and if you take my advice, you will yet be a happy woman."

"Oh! tell me—tell me, and I'll pray for a blessing on your head, night and morning. I'll pray to ——"

"I don't want your prayers or your blessings," said he, interrupting her;—"but I wish to do you a service in your need, and it's in my power."

"Then what am I to do at all?" said she.

"I'll soon tell you, Inny O'Moore," he replied, "and you have not much time to spare in thinking." She bent forward with eager anxiety.—"Aye, listen to me attentively; now these are the conditions:—you must promise to be mine, and to come with me on this day come seven years, unless you can tell my name between this and that day; and on every day, from this to that, I will knit for you, and give to you, seven pairs of stockings."

She paused;—"Seven pairs of stockings," she repeated—"every day for seven years; and then, unless I tell your name, I must be yours and go along with you."

"That's the very thing, Inny," said he; "are you willing?"

"Who are you, or what are you, at all?" she asked, in astonishment.

"No matter who I am, or what I am. I can do what I say, Winifred O'Moore," he answered; "will you take my offer and be happy?—refuse it, and you are miserable."

"Oh! sure I don't know you," she said, shuddering as she contemplated the being who asked her to be his; "and you make me tremble looking on you. Yet my heart is breaking."

"You should have thought of this before," said the spiteful looking elf—"before you deceived a trusting man. What will he say to his wasteful wife?—*To-morrow!*"

"I can never meet him—Oh! I wish the earth would open, and devour me," she cried, passionately.

"Then take my offer. I promise you riches, honours, and the smiles and love of your husband, if you take it—but poverty, reproach, and shame, if you refuse,"—he urged, with a vindictive earnestness.

"Won't you tell me where you live, at least, that I may guess at who you are?" And as she asked the question she weighed the proposal, and her mind was wavering.

"You know the place well," he answered. "I live near the old moat of Mullaghmast, Inny O'Moore. Often I watched you in the evening sun, when you were but a child, fair daughter of the race of the stranger,"—and his voice quivered, and assumed an unearthly solemnity.

She now traced the proposal and the proposer mentally; there was a power in his voice and manner that fearfully impelled her to accept the proffered compact, yet she shrunk in fear and disgust from a contact with such demoniac deformity; still she equally dreaded to meet and brave the anger and resentment of a deceived and disappointed husband. "Riches and honours," thought she; "poverty and shame, love and contempt; seven years was a long time to look forward to—the ugly dwarf might die, or she herself might die before the time expired; and if it came to the worst at last, it was but boldly breaking the contract, and defying him." The ungainly animal seemed to read her thoughts, for his deep, hoarse, cackling laugh startled her from her reverie. She looked—his fiery, restless eyes were throwing flitting, yet piercing glances over her face; and a malignant grin twisted itself in and about the folds of his terrific mouth.

"I now make you my offer for the last time, Winifred O'Moore," said he; "I can't be wasting my favours on the thankless, or the ungrateful. Choose your fate at once—be happy, or miserable, for ever!" She paused, looked hesitatingly, but did not reply. "I cannot remain with you longer," he continued. "Farewell, unfortunate Winifred O'Moore,"—and he turned to depart. Impelled by a sudden impulse, she stretched her hands to him—he receded like a shadow from her touch.

"I agree—I agree!" said she. "I will either tell your name, or be yours at the end of seven years, and do what you promised—make me happy!"

"It is well,"—he answered—"you shall be happy;—I am pledged—and thus I put my mark on you,"—and, stooping down, he plucked a tall stalk of the beautiful grass called "fairy flax," and drawing its powdery, seedy head through his hand, so as to separate it from the stem, he threw it in her face. She put up her hand to wipe away the dusty pollard, but when she looked about her again, the mysterious being was not to be seen. A low, fiendish laugh, half stifled as from the other side of the hedge, broke upon her ear, but—she was alone.

Sad and astonished she retired to her couch, and soon in broken slumbers dreamed away the cares and vexations of her overloaded heart. When she awoke, she was inclined to think the interview with the strange little man as a dream, until her eyes fell upon a heap of stockings, new, and neatly folded, and heard a hoarse, triumphant laugh outside her narrow, four-paned window.

Her husband returned that day—he was a pleased and a happy man. His trip had been profitable beyond his calculation; and as his wife flew with joy to welcome him, he could not forbear turning an eye of pride on the goodly row of new stockings hanging on the line opposite to him. She caught that glance, and she was blessed.

Maurice O'Moore soon grew rich, and Inny, as the weird man had promised, was happy, and beloved. Every thing they undertook prospered, and Maurice soon became known over all the wide borders of Leinster—aye, even from the celebrated Dublin stocking mart of Corn Market, to the no less celebrated manufacturing district, Connemara, as "the great Stocking Merchant." His hose became the fashion with high and low, rich and poor—no other would please, so remarkable were they for their fine grain, texture, and durability.

Every morning the seven pairs of stockings made their appearance, and every morning the taunting demoniac, chuckling, greeted her like a *memento mori*. Still success followed success, and farm after farm came rapidly into their possession. Maurice placed the contents of his pack into a neat little shop, which soon made room for a well stocked establishment; and to which, after a few years, he added a hotel or inn—the first known in the town of Athy.

As is too often the case with numbers, the prosperity of Maurice and Inny O'Moore neither stimulated their pride nor hardened their hearts. With their wealth came increased charity and benevolence; and from the source of the Barrow to the wide mouth of the fair-flowing Shannon, might be heard the praises of the generous stocking merchant, and blessings on his fair wife—the landlady of the Red Stag.

As the long period of the seven years approached to its close, Inny began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness; and as month after month waned away, the rose gradually faded from her cheek, the bright light from her eye, and the smiling dimples from her sweet mouth—her appetite diminished, and a cloud of care settled over the radiance of her sunny sky. Maurice imagined it was her unwearied application that was undermining her health, for she never told him of the mysterious source from which she drew her wealth. Often he prayed her to relax and take a little rest and pleasure, and as her gloom increased, every remedy was resorted to to amuse or divert her melancholy, and every passing day but added a darker shadow to its gloom; for daily at her window the mocking laugh grew louder and fiercer, until she appeared as one ready to sink into the grave. The physician declared his skill was vain—the malady was in the mind; and Maurice, driven to the last, and that nothing might be left undone, got a large painted board put up in front of the Red Stag, on which was written the following invitation:—

TAKE NOTICE,

"All musicianers, wandering minstrels, story-tellers, beggars, *boccaghs*, and ballad-singers, and all others whom it may concern. I, Maurice O'Moore, landlord and owner of the Red Stag, will consider every person entitled to board and lodging of the best the house can afford, for a year and a day, who by playing, singing, rhyming, jesting, crooning, mumming, story-telling, ratiocination, gymnastics, or by any other lawful means, will make Mrs. O'Moore give one hearty laugh."

"If laughing," said he, "isn't good for the lowness of spirits, I can't tell what is; and if there's anything on her liver, sure I hear a laugh is the best thing to break it."

Crowds besieged the door of the Red Stag from morning till night, but all their efforts to produce even a smile from the spiritless and sorrow-worn Inny proved unsuccessful, until at last but one day remained between her and the awful summons. The day passed and the night came on. Twenty times was she about telling her secret and disclosing all to her husband, and every time as the words rose to her tongue she thought she saw the glowing twinkling eyes of the fairy or demon glaring at her from some dark corner—the terrible fancy held her silent. She was in despair—nothing could rouse her from the stirless apathy which the dread of the coming morning hanging on her soul had cast over her. It was rather late when an old beggar with a long grey beard entered the hostelrie; he was tall and sturdy, with a bright twinkling eye and a rosy cheek, and more of the jolly rover, than the poor and friendless wanderer.

"Musha, then," he began, "light and merry hearts to all undher this good roof! It's a pleasant outside the door has, and why should not the inside be the nest of happiness?"

"Sit down, ould man, and you're welcome," said Maurice; "now by your smiling face and roguish eye one might expect something to lighten the loaded heart; —have you ever a merry ould *ran* or a dhroll story that would make the night seem short, and the sorrow fulforget their griefs?"

"Why, then, many is the pleasant joke, and heart-stirring *romaush*, and the rib-cracking story, I heard in my day," replied the rover; "and many a time have I made the tired traveller forget the long road, and the weary of life forget their woes."

"Well, let us have your very best, old man," said Maurice; "I am much mistaken, but you'll find it necessary to try all the powers of your wit in the present case,—but here's a mug of the first shot, it will stir the fire of your fancy and warm your heart."

"I have a vow," said the stranger, "not to touch either food or drink, until I try the power of my art upon the good woman of the house."

"May it prosper, now," answered Maurice; "and you may claim any reward it is in my power to grant."

"Did you ever hear the wonderful adventures of the widow's three daughters of Tara?" began the old man, —"the pleasant story of the tailor of Tullamore, the lamentable song of the spirit of Lough Ree, the leap of Rory Oge O'Toole, or the miller's murdered daughter?"

"It's a merry story we want, *shuler* (rover),—one to make the sides shake, and the rafters ring,—one to bring the tears of mirth to the eyes of the sad."

A crowd collected around the old man, and he commenced several merry narratives. The listeners were convulsed with laughter at their drollery, wit, and whimsicality; all but Inny—she sat as one that neither heard nor saw, mute and motionless as a statue.

At length Maurice interrupted him,—"I'm thinking you have said enough," said he—"for you see that all your merry adventures can't draw one smile from the poor *vanithee* (mistress of the house)—try something

else, poor man; perhaps your next effort would be more fortunate."

The old man looked with a pitying expression of countenance towards the silent and despairing woman.

"Well, I will try something else," said he; "and as I passed by the Moat of Mullaghmast to-day, I heard one of the most wonderful songs I ever heard in my life; I think it would make the mistress give us one smile at least."

"Where did you hear it?" asked Maurice.

"At the Moat of Mullaghmast," answered the old man.

"What about the Moat of Mullaghmast?" inquired Inny, suddenly starting up; her worn countenance beaming with intelligence and animation, and her sunken eyes lightening with the flashings of hope and joy.

"A curious song, that I heard a little man singing in the old moat this very day," said he.

"Oh! what sort of a little man?" she eagerly inquired.

"A little, ugly, yellow chap," said the mendicant, "with fiery eyes and red hair. He was knitting stockings when I peeped over the hedge,—his fingers went like the wind, while he sung as merry as a little bee,—a very sweet voice he has, too—only those who hear it once, never like to hear it again,—will I sing the song?"

"Do, do!" cried Maurice, who observed the emotion of his wife with heart-felt joy. The old man hummed a moment, in order to drop into the air; and then in a monotonous, yet not unpleasing croon, he sang the following song—

"With vapours and damp I poison the night,
With canker worms the flowers I dight,
With squint and rheum I blast the sight,
With the dank mildew the corn I blight,
With murrain and madness the cattle I fright,
In mischief and evil I take delight;
And little, O little, my dame does know
That my title is 'Trip-it-and-go!'"

At the conclusion of the stanza, Inny started to her feet, with a wild hysteric laugh—her eyes were fixed unwinkingly upon the old man, who thus went on with his strange song:—

"O my love is bonny, my love is fair;
Few, few with my own love can compare.
Like the raven's wing is her shining hair,
Like the swan on the lake her graceful air,
And her lips are like rubies rich and rare.
Long, long have I toiled to win and to wear;
And little, O little, my dame does know,
That my title is 'Trip-it-and-go!'"

As he concluded, Inny greeted him with a wild scream of delight; and flinging herself in an ecstacy of joy upon the neck of the ancient beggar, she kissed his grizzly beard, "cheek and chin," and laughed and shouted aloud, while Maurice capered about snapping his fingers, and knocking the menials down in the excess of his pleasure. Round and round he danced, till seeing his wife madly continue to caress the singer, he went over softly, and disengaged the old man from her embrace—"Easy, easy now, Inny," said he,—"there may be too much of a good thing, you know. Do you think the *shuler* entitled to the first of your good humour?"

"Let her do what she pleases, Maurice O'Moore," said the old man,—"she has reason to rejoice; and it's better to let the full heart overflow than burst."

As soon as her joy would permit her, Inny confessed her secret to her astonished husband; and while both were giving utterance to their gratitude, the old man stood up before them,—the sordid appearance of his face became changed, and a light seemed to break from his countenance, as with an air of dignity he waved his hand.

"Your troubles are happily now at an end," said he, in a voice of supernatural power and sweetness; "your subtle enemy is foiled, and you are rescued from a doom of darkness and misery;—the good never want a friend;—you fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and shed the sunshine of happiness on the clouded soul. Continue in your path of humanity, and want or sorrow will never cross your threshold as a guest. I beheld your virtue, and was resolved to snatch from the gloomy sprite who entrapped you into his wiles, his intended victim—I have rescued you—adieu."

He waved his hand again as he glided towards the door. Maurice rushed after him to bring him back. He saw him vanish through the door-way, and followed him into the street,—he looked up and down—to the right and to the left—but his visitor was not to be seen. Did the earth open and enclose him?—did he melt into air or blend with the moonbeams?—he knew not—he never saw his guest again.

The morning—the long dreaded morning—arrived, but Inny met the first beam of its rising sun with a bright and a light heart. The hideous elf soon made his appearance with his last quota of stockings, and he was if possible more horrifying than ever—he grinned with fiendish exultation as he extended his knitted ware towards her.

"Here, here,—Inny O'Moore," said he, "they are the last—my task is ended; now are you prepared to tell me my name, or are you ready to come along with me?"

"Why, then, my gay little fellow," replied the now smiling Inny—"do you suppose that I am a fool?"

"Fool! fool! Aye, you must come along or tell my

name—that is the bargain," said he again, with a glare of triumphant malignity,—"this is the day, and no power on earth can keep you from me."

"Now if you were a nice little fellow, or a good humoured little fellow," said Inny still smiling—"there might be some reason—but——"

"Cease your folly," he cried with a scowl; "you have a binding agreement; are you ready to fulfil it? I have performed my part faithfully—you are rich in wealth and in your husband's love—you have been happy—the seven years are expired—perform your contract."

"Not yet, not yet," replied Inny, "for———"

"For what?" shouted the imp in a voice of thunder; "nothing can keep you from me—speak! speak my name or you are mine—come away!" and he stretched forth his clawy fang-like fingers to seize her.

"Wait—wait but an instant," said Inny, shrinking back; "stay—I have a little verse of a song to sing which you must listen to." He drew back his hand, and she commenced the song which the seeming beggar had so charmed her with, and which had so impressed itself upon her brain that she could readily repeat its every syllable—

"With vapour and damp I poison the night,
With canker worms the flowers I dight,
With squint and rheum I blast the sight,
With the dank mildew the corn I blight,
With murrain and madness the cattle I fright,
In mischief and evil I take delight;
And little, O little, my dame does know
That my name is Trip-it-and-go!"

"And now, Mr. Trip-it-and-go, I have done with you," she added—"so turn your back on me for ever—let me never see your face again."

His fiendish glare grew trebly terrible, and the flashings from his fiery eyes made the sunbeams pale; his red hair twined sinuously on his mis-shapen head, and his demon face swelled and grew as black as night.

"You have played and won a dangerous game, Inny O'Moore," he growled. "My enemy has prevailed, and you are free!" and in an instant he was gone.

Inny O'Moore never saw or heard any thing about the elf again; her after life was never disturbed by pain or trouble—and at length she and Maurice passed from this world honoured and full of days.

THE HELMSMAN'S DOG.

A MEMORY OF THE RHINE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

We were on our return from Hungary, in the autumn of 1840, and had approached sufficiently near home to find ourselves in the last steam-boat upon the Rhine—I forget its name, nor is it essential to my story—I remember only that it was the one which was to bear us into the Scheldt, and to deposit us in the

amphibious city of Rotterdam. The summer had been unusually sultry, and the consequent evaporation which had taken place in the "abounding river," as it is the fashion for tourists, who are not travellers, to call it, had lost all its claim to that overflowing adjective. The body of water had, in fact, so unequivocally decreased, that the shallows elicited all the nautical skill of the local pilots; and the monotonous progress which we made over this—may I use a woman's privilege, and say, *threadbare?*—stream, which has been said, sung, and sketched, until its very name is likely to become a nauseate, grew to be so wearisome, that we were glad to make amusement out of the most unpromising materials.

I suppose it must have been this fact which led me to form an acquaintance with a dog that was on board; a most untoward-looking cur, which I do not believe that Buffon himself could have classed to the satisfaction of his own conscience. The poor little brute was the colour of scorched flannel; and all the hair, which had refused to grow in different patches upon its body, appeared by tacit consent to have sprouted at the extremity of its long straight tail, whence it depended after the fashion of an overwrung mop. Its ears had been cropped to one-third of their natural dimensions; it had a gash across the upper lip, that laid bare two of its teeth; and, in short, had it not been for the soft expression of its large round eyes, an expression more marked and *human* than I ever before observed in an animal, it would have been irreclaimably hideous.

Such as it was, however, I was delighted to introduce myself to this new fellow-traveller, in order to relieve the tedium of our almost imperceptible onward progress. A portable library is soon exhausted, and our's had long been as bethumbed as the volumes in a schoolboy's satchel; we had conversed with the strangers among whom we were thrown, until we had literally exhausted our common-place; we had whispered to each other of home, and the dear ones there, until, after our long absence, we were afraid to trust our feelings further with the subject; and, finally, no resource remained to individuals who, like ourselves, knew the banks, between which we were passing, as familiarly as a monk knows his breviary, save eating and drinking—an amusement which, despite the opinion of many older and wiser heads than my own, I cannot help considering as very questionable, when there is neither thirst nor hunger to lend them a zest.

Under these circumstances, the companionship even of this modern "Snarley-yow," unpromising as it at first appeared, was welcome; and I forthwith commenced operations towards my canine monstrosity, as human beings occasionally do not disdain to do towards each other—I fed him. I can see at this moment the gracious and encouraging expression of eye with which he met my advances. I was lying upon a mattress on the deck, with a heap of pillows snugly propped up behind me, by the raised platform of the tiller, discussing some dainties with which one of our warm-hearted Viennese friends had stored a little travelling basket, which had hitherto been preserved intact, and which, in the very luxury of idleness, I had now summoned from the cabin, in order to discover whether I could then and thence educe a momentary occupation. I imagine that a grateful odour must have exhaled from the first neat little white paper parcel that I unfolded, for I had scarcely deposited its contents in my lap, when the lean, lank, ungainly dog walked slowly towards me, and demurely seated itself upon its haunches, about two yards from the basket, its long tail lying stiffly along the deck, and looking precisely (only not quite so good a colour!) like one of the brooms erewhile hawked about the streets of London, by the short-petticoated Bavarian girls.

There was a tranquil, if not altogether graceful, at-home-ness about the animal which made us friends in a moment; and I handed a sugar-biscuit to my self-constituted guest, without a single misgiving that I should lose the first joint of my finger in return for the courtesy. Nor was my confidence misplaced, for the creature received it as quietly as it was offered; and when the delicate morsel was discussed, the dog continued to lick its lips calmly at intervals, as if to imply that the quality of the cake had been duly appreciated; and ultimately, with much gravity, put forth its fore-legs straight before it, in a second unbroken line, which matched exactly with that described by its tail; and there it lay, with its head slightly inclined on one side, and its intelligent eyes fixed upon upon me, like a thing of stone, save indeed that I do not believe any sculptor would have selected such a subject on which to exercise his art.

By degrees I became interested in the patient and unobtrusive little animal, which seemed as if thoroughly aware that it was there on sufferance, and did not venture one gesture of entreaty or irritation; the aforesaid licking of the lips, however, being to me intended as palpably "to remind," as any duplicate card to an entertainment that I ever received so inscribed from a party-giving acquaintance.

I had just renewed my civility to my new acquaintance, when I was suddenly startled by a gruff "*Vous êtes bien bonne, Madame,*" uttered close beside me; and raising my eyes, I saw the short, thickset, weather-beaten, and usually taciturn helmsman who was at the wheel, standing hat in hand, looking down with a sort of complacent astonishment upon myself and the dog. Of course I comprehended the thing at once. The ill-favoured cur was his property, and he was putting into words the gratitude which the soft and speaking eyes of his canine favorite had already expressed much more unequivocally; "Bijou" (what a Bijou! thought I) "is not used to so much kindness from a stranger," pursued the man, as if in reply to my look; "travellers who come abroad to see sights kick him aside when he crosses them on the deck, for they have no time to discover his good qualities."

"But I am convinced that he *has* good qualities," said I, in my turn; "I can read them in his soft and beautiful eyes."

The helmsman bowed gratefully, as though I had paid him a personal compliment. "Nevertheless," I added, a moment after, "the dog is certainly not handsome."

The sailor gently shook his head; "Were he to you, Madame, what he is to me," he said sadly, "wife, and child, and friend, you would think him a beauty."

"And does Bijou indeed hold so high a ticket in the lottery of your life, my good friend?" I asked, as I passed my hand caressingly over the head of the animal, which had gradually crouched down closer beside me, and now glanced upwards towards its master, as though perfectly conscious that it had become

the subject of discourse. "Surely, if you cared to try, you might find a prettier wife, more graceful and endearing children, and a more sympathising friend; for, after all—"

"Madame has said the very words," interposed the man with melancholy energy; "*after all*—yes, it is indeed after all is gone that I once loved so fondly, I learn the real value of the last living thing on earth that cares for me!"

The tone in which the words were uttered, excited my interest at once; and it appeared to produce its effect also upon the dog, for the creature turned its head towards its master, and the long straight tail moved slightly, more as it seemed in sympathy than in pleasure. After some time, I elicited the story of the helmsman's life, and it was truly one of suffering and of sorrow. He had lost his wife and three fair children in the brief period of two days—"all (his) little ones at one fell swoop"—by an epidemic disease which raged in Rotterdam some years previously. They all lay dead together in the same narrow room, and as his last light went out, as the expiring mother turned her glazed and failing eye from the face of her husband to the bed on which he had placed their cold and stiffening infants in one motionless and ghastly line,—for the poor have no luxuries of curtained couches to shroud from the gaze of agony the amount of its wretchedness—the bereaved man would have been alone, utterly alone, with that four-fold death, had not the dumb playmate of his lost little ones still borne him company; but as he sank down, exhausted by watching and despair, upon the body of his wife, the faithful dog held its place beside those of the innocent beings, by whose joyous voices he was never again to be summoned to sport—by whose fond hands he was never again to be fed or fondled. It was a sad picture,—the utter desolation of that widowed man, even simply and hurriedly as he sketched its outline; and his thick tones became thicker, and his thin lips quivered as he reverted to his time of trial.

"After that, all was soon over," he pursued, at the close of a momentary pause, which I had not found courage to break, "the grave follows fast upon the death-groan; and all that I had loved best on earth was taken from me, and shut from my sight for ever. *He* followed with me to see them laid in the earth," and as he spoke he looked towards the dog, which had never once removed its eyes from its master since he commenced his narrative, "and we stood by together to see the graves filled in, and the cold sods flung upon the fair young faces which had so often been pressed by the fond lips of their dead mother—and upon the loving heart of that mother herself, which to its last beat had been full of love, both for them and for me. We did not move away until the four mounds were filled in, and heaped up, and the crosses planted at their head. There were other lookers-on, Madame, though I heeded them not then; but many stood by, and pitied the stricken victims of that fell disease, for it was a dreary sight even to the lightest-hearted to look upon those three little fresh-made graves with the mother in the midst; they should have pitied me—they should have wept over the desolate spirit of *the one left!*

"When all was over, I turned homeward; or rather I made my miserable way back to the empty hut which had so lately been my home, and where I had been a husband and a father; but neither smile nor voice greeted me now. It was only when I closed the door behind me, and that my eyes, as they wandered over the empty beds and the silent floor, until at length they rested upon that dog,—it was only then, as I fancied, that he had understood all, and that my sorrow was his sorrow, that I felt all the bitterness of my affliction, and the full value of even his companionship. And we have clung together ever since;" he added, rallying into an accent of greater cheerfulness; "Baptiste the gruff Flamand, and his dog Bijou, are never seen apart further than the length of the deck, or the turn of a corner, either on board or ashore. He is my friend, my messmate, and my comrade. He cares no more for the company of other dogs, than I do for that of other men. I often think that neither of us will ever lose the memory of that death room, and those three little graves; and so we live on together, and so (by the help of the Virgin!) we shall always do, till one of us follows after those we have lost; and woe be to that one who lasts the longest!"

Surely this was eloquence, simply as the words were strung together. I can only say that at the moment I *felt* it to be such; and thenceforward the maimed and ill-conditioned dog became to me an object of real interest.

I have already alluded to the prevalence of drought during the preceding summer, and its consequent effect upon the river. As we advanced, the difficulty became greater; and at length, some doubt having been expressed of the practicability of our passing between the shore and a shoal near the centre of the stream, a steam-boat belonging to the same company as that in which we were embarked, but which had discharged her cargo, and was lying at anchor, was directed to attempt the passage, as, in the event of her grounding, the inconvenience would be comparatively trivial in her case, and we could at once be transferred into some of the flat-bottomed boats which ply in the harbour, in order to prevent further loss of time. This was accordingly done, and having passed the shoal, she lay-to beside it, as a further protection to us; but, as it subsequently proved, with better intention than judgment, for, owing to the limited space thus afforded to our own boat, the pilot perceived, an instant too late, that in order to keep us clear of the shore, we had no alternative but to stop short, or to run foul of the steamer which had been designed to prevent disaster. He, of course, attempted the former expedient, but he had lost his chance by a hair's breadth. Before his mandate could be obeyed, and the steam backed, one turn of the paddle-wheels drove our figure-head crashing through the side of the other boat, and almost threw us off our feet.

Great was the outcry; for nothing is effected on board a foreign craft without noise and vociferation. The river, the shoal, and the boats, injurer and injured alike, were freely made over to his Satanic majesty without the trammel of any legal formalities; and the courtesy was very efficiently and promptly returned by the crew of the other vessel. Ultimately, after great exertion we got clear, something like order was restored; and my friend Baptiste, who was evidently an individual of mark on board, resigned the helm to another of the crew, and went forward to ascertain the extent of the damage which we had ourselves sustained. The figure-head had been carried away; and he strode

over the bows of the boat to examine the evil in detail. Unfortunately, he was, according to custom, followed by his faithful favourite, who, on the disappearance of its master behind the bulwarks of the vessel, instantly sprang after him. The man had found footing upon some projecting piece of timber, but the poor dog was less happy. The leap which it took to clear the side of the boat carried it beyond help, and it fell into the river. We were in full career—steaming at that moment nine or ten knots an hour, for we had at length left all impediments behind us—and the consequence was inevitable. The next revolution of the wheel drew the wretched animal into the vortex: it was caught up—dropped from paddle to paddle, until it had made its miserable circuit—and then cast back, maimed, dislocated, and dying, amid the foaming and hissing waters!

The cry of "a man overboard!" at sea, must be thrilling—frightful. It has so chanced that it has never been my fate to hear it during my wanderings—earnestly do I hope that it never may; for the catastrophe of the poor helmsman's dog was to me sufficiently shocking. Never shall I forget it! The wretched Baptiste—for at that moment I am convinced that he *was* wretched—had staggered once more to the deck; and my own shriek was not more shrill nor more wild than that with which it was echoed by the desolate and heart-wrung man beside me. I am persuaded that the dog heard and recognized the voice to which it had so long been obedient, for ere it was lost to sight, I caught a last transient view of its dying eyes, and they were still following the vessel. Baptiste had sprung upon the raised platform of the tiller, and was still gazing eagerly in the direction of the quivering and agonized animal, when it disappeared; and then he covered his weather-beaten face with his large hands, and wept!

He was now indeed alone ———. In the excitement of the moment I entreated the captain of the steamer to lay-to for a few minutes, to enable the poor helmsman to recover his lost treasure; but, with better judgment, he at once negatived my suit; alleging that not only would the bulk of the passengers object to such a detention, upon what they would consider as so trivial a pretext, but also that it could assuredly only tend to increase the grief of Baptiste were he to see the actual condition of his favourite.

"I am sorry for the poor man," he said, feelingly; "for he is an honest fellow and a good sailor, and that dog was not a commonplace dog to him. It was the only friend that he had in the world, and he did not seem to wish for another. However, what's done can't be recalled; and Bijou is dead by this time; or at least I hope so, for he can scarcely have a whole bone left in his skin."

I shuddered as he turned away. And this then was the termination of the innocent and faithful attachment in which the bereaved Baptiste had found a consolation for his cruel griefs! I did not venture for some time to speak to him. He had restrained the current of his tears, and resumed the helm; and he stood at his post with his long grizzled hair streaming in the wind, his lips tightly compressed, and his chest heaving; the very type of deep and wordless suffering.

At length we reached Rotterdam, and then, for the first time since the catastrophe, I approached the helmsman. "Baptiste," I said, "you have indeed sustained a heavy loss, but be comforted. The agony of your poor favourite must have soon been over." As I spoke, I saw the pale lips quiver, and the eyelids assume a tremulous appearance, which convinced me that the pent-up grief of the poor fellow would soon again have way, and I was glad of it. "I am well aware," I continued, "only too well aware, that no other dog can ever replace poor Bijou; but still there would be companionship, even if not happiness, in a new favourite. Here is money—seek out a fresh friend; and endeavour to forget the trial of to-day."

The lips grew firm in an instant, the eyelids were motionless, and the expression of the look said as plainly as ever look spoke—*Et tu, Brute!* I shrank before the implied reproach, but I persisted, and I did it in kindness.

"No, no, Madame;" he said at last in a thick husky voice, while the tears that would no longer be suppressed poured down his cheeks, as though his effort to speak had loosed them; "put up your gold. I did not expect this from *you*, for you knew all that he was to me. But the world are all alike. They attack every disease with the same remedy. Wife, children, friend, I have lost all over again, and you offer me money! Keep it; and if you are ever alone upon earth, in your turn, purchase with it, *if you can*, all that I have lost."

Poor Baptiste! This sorrow had made him bitter, but it was impossible not to forgive him. "I am rebuked, my friend," I replied deprecatingly. "Farewell! may this be your last grief!"

And so we parted. I to pursue my homeward journey, and the helmsman to brood over his bereavement.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The mole, which boasts its blindness, loves the earth,
And hath no gladness in the glorious sun—
The owl, that loveth from the light to run,
And chooseth not to take the eagle's flight—
The leathern-pinioned bat, that fareth forth—
Night's pilgrim—when Day's cheerful work is done—
Hath, every one, its separate delight:—
For nought in Nature hath been formed to live
Without a share of pleasure; and the night—
Even as the sunny day—dispenseth glee
To God-made creatures, whose blithe natures give
Best worship to their Maker when they flee
To innocent joys from discontent and gloom:—
Why gather thorns when roses round us bloom?

"I'D BE A BUTTERFLY!"

MR. GRUB was a grocer in Eastcheap,—a single man, with a single object, that of making money,—in which pursuit he was as happy as he *could* be. Figs and sugar, now high, now low in the market, are variable things; not so the frugality and perseverance which marked the early career of Mr. Grub,—these were invariable. A plain woman, who had ceased to be young, served him for cook, housemaid, and housekeeper; whilst a strong lad, of miscellaneous activity, gave assistance in the shop, or was current out of doors, at the call of occasion. The first-floor was occupied by an old gentleman,—a retired annuitant whose taciturnity and punctuality of payments represented to the indulgent mind of Mr. Grub every virtue that a *lodger* should be expected to possess.

Thus posited in the world, and with the habits above denoted, Mr. Grub had trudged on from year to year, until Time, the universal marker, had scored forty on his brow. A most successful delver in Mammon's mine was Mr. Grub. The dirt which men call ready money adhered to him in considerable quantities; and as for credit—the stuff that bills are made of—it floated about him like the air he breathed, awaiting his use and convenience at every moment. On his character can it be requisite further to dwell? As a man, he was *monied*;—let interrogation rest on that, and be dumb. His neighbours never questioned his high respectability. One dissatisfied individual there was, indeed, who would sometimes venture to say, that Mr. Grub was but an earthworm of a larger growth: but the individual had been unfortunate in business, had wasted his substance on poor relations, had lent money without interest to friends,—and, in short, was not a respectable person.

In his ordinary mood, Mr. Grub was a pattern of cheerfulness. Prosperity agreed so well with him, that a smile commonly sat on his smug and oily features. The consciousness of worth supported him: his *real*, independent worth was not less than five hundred a-year, at the period of his life which has just been adverted to. Suddenly, however, the even flow of his placidity was disturbed; the comfortable little smile disappeared; he became grave and thoughtful. A little, fat, pumpkin-headed man, with small, swinish eyes, and cheeks of streaky red, never looks worse than when he is grave and thoughtful. The elderly female domestic, and the internal and external boy, both inquired if Mr. Grub were ill. The fact was, he had that morning received a letter conveying news of the death of a distant relative, at the Land's End, in Cornwall, who, having no children that he cared much about, had left the bulk of his "strange-achieved gold" to the exemplary grocer in Eastcheap, as to one who, from his deep sense of the value of money, would not fail to take all proper care of it. His attendance at the funeral was expressly dispensed with,—the dying testator having deprecated that measure *on principle*, that is to say, in order that no waste of precious metal should take place. The amount of the bequest was such as would have the effect of doubling the actual income of the legatee, and making him thereby a man of a thousand a-year. Small and gradual acquisitions beget, as they accumulate, sweet and gentle emotions;—large and sudden increments, on the contrary, bewilder and astonish the faculties. Is it strange that Mr. Grub should have looked so odd?

The following day was a public holiday, on a splendid but serious occasion. The Duke of York, and Bishop of Osnaburg, was about to be consigned with much circumstance to his last earthly resting-place. Mr. Grub improved the occasion, so far at least as to turn it to the behalf of his own private meditations on his own personal affairs. Enclosed within the narrow limits of his dark back parlour—ensconced in his easy chair—enveloped in his black and yellow striped dressing-gown—involved furthermore in the complexity of his own thoughts, and foregoing for awhile all bodily nutriment, Mr. Grub was in the *chrysalis* or intermediate state—entranced and *in transitu*. A great change in the mode of his existence was impending. The man of one idea, the *money-maniac* (as Levity might have styled him), was about to multiply his notions, to divide his energies, to expand and flutter into a wild liberty, to pursue novelty and variety of objects. Beneath the torpor that imprisoned his frame, a chaos of heaving fancies and embryotic

schemes was at work. The mental transactions of the night which succeeded, were of the same disorder as those of the day. He dreamed, amongst other dreamings, that he was a purple emperor, most superbly seated on a throne compacted of ivory, gold, and mother-of-pearl, and surrounded by full-grown satellites, who breathed out flatteries, and by little boy pages of honour, who flung about incense, and sucked barley-sugar.

In the morning Mr. Grub shook off his corporeal lethargy, and seemed more than himself again. The smile had come back to its place, but with an accession—being of a broader cast, and more like a common grin. To renewed inquiries as to how he was, he replied that he felt better, and considerably *lighter*,—at which the female domestic shook her head, thinking that all was not quite as it should be; and that the lightness, in particular, might proceed from the want of recent food, rather than from any more satisfying cause. That Mr. Grub was at all events an altered man, became soon very evident. He warned away his lodger, disposed of his business, paid off his housekeeping domestic, and, by a bold transition, shifted his whereabouts from Eastcheap to Golden Square. "When pleasure," says honey-pot Moore—

> "When pleasure begins to grow dull in the *East*,
> We'll order our wings, and be off to the *West*."

The ex-grocer acted in the spirit of the advice thus given by the poet of all sweets; although, in so doing, he did but follow his own impulse, unconscious of Moore. Behold him, then, a sharer in the fashion and consequence of Golden Square! He liked the name of Golden Square—it sounded so rich!—and then there was the advantage of *Air* Street, close by. He was in an ecstacy of spirits: in his former life he had never been prodigal of words, but *now* he was as talkative as a mute after a funeral. He started a showy cabriolet; and his new establishment comprised a footman, cook, and housemaid, with the addition of the active lad from the city, whose really Protean properties were now called forth in the alternate forms of page and tiger. With society, for whom he had so long had the honour of mixing teas, Mr. Grub had himself never mingled; nor had the manual called "Hints on Etiquette" as yet appeared for the illumination of novices; but from fashionable novels (of which he skimmed through several), his eager mind soon derived those ideas of real life that are so improving to the imagination, so exciting to the heart, and so influential upon the conduct. Introductions he sought for, to the right and to the left; and, in case of difficulty, he would sometimes introduce *himself*. To improve his taste he drank light wines, and purchased fancy pictures. The gay, airy, hortolan character of Watteau's holiday-life pieces especially caught his attention. A dealer supplied him with several of these, on which he plumed himself greatly, and of which indeed it was certain, that if they were not Watteau's, nobody could tell whose *else* they were. Music, as a means of fascination in polite life, was not to be neglected. Mr. Grub had never before thought of music; but he took up the German flute, and, by dint of confidence and a very few instructions, got along with it pretty quickly—the more so, as he aimed rather at a spirited *embouchure* than at any particular nicety of time or tune. Nor did he *not* essay "the light guitar," on which, before long, he did several little things that surprised all who heard him, throwing in his voice at the same time, as an *accompaniment* more than any thing else. Flushed with the ambition of shining, he drove about the parks, gave champagne luncheons, entered into picnic parties, flew from one amusement to another, and learned the French language in six lessons, of a *professor*. He imbibed laughing-gas one day, and the next made an ascent in an air-balloon—in company with a celebrated public performer of that kind of thing—giving, on his return to the earth, so lively and singular an account of the affair as compelled his auditors to confess themselves absolutely in the clouds. But his grand triumph was when—in his own drawing-room, got up in a sky-blue jigamaree jacket, silk fleshings, and a pair of *aerophane* wings—he executed, before a select circle of friends, a unique *pas de zéphyr*,

for which he had taken only a few weeks' preparation, having been *crammed* with saltatory science expressly for the occasion. The success which attended this effort was prodigious; the series of acclamations was such as the walls of a private dwelling have rarely witnessed. Some few persons ventured to hint, in detracting whispers, that there was more roundness in the figure of the exhibitor than in his movements, and more lightness in his head than in his heels; but then—these very persons had been the most decided and vociferous in their applause.

It is not to be supposed that, in the midst of these and similar achievements, Mr. Grub could remain insensible to the charms of the softer sex. As a grocer, he had never found time to be aware of his having, like Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, "a parcel of heart to dispose of;"—but now, as a man of *fashion*, he was

exposed to the full agency of those attractions which are at once so delightful and so dangerous. Accordingly he fluttered about, like some gay creature of the element, from one fair flower of human beauty to another, paying compliments and attentions to all, yet unable, in the intoxication created by such variety of sweets, to attach himself permanently to any. Everywhere he was received with smiles. Sometimes he would court a lady's favour through the ethereal medium of verse,—for he wrote verses, and clever ones, too, from the volume styled "Elegant Extracts;" sometimes he would try the appliances of small talk, *petits soins*, scented gloves, *bijouterie*, bon-bons, and other little *fid-fads*. Thus, basking in the sunshine of a new existence, he wondered how he could ever have been happy in the old one; but alas! the cup of enjoyment is never without its dregs; and the poets teach us, that when we sport through the meadows we must expect to find a snake in the grass. In the ardour of his volatile course Mr. Grub had almost forgotten the very name of a certain Miss Amelrosa Wigley, to whom, under the excitement of a little too much light wine, he had chanced to address some rather marked civilities. The lady, however, had by no means forgotten *him*. An arrest for suits, in the meanwhile, at the suit of his tailor, somewhat checked his exuberance, and served to force upon him the unpleasant suspicion that he was living too fast for his means. The tailor's bill, considering the number of fancy waistcoats with fillagree buttons which figured among its items, was in reality less exorbitant than it seemed: such as it was, however, it was paid, together with its adherent costs.

Other little bills (as it is the custom to call large ones) were pressed forward by other parties, as if with one consent, and for the one purpose of annoyance. How far the hasty aspirant had left behind him his old original habits of quiet economy, has, perhaps, been not obscurely shown; but it may serve as a further little illustration of this to mention, that he had sixteen contemporaneous pairs of Hoby's boots—and that he was hardly diverted from ordering a ten-guinea boot-jack to do them justice with. No sooner were arrangements made, not without much forfeiture of capital, to satisfy the applicants aforesaid, than the claims of Miss Wigley, after some ineffectual private correspondence, came on for consideration before a jury, under the form of an action for breach of promise. Were it not for the exciting motive already alluded to, Mr. Grub's implication in this dilemma might almost defy explanation; for the lady's attractions, excepting a small something *towards* an independence, were remarkably few. Her beauty resembled what is called "invisible green," in the two respects of being very dark, and not easy to make out; while her age was such as could not entitle her to quarrel with the term "no chicken;" and her temper had very little sugar in it. Unfortunately for the defendant, it so happened, that, besides the words of constructive hand-offering, uttered in so loud a tone as to be overheard through the folding-doors by the plaintiff's landlady in the next apartment, he had dropped beneath the table a little note written on pink paper in his own handwriting, with his own signature, and containing the most flaming expressions of attachment. No name of any lady addressed, it was true, appeared on the note; and defendant pleaded that it was nothing more than a *pro formâ* sketch, written for his own amusement, to try his powers of light composition, and not designed for any person's inspection. The plea, however, was received as a pretence, and treated as an aggravation—the lady's *possession* of the billet being held to be conclusive in her favour. The opposite counsel, Scarlet, with virtuous indignation, characterized defendant's conduct and defence as one tissue of heartless flippancy; and the jury deliberately sentenced him to heavy damages.

If, before this event, the heedless votary of sunshine and gaiety had been in some danger of becoming what is denominated "a general lover," he was now thrown with violence into the reverse mode of feeling. Miss Wigley had quite disenchanted him: he became at once a misogynist—perfectly disgusted with the whole sex. The result of the trial, moreover, plunged his declining affairs into irretrievable confusion. His establishment was broken up as hastily as it had been formed; and his few remaining days showed but the activity of decline from one point of depression to another. As soon as it became apparent that the winter of poverty was closing in upon him, his friends, unwilling either to witness the spectacle of his sufferings, or to disturb him by the painful formality of leave-taking, flitted away, with all the quiet evanescence of a rainbow. Why should the narrative be prolonged? Mr. Grub died in an obscure lodging, under the combined influence of want, neglect, ennui, and disappointment. Some persons includ ed *madness* among the causes of his death, and considered him to have been out of his mind from the time when the money was left to him by his distant relative: but if it be true, as asserted in a special treatise by a mad doctor, that every body is more or less mad, the above supposition becomes too vague to be at all satisfactory;—for how can insanity *estimate* insanity?

Poor, luckless Mr. Grub! Crushed beneath the revolutionary wheel of Fortune, he terminated abruptly a career of liveliness, as brief as it was brilliant: but, if his end was lamentable, he had at least fulfilled his own *felt* wish, and *supposed* vocation. He had been a *butterfly!*

G. D.

ADVENTURES OF A BROCADE PETTICOAT.*

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINCESS OF * * * * * * * *.

My rival, the Irish poplin, and myself, were appropriated by the favourite maid, who, doubtless out of respect to her late mistress's memory, evinced a strong partiality for us. This soubrette was a pretty, piquante Frenchwoman, not in *la premiere jeunesse, mais encore jeune*, and, out of pure sympathy perhaps, she soon consoled the Prince for the loss of his spouse.

In a very short space of time, unbounded indulgence of will, and the heated rooms, rendered her as capricious, silly, and sallow, as a born Russian. In process of time she became the mother of a sickly infant, and her whims respecting this miserable babe are scarcely credible: when it was to be carried to church for baptism, her anxiety lest the cold air should injure its tender lungs, suggested the most ludicrous preventatives; first, the carriage was to be drawn slowly forward, surrounded by serfs, who were to breathe in at the windows, thereby keeping up a hot air withinside; secondly, it was proposed that a double file of serfs should line the path to church, supporting a canopy on their heads of cloths and skins, and each one alternately holding a chafing-dish, the others passing the darling; but to this was objected the chances of suffocation from the charcoal, or the risk of falling from clumsy hands. At length the poor little creature and its nurse, enveloped in furs, were conveyed to the church in a sedan-chair, where they were both taken out black in the face from incipient suffocation. Relays of serfs, during the ceremony, were constantly agitating between the church and the palace, with bulletins of how the rites progressed; first, one rushed in—"the babe had sneezed;" secondly, "the nurse had advanced to the altar;" a third, all "fiery hot," announced "the Patriarch had opened his book;" and so on, till all was concluded, and the child made as good a Greek Christian as its father.

One anecdote of my proprietress may seem less unreasonable. Being low-spirited, and some one asking the cause of her tears, she *naïvely* replied, that "Winter was coming, and she detested that season."

A Russian winter is certainly not prepossessing, unless you are fond of cramming *blinnies*,† sliding in a butcher's tray down a miniature iceberg, and can sleep soundly three-fourths of your time. To one like me, born in a more genial clime, it was insupportable.

At length spring appeared, or rather summer came all at once, and we went to one of the Prince's estates, where he had promised to solemnize several marriages of his serfs from his various possessions, and which had hitherto waited his convenience and leisure. For this purpose, large parties of his two-legged cattle of both sexes shortly after our arrival appeared at the palace, in the light carriages of the country, which, reversed at night in the court-yard, served for a sort of sleeping tent.

On the morrow, dressed in their best picturesque costume, they were arranged in rows in the inner court-yard, the males on one side, the females on the other.

The Prince on such occasions apportioned each couple a plot of land, with farming utensils, domestic furniture, live and dead stock, &c.; and instigated by the Frenchwoman, who still retained some of the romance of her country, inquired if, among these votaries of Hymen, there were any predilection, any choice of persons, promising if such were the case to respect them. The universal answer was, "None whatever; let it be as their father (the Prince) should think best." Regard was then had to parity of age, but this met with many objections, the young men ungallantly preferring middle-aged females for their mates, on account of these being able to do more hard work than a young girl. To prevent quarrels, therefore, the fiat of the Prince at length decided the pairs, and they were ultimately dismissed to church, where they were to vow, mutually, love and tenderness to objects perfectly indifferent to them.

On the return of the parties, an amusing scene took place among the females—the matrons flocked round the newly made brides, and complimented them upon becoming one of their order; whilst the girls reproached them for having lost the blessings of happy girlhood. Both these parties kept up a sort of chaunt, whilst the brides were expected to weep and howl as long as their lungs could endure, insomuch that the vast chamber became a perfect Babel, or a den of demons.

During our stay in the country many reforms among the serfs were attempted by my mistress, but without effect. If a serf is ill, or his crops fail, he goes doggedly to bed, and insists that his father (meaning the proprietor), or the emperor, must take care of him; no remedy or exertion is attempted on his part, or by those surrounding him. Under such a state of things it is in vain attempting to improve the lower classes, who have no value for freedom, or ambition to advance in the social scale; if ever Russia is civilized, which seems doubtful, the work must begin by the middling classes seeking improvement—few of the merchants or principal tradesmen being able to read or write their own language, much less French, German, or English, whereby they might attain to literature and refinement.

I heard of one, left a *millionaire* by his deceased father, young and good-looking, who falling desperately in love with an English girl, who was beautiful and accomplished, could not express to her the sentiments she inspired him with, in any other language than his own, and was therefore necessitated to depute a friend to offer his person and his fortune to her acceptance; and when the offer was declined, this Russian Cymon blubbered like a great school-boy, and pestered her for a long time with his brute love. Yet when she quitted Petersburg, he returned to his former habits of smoking, billiard-playing, and vulgar intemperances.

Doubtless the aristocracy live in a style of much magnificence, at least on gala days; but I could never perceive any refinement among them. Sleep, which

* Concluded from page 110.

† A carnival dish; something between a crumpet and a thick pancake.

they can command at all hours, is their highest enjoyment; for this they leave their gilded *salons* and *boudoirs à la Parisienne;* and like a sailor tumble in at all hours, clothes and all, and sleep away. And it is no unusual thing when you make your morning calls, for the Prince or Princess to appear in a *not over* clean dressing gown, all tumbled and frowsy from the casual nap. Good-natured and profuse they certainly are; but without discernment or principle. Cards and gambling of every sort are the daily and nightly solace of the men in their waking hours; picking gold lace to shreds, and other such trifles, the usual occupation of the ladies, who, moreover, are devout, pay great attention to dreams, and make pious vows in consequence of those visions. In dress they imitate the French, but without the absorbing interest which a Parisian *only* can feel on that most interesting point; but they make up in richness what they want in natural taste, or acquired art. It is no unusual thing to see an elderly Russian lady, at no time of her life very handsome,—bosom and shoulders bare—much rouged—quantities of false hair—wearing three expensive necklaces of diamonds and coloured stones at one time.

I have not the least doubt that it was this love of profuse finery that made my simple charms overlooked, and caused me, upon our return to Petersburg, to be presented to a German singer, who was on an experimental visit to the modern Russian capital; but having nothing to recommend her to notice but beauty, talent and virtue, and not choosing to barter these for higher patronage and wealthier protection, declined a permanent engagement at the theatre, to the great annoyance of the starred and *crachated* director, and shortly afterwards we set out together to Berlin.

Our residence here was delightful:—it is true, the city had not attained that magnificence for which it has since been celebrated under the influence of the beloved Crown Prince, who now, as king, is doubly endeared to his subjects by his numerous acts of enlightened policy, liberality and munificence; but there was already diffused among the people a taste for literature and the arts, an amenity to strangers, and a superiority of manners, which rendered them the first state in Germany.

My mistress and myself were much admired, courted and caressed; patterns were taken of my still blooming flowers for works of every description, and I felt once more in my proper element, among a tasteful people. With many affecting testimonies of respect and regard, my mistress at length took leave of the warm-hearted Prussians, having made various other engagements in the north of Germany, in all of which her success was most brilliant, and her friends and admirers numerous. But unfortunately, during one of our journeys, the carriage broke down, and the poor lady received several severe bruises, which, together with the fright, occasioned her to remain several weeks at the house of a medical gentleman whither she was conveyed after the accident.

This doctor was a most excellent and pleasant man, as well as skilful in the healing art. His family consisted of three charming daughters, who were unremitting in their attentions to my sick mistress—one of them excepted, who, from her languid and pallid appearance, seemed in delicate health, and generally moped listlessly in the window-seat, dressed in a loose white wrapper; whereas the other two were trim and smart in the newest fashions. But I shortly discovered she was not the doctor's daughter, though treated with the tenderness of one; but a patient confided to his care, whom misfortune had rendered weak of intellect, though ever sweet and docile in manner.

At length my mistress departed from the doctor's house, leaving a lasting impression of her talent and amiability, and shortly after she accepted an engagement for the London spring season.

I must avow I had a great desire to become acquainted with England and English people, having heard such contradictory accounts of this nation—some representing the country as a fertile paradise, and its inhabitants miracles of freedom, honesty and ability; whilst others abased it as a foggy, dirty little island, its people full of assumption, commercial knavery and prejudice.

The first aspect of its overgrown metropolis, is, I must confess, not prepossessing;—narrow lanes and streets, mean little houses, and a dingy, smoky atmosphere; the people unpicturesque, gloomy, and taciturn. Such were my first impressions; but when I made use of my philosophy, and overcame appearances, I could not but feel that the character of the people had an earnestness, a fortitude, and a perseverance, which rendered them capable of great things, if great men governed.

My gentle mistress was soon after removed by marriage with a German Baron: they had long loved each other, but he was poor, though titled; and until she had made a handsome fortune, their union was not deemed prudent. I was much amused at his family's disdain of a singer wedding their kinsman, whilst at the same time its members were eagerly seeking after court service; and thought it no disgrace to take the people's money for sinecures which called for neither talent or time on their parts.

My mistress's happiness seemed complete: her husband was a man of honour and goodness, and her amiability and talent drew around them friends renowned for virtue and ability. It was a pleasure and an advantage to be invited to these parties, which became celebrated throughout Germany: but I was shortly doomed to wander from this happy home; for my mistress, who never forgot her own early struggles in the profession, judiciously patronized all young artistes who had talent and good conduct, and presented me, with most of her stage jewels, to a young German, who was proceeding to Trieste, where she had an autumnal engagement at the theatre.

One morning my mistress was tumbling over her wardrobe, in search of some costume for a masquerade which was given that evening, when the young Countess Beatrice entered; their conversation naturally turned upon the evening's festivity, and the characters they intended to assume. My mistress was divided between the costume of a nun and of an old dame, for which latter she produced me as an excellent portion of an antiquated lady's toilet.

The Countess was charmed with my appearance, and begged she would yield the dress and character to her, although she had previously selected a peasant's dress, and this being at length agreed upon, I was carried away in triumph to the hotel where the Countess, with her father and mother, was staying. Notwith-

standing the affront that was intended to be put upon me, I never shone to more advantage; my fair ravisher was young and pretty, and my cerulean hue and rosy flowers became her admirably. It is true, a huge cushion, and false toupee of powdered hair, with pyramids of flowers on the top of that, disguised her head; but her taper waist, rounded arm, and easy movement, betrayed her to be young, graceful, and light-footed. I had not been long in discovering that the family were not quite agreed upon some points. The mamma jested upon poor officers and marriages for love, and bounced out of the room, having previously given her daughter strict injunctions to make herself amiable to the rich Marquis that evening.

Beatrice sighed when she had departed, and wished she had some kind friend who could whisper in the ear of Ferdinand her change of dress. "Depend upon me, my lady; I'll run all the way to oblige you," said the abigail.

"No, don't, dear Lolotte, I would not expose you to mamma's anger on any account; but you may take my yellow satin gown and cardinal for your good-will."

On our first entering the crowded staircase of the Palazzo G——, my ample folds were furtively pressed by a handsome young man, who whispered, "Bella, bellozza, mia cara," whilst with the exception of a blush, my young Countess looked as demure as a nun. On we struggled to the crowded rooms, where we were met by a brilliant cavalier, who, at a sign from mamma, joined our party. He drew them to a small room which was nearly empty, and exclaimed in a quavering, cracked voice, "Why is not Beatrice here? I have prepared a carriage and four of the swiftest horses to carry her off to Lindau; they are waiting for us near the theatre."

"My dear Marquis, what are you saying?" exclaimed papa and mamma in a breath; "this is Beatrice, disguised like her grandmother in the picture in the blue room;—you must remember it. Don't you think it resembles,—ha, ha, ha! what are you thinking about not to know Beatrice?—well, how droll!"

Thus rattled on the old couple, to cover their friend's mistake, for I no longer doubted this was the suitor approved by them. But what could he mean by a carriage in waiting to carry her off? The Countess quickly guessed his meaning, though she made no comment, but resolved in her mind to avail herself of this scheme to outwit them all.

With this view, she affected to listen to her old suitor's addresses with a complaisance she had hitherto refused, which charmed her parents so greatly that they no longer lingered near their treasure, but chuckled between themselves at the near prospect of her being run off with to be made a marchioness—but the cunning Beatrice had no sooner got out of their sight, than involving herself and her old beau in the thickest of the crowd, she gave his arm the slip, and hurried down into the illuminated gardens, followed by Ferdinand.

At first he would have reproached her for her civility to his rival; but she laughingly told him, she had no time for explanations; all her fear was lest she should be carried off against her inclinations, and begged he would accompany her home for safety. A few words informed him of the Marquis's plan, which he no sooner learned than he pressed her to avail herself of the opportunity, and fly with him. Against this she warmly protested; but I know not how it was, on their road home his arguments were so persuasive, and her fear so great of becoming the wife of the old Marquis, that, as she passed the equipage in waiting, she stepped in, and he followed. The windows were drawn up, and Ferdinand giving the word to speed for Padua, they were off like lightning for that city. Fearing to be overtaken, they pursued their way all night, and did not make any long stay till they reached Verona. Here my pretty, wild Countess exchanged me with the servant of the inn for a stuff gown and cap, and in this humble garb became the wife of the man she loved, leaving the old Marquis and her parents to wonder and grieve over her flight; and in time hoping to be reconciled to her family, and receiving her wedding portion, which was liberal, and would much amend the fortunes of her husband.

From this period my fate was most various and humiliating: the chambermaid disposed of me to a Jew, who sold me to a dancer, who disposed of me again to an old clothes-shop; and thus was I bandied about from huckster to huckster, my beauties and refinements unappreciated and neglected, till at length my better star prevailed, and I was purchased from a celebrated curiosity-shop in Milan, by Clara Novello, who is likely to be my last proprietor, as she has a just appreciation of my superlative excellences, and is well aware that my beauty enhances her own. It was at last week's party that we had the honour of making your Highness's acquaintance, from whence arose our daily intimacy which has drawn from me these confidential details;—for to none less than a Princess could I have condescended to weave this delicate tissue of romance and secret history.

In the perfumed atmosphere of a palace I feel myself completely at home;—my colours revive and bloom afresh—my whole texture is elastic and rustling with thrilling pleasure, as in days of former conquest and triumph, when sighs of envy from the women, and of love from the men, announced my approach, "trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade."

Henceforth I shall repose in luxurious leisure, occasionally visiting refined and elegant society, and indulging the pleasant reflection, that—

> "In these slight thoughts the loves and graces shine,
> And all the writer lives in every line;
> My simple theme may happy nature be,
> Trifles themselves are elegant in me:
> Sure to charm all is my peculiar fate,
> Who, without flattery, pleased the fair and great;
> Who, wisely careless, innocently gay,
> Cheerfully plays the trifle, Life, away."

[This little history, written on the most delicate-tinted perfumed paper, was inclosed with the brocade petticoat, when returned by the amiable Princess * * * to Clara Novello, of whom she had borrowed it for a carnival frolic.

MRS. VINCENT NOVELLO.]

THE YOUNG LEECH.

HARD by to Londonne's anciente town
There lived a wise young Leech,
Whose conduct for propriety
Sure none could e'er impeach.

But well I wot that he was poor,
And seldom took a fee,
And few and scant the drugs he had
In his smalle surgerie.

And though he had but patients few
To visit and attend,
Yet other patience had he quite
Enough you may depend.

It happened then, so says my tale,
That on a certainne daye,
A breathless messenger arrived,
To summon him awaye.

For two miles off a ladye fair
Was very ille indeede,
And he must haste to her relief
With all his utmoste speede.

He waited but an instant's space
His instruments to take;
Then rushing to a neighb'ring stande,
Thus to a cabmanne spake.

"Now good cabmanne, I would that thou,
With alle thy greatest speede,
Would carrye me to Islingtonne—
It is a case of neede.

For there in truth a ladye fair
Is lying very ille,
And I muste hurry to her side
With manye a draughte and pille.

Now thirty minutes and no more
Is ample time, I deeme,
For thee to drive to Islingtonne,
If thou putt'st on thy steame.

It is hard by the Holy Church,
That I do wish to go;
And I will give thee one and six,
What say thee, Aye or No?"

The cabmanne cast one knowinge look
Upon the anxious Leech,—
"Jump in," he cried, "ere 12 at noon
Thou shalt the ladye reach.

A better than my animal
You seldom ever sawe;
And I this very morning have
Established a rawe.

And though it is two blessed dayes
Since I have tasted reste,
To do your will, moste gentle sir,
I'll do my very beste."

Through streete and lane their course they took,
With most tremendous speede,—
Sure never since the world beganne,
Was seen so swift a steede.

Nor was the promise that was made
A vain and idle boaste;
For as the dial points to twelve,
The Leech is at his poste.

Now, good cabmanne, thou hast done well,
For thou thy worde hast kept;
The Leech then bade him wait awhile,
And to his patient stept.

The husband of the ladye fair
Did give him quick admission,
For to his family he did
Expect a smalle addition.

But we must leave the wise young Leech
To go to the first floore;
And turn unto the cabmanne, who
Was waiting at the doore.

Worn out and weary sure he was,
As any manne neede be,
And how did he comport himself
I'll tell you presently.

He was humane, and never once
Did in his duty flagge;
So turning to the animal,
He gave him his nose bagge.

One glance towards the clock he took
And oped the chariot door;
Then sat him down upon the steps,
And soon was heard to snore.

Meanwhile the Leech, with every care,
His patiente did attende;
And manye a draught of nauseous taste,
He down her throat did sende.

Hour after hour did he wait,
And twilight came apace,
But still he stayed to usher in
Another to our race.

At length, at midnight, thro' the hall
A servant quickly hied;
Then op'd the door, and one kid glove,
Upon the knocker tied.

And still the cabmanne did him reste
Inside the chariot doore;
His head still leant upon his breaste,
And still was heard his snore.

* * * * * * * * *

The sun rose bright at Islingtonne,
It was a beauteous daye;
And still with his fair patient's lord
The young Leech he did staye.

For there they sat in the back roome,
And they were both righte merrie;
For they were quaffing goblets deepe
Of excellent pale sherrie.

Since midnight had they thus caroused,
And emptied manye a cup;
But now it was half past eleven,
And the young Leech rose up.

But sure he now did mournful look,
His brow was marked with care;
For he was turning in his mind
How he should pay the fare.

The solitary one and six,
That in his pocket laide,
He knew full well was not enough;
How could it then be paide?

But to reflect would only serve
His sorrow to enhance it;
He gave his patient one more look,
And sallied out to chance it.

And there before his anxious gaze
The cabmanne sweetly slumbered;
So calm he was, you would have thought
He with the dead was numbered.

'Twas striking twelve,—a sudden thought
Rushed through the Leech's braine;
He waited till the hour was passed,
Then called with mighte and maine.

"Up, lazy knave, why sleepest thou?
Come, take thy one and six;
And mount thy seat, and cut awaye
Like fifty thousand brix."

But still he slept, and the young Leech
Did give him manye a poke,
Before at last he roused himself,
And finally awoke.

He rubbed his eyes to see the clock,
As on the step he satte;
Then took the guerdon proffered him,
And humbly touched his hatte.

"I beg your honour's pardon, bu t
I've had no rest of late;
I just dropt off, because I thought
That I should have to waite."

As thus he spake, he rose, and took
The nose bagge from his steede;
Mounted his seat, and urged him on
With his accustomed speede.

The Leech he smiled a cheerful smile,
Then gave one parting look;
And well he thought of his own skill,
As home his way he took.

Meanwhile the poor cabmanne sped on,
And took his forward way;
Like unto Titus now he was.
For he had "lost a day."

But little knew he that he had
Any just cause for sorrow;
He thought that it was still to-daye,
Nor dreamt it was to-morrow.

But sure I am this wise young Leech,
Would not have done this sinne,
If he had not been very poor,
And quite hard up for tinne;

For after that eventful day,
His practice much increased;
And to find out the cabmanne true,
I wot he never ceased.

One day, as luck would have it, then,
The Leech was in the Strande;
And spied his former friend, for he
Was waiting at the stande.

He quickly told him of the cheat
That he had play'd that daye,
And into his own service he
Did take him then straightwaye.

But to this time, though years have passed,
The cabmanne cannot finde
The reason why he always is
Thus one whole day behinde.

MOURANT THE MONK.

Abbey of St. Denis,
December, 1843.

FOR FEBRUARY.

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☞ *The whole of the Engravings under the superintendence of* E. Landells.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LINES addressed to * * * *, by "CHARLES H." are unavoidably declined. Poetry, addressed to a young lady "unknown to fame," would be misplaced in the pages of a monthly Periodical.

"ICELAND AND GREENLAND," though exhibiting many curious "Facts," is deficient in novelty of interest; and is, moreover, *too long* for the "ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE." The paper is left in the hands of the Publisher.

"MUS-ICAL EXTRAVAGANZA."—The writer has surely mistaken the character of the MAGAZINE. He is here reminded that *another* of his compositions is now lying at the Publisher's, and will be returned to him with the "Extravaganza" in question.

REMEMBRANCE.—Sentimental Poems, consisting of ninety or a hundred lines, are not acceptable. The writer of the above-mentioned will find his MS. at the Office in Crane Court.

Various applications have been made to the Editor respecting communications which have not yet been acknowledged. The Writers are now assured that their papers will be returned, if not placed in the Printer's hands, during the present month.

THE
ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

BY LIBRA.

HAVING, sometimes, in the course of our perambulations about London, been asked the way to the British Museum, we may perhaps be excused for stating, that it is situated in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury; especially as no less a personage than William Cobbett is said to have declared that he did not know where it was. Under favour of Cobbett's ghost, this assertion did him no credit. Utilitarianism is the creed of creeds, but we have other requirements than those of the back and the stomach. We must, indeed, have bread, beef, and beer, fire and clothing; but we have heads and hearts as well as hides and paunches; moral and intellectual as well as physical wants; and these are inseparable from humanity.

One of these indispensables is recreation. The mechanic requires it no less than the minister of state. Skittles after work, and shooting in the vacation, come to the same thing. The opera and the pot house are frequented from like causes, in spite of the contrariety of their atmospheres—notwithstanding the difference between pipes and rose water.

A continual concentration of the faculties upon one train of ideas is a frequent origin of insanity; against which, perhaps, the feelings of exhaustion, weariness, and hebetude, consequent on their being overworked, are premonitory.

To a healthy state of the public mind, therefore, public amusements are essential. They must, too, be gratuitous, or at least cheap; for plays and concerts are beyond the means of the majority, and gin is within those of most people. Discomfort and uneasiness make men mischievous. Hence is evident the policy, to say no more, of admitting the people freely to institutions, exhibitions, parks, pleasure-grounds, and other such places of diversion. The Cæsars were wise in their generation, when they treated the Roman populace to shows and spectacles. There is a disease

very apt to affect the industrious classes, a certain sickness of toil, of privation, of disappointment, which it is much to the interest of their betters to relieve. It is a mental ailment, and requires a mental medicine. This is often more effectually derivable from a visit to a place of entertainment, or from a walk, than from a tract or a homily. The National and Dulwich Galleries, doubtless, are frequently more curative of the vapours than calomel or blue pill. Kensington Gardens, we will warrant, have worked wonders in cases of melancholy. A fine thing for the megrims is a ramble through fields and flowers. Who knows how much of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness such a remedy may, ere this, have quelled?—how many a misanthrope it may have cured?—how often it may have arrested the progress of suicidal mania?

Change of ideas to the mind is what change of posture is to the body. What a luxury, after a constrained position, of long continuance, is a stretch! Mind, in this respect, is like muscle. The excitement of a fresh set of faculties into action is pleasurable, and repose is sweet to those which have been exhausted.

No sight in London, perhaps, affords, if we may be allowed the expression, more medicinal recreation than the British Museum. None, that we know of, more effectually exalts and expands the mind, reverses its centripetal action, withdraws it from concentration on self. It is an epitome of nature, a magazine of art, a repertory of history. If a man has a soul to be saved, he will find food for it there.

If, be it observed, he has a soul to be saved; for it is quite possible to come away from the British Museum no better and no wiser than from a walk through the Lowther Arcade. There are eyes which (unopened) discern nothing in its contents but a collection of stuffed birds, and beasts, and reptiles, and butterflies; lumps of stone and metal; mummies, and fragments of old marble.

Now we know that the pig is no connoisseur in pearls, and it is to be feared that there are some human beings in a like predicament; but these, we would hope, are few, and we believe that the majority of those who are thus unsusceptible are so from inadvertence and irreflection merely. Hence the common lack of enthusiasm for the excellences of nature and of art. Men stare, for the most part, by instinct, but they must generally learn to look. Not that it is necessary—in order to the intellectual, as contradistinguished from the mechanical, use of the eyes at the British Museum—that we should be sculptors, antiquaries, natural historians. All but the absolutely unlettered know quite enough, if they will only think, to enable them to profit by a visit to it, so far at least as moral good is concerned. Few will fail to find there a meal for thought, a rich repast for fancy.

The Museum, considered as a *sight*, may be said to commence with the Zoological Gallery. For our own part we never hurry past the statues, which we encounter immediately on entrance, of Shakspere and Sir Joseph Banks,—let us be pardoned for naming the two together,—since if, on the one hand, the naturalist has no business by the side of the immortal, he has, on the other, a right to be where he is; he stands upon his own ground. Nor can we but stop a moment to notice our old friends, the hippopotamus and rhinoceroses on the ground floor to the left; the polar bear, arborescent fern, and musk ox on the first landing place: and the giraffes, time-honoured, not to say time-worn, on the second. We like, too, to dwell a short space on the faded magnificence of the ceiling. These objects are venerable to us: they are memorials of an age not long past, indeed, but still past,—not romantic, but sober, old-gentlemanly, and respectable,—they put us in mind, somehow, of Priestly and Dr. Solander. Moreover, they seem to embody the genius loci of Bloomsbury: and we shall be sorry when the place is altered and the things taken away.

We feel bound, too, to linger for a moment in the South Sea room; so replete with schoolboy recollections of Cook's voyages. There are the canoe, and paddles; the clubs, javelins, and, above all, the bows and poisoned arrows which we used to read about. They recall the time when we were fresh from Robinson Crusoe; longed for yams and bread-fruit; read and re-read the "Mariner's Chronicle," and thought what a fine thing it would be to be shipwrecked on an unknown island. We remember how vividly we used to realize the description of an extraordinary bird, or the capture of a big fish. What sport we thought it must be, to go where penguins and boobies would allow themselves to be taken by the hand; and when we read—"This day shot a cormorant; found it admirable eating"—how readily we received the statement; and how we envied the narrator.

But let us pass on.

To one with a mind barely sensitive to the showman's appeal—"Walk up and see the live lions stuffed with straw"—the zoological portion of the Museum must seem a wonderful exhibition. The multitude of strange, rare, and formidable creatures, by whose life-like forms he is surrounded, must astonish him at least. But the sight, to be enjoyed, must be pondered on. Then it begins to work. The mind becomes excursive in an instant; and "ere the leviathan can swim a league," we have circumnavigated the earth. Talk of eagles and dolphins! Talk of lightning! For velocity, commend us to the soul. Yonder is the king of the desert—for monarch of the woods is a cockneyism—the sovereignty of "your lion" not happening to be sylvan. He takes us, forthwith, to the wilds of Africa, the land of Juba, "*leonum arida nutrix*," the dry-nurse of lions, as a schoolboy might be flogged for translating it. There is our ancient acquaintance of the menagerie, the "royal Bengal tiger;" he has carried us to India, whence a glance at that great leviathan of a morse transports us to the North Pole, the region of everlasting icebergs.

Then comes the question,—how were these savages, remarkably ugly customers some of them, that felon of a wild boar; that grim old bear; that diabolical, villanous-looking hyæna, for instance, caught? Here is a field for imagination, if there is the least mite of sportsmanship in one's composition; and that man, though a Londoner, is by nature a hunting animal, Epping knows.

By far the finest feature, however, of this department of the British Museum, is presented by the birds. Their number is astonishing, and they have been most admirably prepared. From their survey, moreover, a new pleasure is derivable. Of the quadrupeds, many, particularly of the carnivorous orders, are hideously ugly; and the sublimity of the lion himself is not unmingled with somewhat of the ludicrous, independently of association with sign-boards, and the Royal

Arms. The bears are all comical; so are all the apes, to a monkey; and their worships, the elephant and rhinoceros. But few birds are otherwise than beautiful; though we cannot say much in that respect for the goose, except under peculiar circumstances. What a grand creature is an eagle; what impersonations of martial elegance are the falcons and hawks! How absolutely lovely is the plumage of the tropical birds; the humming birds and parrots; of numbers of the gallinaceous tribes, and the water fowl! And need we more than mention the kingfishers? Even those birds whose appearance is in a measure grotesque, the owls and goatsuckers, have a mysterious, unearthly aspect, which constitutes a special charm; moreover, their plumage, though sober in tint, is curiously handsome.

Not the least of the pleasures which the ornithological collection furnishes, is that with which, in its inspection, we encounter our early favourites of the fields and hedgerows, our rustic acquaintances, the linnet, chaffinch, bullfinch, redbreast, tomtit, and wren; particularly that elegant little variety of the last-named genus that rejoices in the golden crest. We are delighted to recognize that chattering thief the magpie; and that destructive, impudent, audacious depredator, the smart, active sparrow-hawk. They all take us home; they remind us of scenes and days of which we will only say that happy are those who have been empowered to indulge in their retrospect.

To dilate upon the almost countless objects of interest, and of curiosity, which are to be met with in the department of the Museum allotted to Natural History, would be impossible in this place. The eye may be feasted on the manifold forms and hues of the shells, the crystals and minerals; amused by the varieties—elegant, eccentric, or loathsome—of the insect tribes; the fancy may be transcended by the "gorgons, hydras, and chimæras dire" which the pandemonium of strange fishes, lizards, snakes, alligators, crocodiles, presents to it. Admiration, wonder, astonishment, and almost terror, may alternate, from their contemplation in the mind; but it is in a few respects only that we can afford to be particular.

In the mineralogical collection, of which, by the by, the cost must have been enormous, there are several specimens of those very remarkable bodies—meteoric stones. Of their genuineness, for the most part, there can be no doubt. Many of them are labelled with the date and circumstances at and under which they fell. Their consideration fairly raises us from the earth at once; we soar beyond the clouds, among the stars. What are these bodies? Generated in the air they could not have been; their composition is heterogeneous; their form is irregular, and they are manifestly fragments which have been detached from larger masses. Were they shot from the moon? or, are they portions of the wreck of some demolished planet? One of them (though of this the nature is hypothetical) weighs a ton. We once pointed it out to a country gentleman, explaining that it was supposed to have fallen from the sky. His comment on this piece of information was—"Well, I shouldn't much like to have been under it!"

But nothing, perhaps, in the British Museum is more truly a source of bewildering speculation, of overwhelming astonishment, than its geological remains; the fossil mammoths and elephants, monstrous, lizard-like creatures and other reptiles—the firstlings of creation, the giant brood of the primæval earth. What was the aspect of the world of which they were the denizens? With what yet more monstrous shapes did earth, air, and the great deep teem? With what superior beings were they contemporary? By what earthquake, what deluge were they engulfed? Has cycle after cycle of being thus from the beginning passed away, scheme succeeding scheme of things, renovation and destruction alternating? Have we now reached the last act of this tremendous drama; and with what catastrophe shall it conclude? Truly, a wonderful city is this London! The cockney may quit his reading-desk, and by a walk of a few minutes meditate in the charnel of a world.

Thus deeply have we plunged into "the dark backward and abysm of Time;" and the remainder of a visit to the British Museum must be spent in converse with the past. We are now to travel back to the epoch of the Pharaohs; we are to stand amid the uncorrupted dead of ages, respited, thousands of years, from the doom of conversion to dust. The land of old Nile, with all its marvel and mystery, is spread before us. The symbols of its faith, the implements of its dark rites, surround us;—we are initiated into the wisdom of the Egyptians, and strange must that wisdom have been. What was the signification, what were the uses of those quaint, curious, and grotesque emblems, the handiwork of that singular people? Can it be that they had reference to arts that are now forgotten—to that occult lore which history ascribes to their sages? Do we look on the actual appliances of the necromancer: the instruments by which his wonders, real or imaginary, were wrought—the very apparatus of such prodigies and signs as are recorded in Holy Writ? And were those marvels the mere tricks of the charlatan; or are there, indeed, more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy? May not the science of this age too confidently have assumed her own omniscience: and may not a knowledge of which she has no conception have existed among the men of old?

No one can examine the Egyptian mummies, with their sepulchral appurtenances and ornaments, without being struck with the remarkable pains and labour which was evidently expended upon them. It would almost seem that among the ancient Egyptians the chief business of the living was to attend to the dead. There is something sublime in the idea of the mind of a nation thus ever bent upon the mystery of death. Nor can we, without an awful joy, surmise, that unearthly hope was, ages ago, a human feeling. Has it existed from the beginning? Is it instinctive? Is it a real polarity of the soul tending towards eternity?

Many of these bodies are those of females, mostly priestesses. Among the countrywomen of Cleopatra, how many, perhaps, were beautiful! Some of their forms exhibit, even in death, and after the lapse of epochs, the most perfect symmetry; we speak particularly of a body near the entrance of the mummy-room, on the right hand. A few bones of the feet are denuded, the rest of the figure is closely swathed. Over the face the outline of the features has been delineated, and the bosom has been decorated with gilding, of which funereal finery, the effect, it must be confessed, is ghastly enough. It is strange, as has often happened to us, to see some young girl poring with looks of mere curiosity over this mummy, little thinking how long the remains of beauty thus rescued

from decay are probably destined to survive her own.

Hours might be spent in examining the objects alone with which the shelves of the Egyptian room are crowded. Among these, the remains of the animals which were held sacred, the hawk, the ibis, the owl, the ox, and the cat, will attract especial notice. The solicitude which has been expended on their preservation, also, as well as on that of the human relics, is most curious. To one imbued with the matter-of-fact knowledge, and utilitarian spirit of the present day, it is difficult, not only to account for, but even to conceive, the state of mind which induced men seriously to employ themselves in such a labour. It seems almost insanity. Can it be that each age has its peculiar hallucination, of which, like the ordinary maniac, it is unconscious, and which the succeeding generation discovers, only to exchange it for another? Perhaps; but is it not also probable that there is no system of error however wild, of delusion however gross, which may not be the husk to a kernel of truth?

Among these objects, those which will be regarded with not the least interest, are the domestic utensils, some of them fresh, almost, as from the hand of the workman, which bring us to the homes, the occupations, the habits, the arts, the luxuries, and comforts of the people whose sepulchres surround us. We see the tools of their handicrafts, the implements of their husbandry, of their sculpture, their musical instruments. It should be here remarked that their edge tools will be found invariably to have been made of *copper*, so tempered as to be equivalent to the hardest steel. Here certainly is a lost art; for this is an operation of metallurgy which defies all the resources of modern chemistry.

It is wonderful how antiquity, like moonlight, ennobles the mean, elevates the commonplace. What are the objects on the shelves before us?—chairs, tables, old shoes,—yet we regard them almost with veneration. There is magic in the touch of Time; it hallows even a joint-stool. Among the curiosities of this collection, there is positively—a *wig*. It was dug up at Thebes. What more droll than a wig? But its absurdity strikes us not; its inherent comicality is merged in the associations connected with it. We look reverently upon it for the spirit's sake that long ago in its earthly form, in the day of its human folly, was bedizened in it. Will posterity look thus upon the Lord Chancellor's?

The kindred and neighbouring relics of the Etruscans, a people existing and civilized before the foundation of Rome, next claim our notice. These are interesting not merely to the antiquarian; the exquisite proportions and workmanship of the beautiful vases of which the collection mainly consists, might even interest a lady of fashion. The majority of them are still perfect as when first modelled. Crockery has outlived kingdoms.

Before leaving the Egyptian and Etruscan rooms, we cannot do less than resolve ourselves into a vote of thanks to those worthy ancients, to whose praiseworthy, though not very accountable custom of burying such a variety of things with their dead, we are indebted for so agreeable an introduction to them and their affairs. The Egyptian collection includes several articles of food, biscuits, preserved fruits; and, among other things, the leg of a duck. The men of old knew what was good, we find, as well as we do. We marvel if they had discovered green peas!

We now descend to where, of all places in the Museum, we love to linger—the Lower Gallery of Antiquities; that containing the sculptures. Here we again have to return to the land of Egypt. We enter the great saloon, where its statues and sarcophagi are deposited. The effect at first produced upon us, as we stand amongst its monstrous idols, is electric. Huge and tremendous, they seem scarcely the work of human hands. We could almost ascribe them to the labour of demons, so enormous are they, and withal so mystical and grim; and yet an atmosphere of quiet and repose surrounds them: they breathe an air of grandeur and majesty. They must have emanated from mighty minds. There is something grand in the very material—the almost imperishable granite—of which they are composed. According to Flaxman, they embody the first principles of sculpture; and this is probably true. Nor does their deformity appear the result of ignorance or unskilfulness. There is design and expression in their very ugliness, which, like the grotesqueness of a Gothic corbel, is far different from the rude carving of the savage, or the ludicrous vulgarity of the stone-mason.

To view them to best advantage, a time should be taken when, on a clear, beautiful day, the sunbeams, traversing the surrounding shadows, fall, here and there, on the giant brow of some old Pharaoh or god; while a soft, peaceful gloom is diffused over all around them. It is impossible, then, not to be reminded of the statue of Memnon, which, touched by the rays of the rising sun, made music, and "turned a harper once a day;" and a deep, tranquil feeling comes over the mind, like that awakened by the solemn harmonies of the Zauberflöte.

From sphinx and scarabæus, monster and idol, we proceed to the more classic sculptures of Ancient Greece and Rome. A new sense is now awakened within us. The emotions of sublimity are modulated into those of beauty. The graceful imaginings of the Greek mythology; the legends of old song and story are presented, bodily, to our eyes; god and goddess, satyr and faun; the wars with the Amazons; the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; the games and chariot races of the classic era are before us. The very air seems haunted with Dryads and Oceanides, and the immortal spirits of bards and heroes.

We are introduced, too, to the Cæsars; we behold the very lineaments of the men who swayed the world. This is no mistaken assertion; the exact resemblance between the various busts of one person, for instance that of Hadrian, warrants it.

We should extend this article far beyond the limits which we are here bound to observe, were we to dwell in succession on all the features of interest contained within the walls of the building. On the coins and medals, on the remains from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and on the antiquities of our own country, we could dilate till we had more than doubled the length of this article. We forbear to speak of the Library aud Print-room, our object having merely had reference to the more public portions of the Museum.

There are, however, two points in connection with our subject which we feel to be deserving of remark. The first is, that in spite of the proverbially mischievous propensities of John Bull the admission of

the public to the British Museum does not seem to call them into exercise. The truth is, that the English people are grateful for trust reposed in them. They are not prone to abuse a benefaction. It is only when a privilege is grudgingly accorded to them, or when they obtain it by stealth, that they misemploy it. Till lately it was the fashion to exclude the many from picture galleries, museums, gardens, conservatories, and the like; and then, it is true, that when they chanced to gain admission to them, they were guilty of the conduct imputed to them. For this it is easy to account. The feeling of curiosity, on the one hand, was urging them to pull, pluck, and handle; nor did their interest, nor their gratitude, for they had nothing to be grateful for, induce them to restrain it. An eagle, in a public collection, placed within the reach of the visitors, would in the present day remain, till the hand of Time had disfigured it, a very decent bird; but we can imagine what a few days would have rendered it twenty years ago.

The second point to which we would advert, is the limited access to the Museum allowed to those persons whom it would most benefit,—the commercial and labouring classes. For this, we know of no remedy but throwing it open on that day whereon they are disengaged. This might be done during the hours which intervene between the services. Taverns, and confectioners', and cooks', nay, even tobacconists' shops are accessible at those times; nor can we see why the mind should be deprived of its necessaries and refreshments any more than the body.

FALSE AND FAIR.

BY CHARLES HITCHINGS.

When Damon the false courted Phyllis the fair,
I told the sweet nymph all I knew of her swain;
But she slighted my warning, and I in despair
Gave over the task, for I saw it was vain.
"Pretty Phyllis," said I, "when your hand shall be given
To Damon the faithless, and when by and by
You shall find that his love will not make you a heaven,
Say then who shall suffer, sweet Phyllis?—not *I*."

When Damon the false wedded Phyllis the fair,
The swain was all love, and the nymph was all joy,
And the sunshine of life shed its light round the pair,
And it seemed that no dark cloud that light could destroy.

But Damon the faithless on Phyllis's brow
Soon planted the wrinkle—brought tears to her eye;
She has found out the truth of my warning ere now,
And tell me who suffers, sweet Phyllis?—not *I*.

When Damon the faithless left Phyllis the fair,
The nymph was all tears for the swain that was gone;
Now her brow is o'ershaded with sorrow and care,
And Phyllis the courted is Phyllis the lone.
Her beauty has left her—her heart it is broken—
She hangs down her head, and she prays but to die;
"Who suffers," is all that betwixt us is spoken—
My heart will not let me say—"Phyllis, not *I*!"

THE BROKEN-HEARTED CLUB.—No. II.

THE MISERY OF HAVING A RED NOSE.

BY PIERS SHAFTON, GENT.

"*Falstaff.* If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be by this fire; but thou art altogether given over, and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. * * * Oh! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bon-fire light—thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern, but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me light as good, cheap, at the dearest chandlers in Europe. I have maintained this salamander of your's with fire, any time this two and thirty years; heaven reward me for it."—*First Part of Henry IV.*

THOSE much favoured individuals who are acquainted with my introduction to that highly intellectual society, "The Broken-Hearted Club," will doubtless remember that I broke off, just as the merry party had assembled round the punch-bowl, and brother Sadgrove was commencing his relation of the melancholy circumstances which had qualified him as a member. After the worshipful and rubicund narrator had cleared his throat until it was hoarse, and then damped it again with a sneaker of punch; and silence had been proclaimed round the table; and two or three refractory members sentenced to salt and water for not obeying the injunction—he thus, with a resigned and subdued expression of countenance, commenced:—

There is, perhaps, my beloved and broken-hearted brethren, no adage more true and yet to the truth of which we are less reconciled, than that every state of human life has its own peculiar calamities and annoyances—crowned heads are almost synonymous with troubled heads; every Louis Philippe has his *Thiers*. There is but one chorus all the world would sing, if they sang from the heart, and that is, "We'll all be unhappy together." Gentlemen, charge your glasses, and keep up your spirits, for what I'm going to tell you is very pathetic.

The causes of our unhappiness are as varied as they are generally absurd; our brother, Peter Flatman, is the most wretched man in existence, present company of course excepted, (here the members uttered their simultaneous groan,) because he came into the world five minutes and three seconds later than his brother Paul, who in consequence obtained the family estate of Snoodle-cum-Poodle; while his brother Paul looks upon himself as the wretcheder still, because the said Peter has black ringlets and dark eyes, and is six feet one and a half without his shoes; while he, Paul, with his five thousand a-year, is only five feet two in his high-heeled boots, and has, moreover, carroty hair and a snub nose. Now all the world (except Peter and Paul, the parties principally interested) judges that nature has struck a very equitable balance; and that Peter ought to consider himself indulgently treated in being a penniless but fine-looking fellow; and that Paul might, too, believe that he is very fortunate in not wanting the recommendation of personal appearance. But Peter and Paul, although they argue on the same premises as the rest of the world, come to an exactly opposite conclusion! "What a niggard that nature is," cries Paul, "in giving me the fortune of a gentleman, with the outward looks of a Spitalfields weaver!" and Peter grumbles to himself, and to a few of his most particular friends,—(have you never observed, my beloved brethren, that it is only particular friends that enjoy the privilege of being made uncomfortable by those revelations?)—"What's the use of being a dev'lish good-looking fellow, when one can't enter a room, or walk along the streets, without hearing, 'There goes a handsome dog without a farthing to bless himself with?'" It is not my intention to add to our general unhappiness, by uttering a Jeremiad on human life and human folly; I merely make these preliminary observations, for the purpose of convincing you that I enter into the proposed subject in a philosophical temper;—that although I consider myself as the most unfortunate of all miserable men—as the most broken-hearted of all the broken-hearted—yet that it is that I have cause to think so, that I *do* think myself such. It is no fancy of a diseased imagination, that I am a marked man amongst my fellows—that like the first murderer, I am a vagabond on the face of the earth—that a mark is set on my brow (or rather under it). Tell me, I may say, like the romantic heroine in the old play,—"Who has the biggest sorrow, and I'll match it."

"Send those sad people,
That hate the light and curse society,
Whose thoughts are graves, and from whose eyes continually,
Their melting souls drop out; send those to me,
And when their sorrows are most excellent,
So that one grief more cannot be added,
My story, like a torrent, shall devour 'em."*

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

Gentlemen and brother members, with shame and sorrow I confess, what you are already too well aware of, that I HAVE A RED NOSE!! This confession may remind some superficial thinkers of the oriental annunciation—"In the name of the prophet—figs!" but before my tale is over, I will send the most sceptical snivelling to their pillows;—I will prove I am what I am—the marked man of my race—the only living specimen of human wretchedness—all the rest being spurious.

Although the remembrance of my misfortune is stamped with letters of fire on my brain, I cannot say that I have any distinct recollection of being born with a red nose; of one thing I am certain, the consciousness of that fatal gift threw a shade over my infancy. I never heard allusions to that "happy period," without the feelings of an injured individual. All that have ever recurred to the early period of their lives, have unanimously spoken of it as the "one green spot in memory's waste," as the oasis in the desert! alas! why was *I* to form a solitary exception to nature's universal rule? Why—because, oh reason unutterable!—by no combination of circumstances could a red nose be considered a green spot.

It would be a needless trial, a gratuitous exercise of the rack, were I to relate all the burning sarcasms, the withering jokes, the remorseless sneers, of which my unfortunate nose was the unconscious provoker. Suffice it to say that I was a Bardolph, to whom every one else was a Falstaff. Sensitively alive to ridicule, I bore on my visage an invitation to all who could ridicule,—a peg for every one to hang a witticism on. My nose asked as innocently for a joke, as the bell-pull of a door for a tug! And as if to add refinement to the cruelty, every one believed that I enjoyed the joke that writhed me with torture! I was pronounced a capital fellow, because I grinned with despair; and as I seemed to like the sport so much, another quiz was safe to follow to drive me to desperation. I feel confident on my capacity of editing a new edition of Joe Miller, from the recollection of the jokes alone that have been cut on my unfortunate nose. Somebody once maliciously told me I ought to be proud of it, for more good things had been said on it, than all the noses from the creation downwards!

Although, from my personal experience, I am induced to consider jokes as very serious subjects; yet there were, alas! still graver consequences which emanated from my unfortunate feature. It was not enough that my self-love should have been disturbed—that I should be a subject of unfeeling ridicule—the mark for levity and indurated conceit;—that I should be an involuntary Liston—a reluctant Grimaldi in the serious pantomime of life, creating a grin wherever I showed my reluctant visage, but that my prospects should be blasted—my reputation dearer than life itself tarnished—my fair fame sneered at—my moral character impeached—and all, all, through my unlucky nose! and yet people will see in that nose, so linked with my private sorrows and secret griefs, a subject of mirth, an incentive to jollity. Did they but know "the tale of ruin" it unfolds, they would weep, gentlemen, as I do now, as I behold the blushing witness of my misfortune, and their unconscious creator. Their laugh would be changed into the sardonic grin of the misanthropist—their smile into the convulsive twitchings of a galvanized corpse! It's a fact, gentlemen; but charge your glasses, or you will never be able to go through the melancholy recital.

I have said that my reputation has been blasted through my unfortunate nose. True—fatally true—is the impeachment. I sink beneath the weight of an accusation I cannot contradict, and yet am innocent of. Strange anomaly! Were I to be tried for *one* offence, though I had the most eloquent of advocates, though a cloud of witnesses were to give their testimony in my behalf, though an impartial judge were to sum up in my favour, though even that adamantine chain, a juror's oath, were to protect me,—all would not save me, I should be condemned, mercilessly, remorselessly condemned!—That is, were the offence to be the vice I abhor from the bottom of my heart—intemperance. Who would believe a man to be innocent who bore on his face the burning record of his shame? "Nose, nose, jolly red nose," goes the song, and so goes the world's unfeeling judgment. The world proverbially looks no further than the end of your nose; alas! it it does not go even so far, if that nose happen to be a red one!

Knowing that if I indulged, even to a pardonable extent, in the pleasures of the bowl, I could never put my nose into a wine glass without its turning king's evidence against me, I became early in life a teetotaller. That nose, deprived of an excuse of being an approver, became a false accuser. No one ever saw me drink any thing stronger than the pure element,—punch round, gentlemen, and no heel-taps,—but what was the negative testimony of an eye-witness, against a NOSE-witness? I was universally suspected of indulging in private, what I was too hypocritical to attempt in public—if the butler could not make up his cellar book—if an *hiatus* occurred in a favourite bin—he had only to turn up the whites of his eyes, and to thank heaven, that nobody could look in *his* face and say, *he* was a drunkard. In vain the locks of the cellar were changed, my father's London Particular disappeared as before. Feeling myself the object of suspicion, the more strenuously I urged my innocence, the redder my nose became! "Add not dissimulation to guilt," was my father's stern rebuke: alas! innocence herself would be suspected, had innocence a red nose! Even the discovery of the butler's bibbing propensity did not avail me anything; as I fondly flattered myself, it might one day set me right in the eyes of my family. That estimable functionary was one afternoon reported missing, and as his hat was hanging on the customary peg, there was evidence he could not be far from home. Search was made "up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber;" the well was explored, and the fishpond dragged, (in spite of my assurance that water had never been his favourite element,) until some one (*I*, from a natural delicacy, took care not to make the suggestion) proposed searching the cellar. The notion of searching for a butler in the cellar seemed above all others most preposterous, more especially to my unsuspicious papa, who declared that Jonathan himself had given him the cellar key, which was at that moment hanging up in his library. However absurd it might appear the request was persevered in, and the cellar key applied to the lock. The door being opened Jonathan was discovered stretched in the saw-dust. At first it was suggested that he was dead, but he was something more and something less—he was dead drunk! In one hand he held a corkscrew and a duplicate key of

the cellar, and in the other a full bottle of my father's London Particular, the wrong end of which it appeared he had been attempting to perforate with the corkscrew, when the slumber of inebriation stole upon him. By his side were three empty bottles, which my father could not contemplate without a sigh. He was removed to his attic, and it was summarily decided, that when he was sober enough he should be turned out of the house.

A candid mind would at once arrive at the conclusion that by this discovery my innocence was at last established, and all ungenerous suspicion of my temperate habits removed. Alas! there is no justice for man—if his nose happens to be red—the very fact which I had foolishly imagined was testimony of my innocence only went to aggravate my guilt! When the butler recovered sufficient consciousness to receive from my respected parent an indignant dismissal, he loudly declared it was his first offence, and deprecated the wrath that would visit it with so severe a punishment. "Your first offence, sirrah!" angrily retorted my father, "what, do you mean to say *you* have not robbed me of nearly the whole of the London Particular bin I have always been complaining about?"—"Me rob you, sir! Heaven have mercy on me, I wouldn't wrong you of the dirt beneath your nails!"—"Liar and thief," furiously interrupted my father, "what do you say to this?" holding before his eyes the duplicate key.

"I acknowledge, sir," meekly responded the butler, having had that key in my possession, but it was lent to me by Master Samuel!!!" Here all eyes were bent on me, who stood rooted to the ground, the colour deserting my face, except in one spot—my unrelenting nose, which seemed to glow and sparkle at the fresh dilemma into which it had plunged me. Jonathan saw with a cunning glance the effect he had produced, and followed it up with vigour. "Is it just, sir, towards an unfortunate menial, who came into your service with the highest testimonials of sobriety and temperance, that you should punish him so severely for a venial transgression, when he had your son to tempt him to its commission?" (Jonathan had been educated at a free school in the neighbourhood, and was universally accounted a "very superior young man," as his fine words exemplified.) "Will you send me forth to the world, houseless, with a brand on my name, sunk in character, and deprived of the means of an honest livelihood, *for a first offence?*—When, sir, and I ask your forgiveness when I urge it, you have for years past winked at the repeated excesses of one of your own family? Is this justice—I ask is it justice?" cried the butler, as triumphantly as if he had been in the taproom of his favourite public. My father was silent—the footmen, however, seemed scarcely able to repress their feelings—the cook and housemaid blubbered outright. My father still appeared incredulous and irresolute, when Jonathan, with a savage triumph, turned ferociously round to me, and with bitter malignancy shouted, or rather yelled, "If, sir, you would wish to know who is the delinquent—look at our noses! thanks to my habits of temperance and sobriety, *mine* isn't red!"

That allusion to my unfortunate feature was sufficient—an avalanche could not have crushed me more effectually. I saw at once a change come o'er my father's face—his brow lowered, and with a mixed expression of anger and shame he sternly ordered me to quit the room, and not to let him see my face until he sent for me.

"And this," said I, with a bursting heart and overflowing eyes, "is justice! even a father condemns his own son, from external appearances, on the accusation of a rascal, and without hearing a word of defence!" I retired to my room and wept until I was exhausted, and had the bitter satisfaction of finding that the more I snivelled the redder became my nose! My mother at last came to soothe me by telling me my father was inexorable towards me, and that the only chance of obtaining his forgiveness was by confessing my guilt, and thus making the only reparation I could to the butler, who, through my misconduct, he had so grievously injured.

"Confess my guilt, mother, how can I, when I know and feel myself to be innocent?"

"Innocent! oh Samuel," (affectionately repeated my mother, patting me on that particular feature)—"innocent! *with such a nose!*"

Alas! my own mother thought me guilty! my lying, treacherous, faithless nose was to be believed in preference to the ties of blood and yearnings of affection—was to be considered stronger testimony than the habits of my life—my solemn protestations of innocence. But, gentlemen, I perceive your feelings are too strongly excited, and I will hasten over this melancholy part of my history; suffice it to say that Jonathan was re-instated in his situation with five pounds addition to his salary, and I was expelled from the paternal roof to a Yorkshire school, where the very first copy I transcribed was, "Virtue is its own reward."

Here it may be imagined I might, for a time at least, be free from persecution; but as sure as I followed my nose, my nose, like an avenging spirit, followed me! My honoured father thought it a duty he owed my preceptor, as well as to myself, to hint at what he was pleased to call my "one fault." As if my nose was not in itself sufficient to excite misgivings and suspicions of my temperance, I had my own father's testimony to corroborate it!

"The life I led," from master, ushers, and fellow pupils, may be easily imagined—my existence became to me a perpetual Shrove Tuesday, and my nose the cock at which every unfeeling hand threw. Although in every respect consonant to my abstemious habits, the potations I was now restricted to, of "sky-blue" and sour table beer, were looked upon by my companions as a sort of penance for my former vicious indulgences. The resignation with which I swallowed the insipid beverages was believed to be forced; and the contentment with which I received the portions doled out to me were looked upon as the most finished acts of hypocrisy. When my mug was filled with the small, I might very properly say the smallest, beer, it was generally accompanied with a recommendation "not to make a beast of myself." I could not swallow my modicum of milk and water (the former being in the usual school proportion of one tenth to the latter) without a significant hint, that drunkenness was now fineable by act of parliament.

Yet, notwithstanding all this abstemiousness, my nose assumed a still deeper glow. I was now looked upon as a sort of monster of deception; and it was universally believed that I could baffle all curiosity, and

secretly indulged in what was believed my favourite vice with impunity. What was it to my persecutors that I was never seen guilty of any excess? that I never showed any symptoms of elevation?—these negative proofs of temperance only gave rise to the wonderment of "what a deal I could drink without its affecting me!" What did it matter that I was so far from being elevated, usually depressed—that I gave the clearest indications of a clear head, and showed not the slightest of exhilaration or inebriety?—what were all these proofs as long as I had one damning fact to contradict them—my lying, treacherous nose?

The same reputation that I brought to school followed me to the university. I began now more than ever to feel that I was "a marked man among my fellows." My father, although not naturally an illiberal man, thought it a parental duty he owed me to prevent, by every means in his power, the indulgence of this imaginary vice. Not content with giving the principal and tutor of my college a most pathetic account of my besetting sin, he thought one of the surest plans to check its progress would be to cripple my allowance to one half of the amount usually enjoyed by young men in my station of life. He even went much further, and took the infinite pains of going round to every wine-merchant, innkeeper, and publican of Oxford, warning them against giving me credit. I might, however, in spite of the parental injunction, have enjoyed from this sympathising class of university tradesmen as much as I pleased, had he not at the same time taken care to have informed them of the actual amount of my allowance. "What! a young man with only one hundred and fifty a year indulging to excess! Shocking! they would take care such a reprobate shouldn't get into their books—no, not for a single bottle of Cape!"

Persecution and injury had already made me something of a philosopher. My position in the university was a singular one; *I*, the soberest man in it, was shunned and cut, as a confirmed and unredeemable sot, while on all sides I saw nothing but intemperance and drunkenness. I sometimes heard the bursar familarly wink to the Proctor, with "I say, Snatch'em, weren't you a little cut last night?"—"Can't say but what I was, a trifle; but *did* you see the governor (our lamented principal)? wasn't he regularly sewed up, and no mistake? as usual, he was obliged to be carried to bed by the butler and two of the bedmakers."

Amongst my fellow gownsmen, drunkenness, so far from being considered a disfigurement, was looked upon as a sort of embellishment. Not an evening passed without a wine party, and the man that could boast of having swallowed more of the genial juice than his companions was conceded to be the hero of the evening. Why was it, then, while such abundant latitude was extended to them, I was still the butt of ridicule, the mark of unrelenting hostility; alas! the suspicion of a crime is always more severely punished than the crime itself; and who could dispute that I had a red nose?

Not only were my private intimacy with those who would otherwise have been my companions frustrated, but my academical career most lamentably checked, by the reputation which I had so unfortunately acquired. The first prize for competition was on the subject of the Marriage of Cana, wherein the water was changed into wine. With all the ardour of youth, which even persecution could not subdue, I determined to be foremost in the rank of competitors; already the prize was within my grasp, already did I feel the elation of victory! But, even here, my nose was to be in the way—even here it was to stand between myself and honour—even here it was to crush the rising energies of my mind, and compel me to be like itself, a scarlet witness of undying shame! On the subject of the prize being given out, my tutor, with a quiet sneer, particularly recommended it to my notice, as one above all others I ought to shine in—no one could do it more justice, if I tried my best, than myself, he felt assured. What a remorseless destiny was mine! if I succeeded, as I had made up my mind to do, would not my very triumph be another evidence of my shame? I renounced the attempt with disgust, and the prize was carried off by a three-bottle man of Magdalene, who only the year before had won a prize for the best essay "On the Use and Abuse of Fermented Liquors!"

Mine was a sensitive disposition, although the tyranny and persecution I have met with during my unfortunate existence have somewhat lessened its susceptibility; a check, therefore, at this early part of my career, to my ambition, was a fatal one. Once indeed I attempted to recover myself, and to develope my real sentiments in a prize essay on Samson Agonistes, in which I dwelt with enthusiastic language on the grace and beauty of temperance. I quoted all the celebrated instances, both from scriptural and profane history, of the disgrace and evils brought on by intemperance, and ingeniously proved that nearly all the calamities of life might be attributed to illicit indulgences in this propensity—gentlemen, the bowl is empty—shall I trouble you to see it replenished, and fill your glasses?—I had completed the thesis. I regarded it with the eyes of one who looks upon the deliverer after being released from some frightful danger. "Yes!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "these pages shall rescue my wounded reputation from the obloquy of years;—my beloved essay shall restore me to my position in society—through its transparent pages my character shall shine again bright and unsullied!" Alas! for my sanguine temperature—before the day for the declaration of the successful candidate arrived, I received a small brown paper parcel, in which, to my mortification and dismay, I found enclosed my beloved thesis, with this short and pithy epistle from the principal of my college:—

"The Reverend Magnum Heeltap encloses Mr. Sadgrove's Essay, which he has had the presumption to send in competition for the Norrisian Prize.

"As Mr. Sadgrove has taken no pains to disguise his sentiments on that subject, the Reverend Magnum Heeltap can only consider the Essay in the light of a joke, and as such must regret the very indifferent taste Mr. Sadgrove has displayed in selecting such a topic. If licentious indulgences have prevented Mr. Sadgrove from appreciating the beauty and holiness of temperance, respect for the feelings of those that can appreciate it, and the decencies of civilized life, might have prevented him from turning it into ridicule, and making it the butt of ribald and unseemly sarcasm.

"*Brazen-nose College.*"

With this note ended my academical career.

I returned to my father's halls, a disgraced man. In vain were my protestations, I was looked upon as a more inordinate tippler than ever. The very first Sunday I went to church, the rector, from a cruel, although well intentioned hint that he had received from my beloved mother, chose for his text the passage in which Lot makes too free with the juice of the grape. Every time the reverend gentleman concluded a sentence his eyes were fixed on me, and my affectionate mother looked on me in the most imploring and commiserating manner. As for my brothers, they enjoyed what they thought "a capital joke," and as the preacher grew warm on the subject, and declaimed against the evils of drunkenness, they poked me slily on the ribs or trod on my toes—as if such palpable indications were needed to give the homily a personal application!

A new calamity awaited me. Hitherto all my thoughts, feelings, passions, had been consumed by one devouring subject—the remorseless tyranny to which the unfortunate colour of my nose had subjected me. I had not the feelings of youth—"the freshness of the heart" had never been felt by me. I need scarcely say that I had never been in love. I had been as equally innocent of that intoxication as of any other. It was my fate, however, once to yield to its delicious delusion.

Contiguous to my father's estate was that of a neighbouring baronet, Sir Hildebrand Haveallhisway. Between this respectable individual and my father, and, as a necessary after consequence, between their respective families, a feud had arisen, which ended, like most squabbles between country neighbours, by a most determined enmity. On occasion of the Clerkship of the Snoodle-cum-Poodle Turnpike Trust becoming vacant, my father and Sir Hildebrand supported different candidates. As the county was particularly quiet just at that period, great interest was felt in the contest, which was expected to be a remarkably severe one. My father's influence was engaged on the part of Mr. Wriggle, the son of his attorney; and Sir Hildebrand warmly supported that of Mr. Lacknous, the parish clerk, who had formerly been a sort of deputy to the baronet's steward. The salary attached to the office was eight pounds a-year and the perquisites of the turnpike tickets which were not used; and I need scarcely say the whole country was in a blaze for a fortnight. The whole of the county magistrates voted, and as their feeling was pretty nearly equally divided, one half of the Squirearchy never afterwards spoke to the other half—a Christianlike spirit of forbearance which was admirably imitated by their respective wives and families. All the county was turned into Wriggleites or Lacknousites, and wore the colours of one or the other of the rival candidates. The result of this most tremendous contest was that Wriggle got the election by a majority of three; and was in less than a fortnight afterwards thrown into the county gaol for the cost of it; and Lacknous was subsequently returned, free of opposition, having himself mortgaged the first seven years of his salary, in part payment of the legal expenses. The consequences did not, however, end there; for the "gentlemen of the long robe" had plenty to do at the next assizes, from matters arising out of the contest. Independent of seven cases for aggravated assaults on the Crown side of the court, and five for forcible abduction or fraudulent personation of voters, there were no less than six cases on the Nisi Prius side. Two were for slander on the hustings, another for a shaking of a horsewhip in the face of a voter, and the remaining three were what the lawyers called *qui tam* actions, brought against certain enthusiastic individuals, who in their zeal for their favourite candidates, had deceived themselves into the belief that they had proper qualifications to vote; when in point of fact their opponents established they had no votes at all, "whereby and by reason thereof," they had acted "contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided," and incurred a penalty to "our Sovereign Lord the King," and to any of his subjects, who felt disposed to "go snacks" with his most gracious Majesty, of five hundred pounds, which, accordingly, in due form of law, was recovered against the enthusiastic and unqualified voters.

Thus ended this memorable contest, but not its consequences. One half of the county never again spoke to the other half: the war between the red and white roses never set more people by the ears than this contest had done. Eight or ten respectable families (including the victims of the *qui tam* actions) were sold up, and obliged to leave the county; and the whole adherents of both parties never lost their distinctive appellation of Wriggleites and Lacknousites.

The breach between my father's house, and that of Sir Hildebrand, seemed as broad as the celebrated one between the houses of Capulet and Montague. Alas! to make the analogy more perfect, there was a Juliet to whom it was my fate to become a Romeo.

It was dusk, one evening, when in the pursuit of one of my favourite studies, botanizing, I had wandered to the boundary—a thickset hedge, which separated my father's estate from his inimical neighbour. While counting the petals of a pretty specimen of a flower I had plucked, (have you any taste for botany, gentlemen? it is really a very pleasant pursuit—never mind answering, but fill your glasses)—which flower I believe to be a rarity in those parts, I was electrified by a loud and sudden scream. Starting up, I

beheld on the other side of the hedge a young lady in a scarlet scarf, pursued by a most ferocious-looking cow, who, like certain punsters of my acquaintance (I'm not alluding to any one present), seemed determined to make a butt of all before her. Guy Earl of Warwick, when he pursued the immortal dun cow, must have felt chicken-hearted and nervous to what I did at that moment. All the bravery and chivalry of a knight of old possessed me. Regardless of my broad cloth, intent only on my honour, I braved the perilous summit of the quickset, and ere the cow had whisked her tail again, was facing her. Steadily keeping my eyes fixed on the quadruped, I succeeded in puzzling her most uncommonly. As I advanced, she retreated, until I most politely backed her out of an open gate (through which she had entered the enclosure), which I secured, and then flew to console the fainting fair who had sunk in terror on the grass. Raising her up, I had the supreme felicity of assuring her of her safety, and of pointing in triumph to her four-footed foe, who was by that time in a distant field, with a subdued and mortified air "chewing the cud" of reflection. My delivered fair, having partially recovered from her fright, was profuse in her thanks for what she was pleased to call "my heroic assistance." The fast gathering shades of evening scarcely permitted me to view her features. I could see, however, enough of them to assure me she was pretty; and her style and figure left me no doubt of her gentility. On her stating she was the daughter of Sir Hildebrand, I felt in honour bound to admit I was a scion of the opposite house. "What!" she exclaimed with a sudden and somewhat theatrical shriek—

"The only son of my great enemy—
My only love sprung from my only hate."

The opportunity was irresistible—in the same impassioned manner I replied,

"Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised.
Henceforth I never will be Romeo—
By a name
I know not how to tell thee, who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written I would tear the word."

In this same manner we continued quoting *Romeo* and *Juliet*, until we really fancied we were that luckless pair of lovers in reality. I swore, as it was through the means of a cow that I had been so fortunate as to become acquainted with her, that a cow should henceforth be to me as sacred an animal as that useful domestic creature is among the Hindoos. Alas! I had already become vaccinated; my too tender heart had received through the fatal animal, the virus of LOVE more fatal to its repose than even that ungentlemanly disorder, the small pox itself! But gentlemen, delightful as the recollection of that evening is, it may be possibly more interesting to myself than to you, I shall therefore merely state that before we parted, my fair companion intimated that she had been accustomed to take her twilight walk every evening just about the same spot, and she should, she feared, be prevented indulging in it in future, being fearful of a similar interruption. Could I do less than pledge my faith, that I would guard over her—nay, that I would do more? I positively engaged if she would continue her evening exercise, that I would—secure the cow! On the strength of this assurance, I wrung a seemingly reluctant consent from my fair companion to meet me at the same time, and in the same spot, the following evening—and then with another quotation from *Romeo and Juliet*,

"Sweet, good night—
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet;"

which I most tenderly and gracefully recited, and after bidding each other good night fifty-seven times, and assuring each other,

"That parting was such sweet sorrow,
That each could say good night, until it were the morrow,"

and I had exhausted every line of my favourite play—we parted—I making a graceful summerset over the quickset hedge, bearing with me, gentlemen, a thorn, sharper than any there,—a thorn, gentlemen, in the heart! But I perceive I'm growing pathetic, therefore charge your glasses, and wipe away your tears!

I shall not prolong the catastrophe. We met at twilight's "contemplative hour," evening after evening—swore eternal constancy and fidelity, and so great was my happiness that I actually forgot that there was such a torment existing as my unlucky nose, which soon revenged itself for the neglect! We had hitherto met in the dusk, but one fatal afternoon the interview took place rather earlier than usual. I had previously rehearsed my intended salutation, and was well satisfied with the effect I expected to produce. Seeing her approach I rushed towards her, and then suddenly stopped and opening my arms, I exclaimed in the most passionate and tender accents—

"Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like wine, and that the skill be more
To blazon it—then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter."

"Mercy on us, Romeo!—I beg your pardon,—Mr. Sadgrove," (it was the first time she had ever mister'd me) "whatever have you done to your nose?"

"Listen, Juliet—beloved of my soul, listen—you have often found me subdued by a heaviness from which even your tenderness could not raise me—you have often heard me hint of—

'One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er *my* joys and *my* woes;
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring;
To which time hath no balm, affliction no sting!'

"Often have you tenderly begged me to reveal the secret of my misery; often overcome by your soft entreaties have I felt disposed to unveil the mystery, but often as I have trembled on the brink of an avowal, I have shrunk with horror from its recital. You have imagined doubtless that I am some being accursed, perhaps the Wandering Jew, or the Duc de Bordeaux travelling about until seated on the throne of his ancestors; or perhaps you think me a Conrad, or a Lara, and that I have committed some horrible crime. No! Juliet, the 'fatal remembrance' is HERE, the 'sorrow that throws' a dark shadow is HERE!!!" And then I pointed to my unromantic nose.

The fair Juliet looked at me, and then at my un-

lucky proboscis, as if her eyes were not to be trusted; but seeing there was not the possibility of mistaking the fact, she turned from me with a forgiving and resigned air, saying,

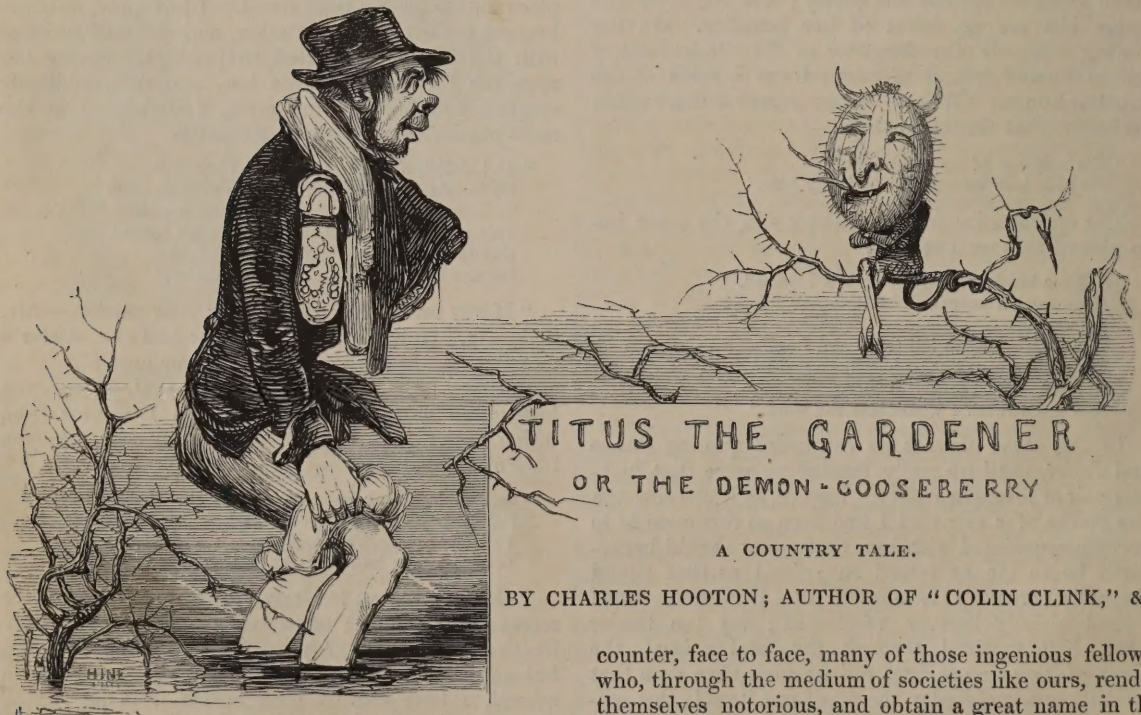
"My first love, my last love, my Sadgrove, we part for ever! In you is buried my only love. Farewell! we meet no more on earth. Oh! that I could ever have imagined that a being of such refined sentiments could have had a red nose!"

In another moment, gentlemen, I was alone; and alone, in the conjugal sense of the word, I have been ever since—a martyr to disappointed affection and to unrelenting persecution, and all through this innocent nose! Not only in the dearest object of my life did it baffle me, but it has been my sole impediment throughout the whole of my worldly career. Through my nose, and my nose only, I have been prevented following either of the learned professions. How was it possible that I could invest myself with the sacred surplice, and feel its snowy whiteness contrast with the scarlet witness of my shame, without a sense of profanation of the sacred office? Was it possible, with such a lying emblem of inebriety, I could ever expect to be called in as a physician; and where was the adventurous attorney who would be found to give me a brief if I made the bar my profession?

I will no longer harrow your feelings, gentlemen, by a recital of the mortifications, insults, and unjust calumnies that, through this unlucky feature, I have had to endure. I feel my fate is sealed—there is no hope for me, as long at least as I have a nose; and, with shame I confess, I have still a sneaking kindness for the cause of all my sufferings; and even with the recollection of them burning in my memory, would rather bear them all over again than adopt the only remedy that has ever been suggested to get rid of it,—to cut it off!

No, my nose, unconscious cause of my griefs, in life's gloomy valley we have hitherto been inseparable, and undivided we will continue; wherever thou goest, I will follow thee there. Amputate thee! cut off the supplies that yield the ruddy founts of thy existence—never! whatever may be thy fate shall be mine:

"'Through the furnace unshrinking thy steps I'll pursue,
Or shield thee, or save thee, or perish there too.'"



TITUS THE GARDENER; OR THE DEMON-GOOSEBERRY

A COUNTRY TALE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON; AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," &c.

BEING in my own person a great patron of all institutions calculated to promote learning and science of any kind, I some years ago became a subscriber to the Great Hammaway Horticultural Society,—a society, which, as appears by its title, has for its object the improvement of the various breeds of apples, quinces, and potherbs.

In this situation it has been my good fortune to encounter, face to face, many of those ingenious fellows, who, through the medium of societies like ours, render themselves notorious, and obtain a great name in the world by growing prodigious Titan-like cabbages and gooseberries.

Now I consider it a certain sign of great personal merit to be able to produce such large vegetables and berries, according to the well-known saying, that every man is known by his fruit. The grower of the finest specimens of any kind is therefore the most superlative genius, and that is the reason we always reward such by medals and copper tea-kettles; it being expedient that the genius of science and arts should pa-

tronise her votaries by rewards. At the same time, entertaining a strong belief in phrenology, I have always held a strong private opinion that the growers of particular vegetables and fruits were some way or other endowed with an organ corresponding with the peculiar kind of culture in which they excelled. This opinion has been confirmed by the observation and experience of many years. Thus, I have found that those members of our society who, on the average, (and it is only through general and comprehensive observations such truths can be arrived at,) took the greatest number of prizes for the biggest cabbages, possessed, one with another, a large cabbage-organ in the skull, which, by its great preponderance over the ordinary thinking faculties, rendered them in a manner unfit for much rational conversation. The pith of their brains appeared to represent the crumpled heart of a cabbage; insomuch that a man in conversation found no difficulty in imagining he was being addressed by an animated winter green, or a civil gentlemanly savoy. While such as become most famed for the largest and best potatoes—Long Kidneys or Yorkshire Reds—had invariably, (I speak advisedly,) heads like a bag of those roots; or, in other words, as rugged and lumpy as a village pebble-paved causeway.

Upon the whole I have ever found all classes of the great growers, strange mortals,—"Rum'uns to look at,"—and in company much inclined to the contemplation of red and black earths, bone, horse, and pig manures, grubs, larvæ, and slugs. Yet have I also generally found their acquaintance well worth cultivating; and having been tolerably successful in that pursuit, can now boast of as extensive a friendship with the great growers, as any horticulturist in the three kingdoms. It has even crossed my mind that some day I would sit down and write their biographies;—classing them under the respective heads of Turnip, Leek, Carrot, Gooseberry, and the like; just in the same manner as other great men are classed, as Painters, Poets, Astronomers, &c. Whether this seed of the mind will ever shoot beyond the present paper, time alone can tell. But that the reader may be the better enabled to judge of the interest attached to such a work, let me particularly draw his attention to the following sketch of Titus,—one of the most talented and interprising members of the Hammaway Horticultural Society.

Now, Hammaway, the place of my residence, though according to law a market-town, is yet in magnitude and trade scarcely superior to many a village in the same county. That is, it may be properly resembled to a great booby, who is making his transit from lad to manship. About two thousand of its souls weave stockings for the London market;—thus, just enabling themselves to maintain each a coat out at elbows,—a face like a peggy-lantern's, which serves no turn but that of frightening the respectable inhabitants,—a wife who is always mopping her floor,—and a matter of about, on the average, fifteen children a piece.

Hammaway is, as it were, fenced about by small garden-plots, or rather whole fields divided into squares like a chess-board, separated by stunted hedges, and let to the poor souls above named, to whom they become like little Edens,—snippings of the garden of Paradise itself. Having but one day in a week which they can devote to cultivation, and that the day which the curate demands, but demands in vain,—you may see from ten to fifteen hundred of them on a summer's Sunday morning, all anxious to make the best of time, with their coats off,—perhaps laid on the hedges or suspended by the nape on an upright stick like a scare-crow,—delving, raking, hoeing, planting, uprooting, and watering, at a rate which might mislead a stranger to believe they were working in the last stage of desperation for their lives. This, however, their generous enthusiasm leads them to esteem in no other light than as admirable exercise and relaxation after the week's toil; and knowing their time is short, and that the day of rest (even though it happen to be the longest in the year,) must soon be over, they in general scarcely allow themselves time to return to their homes for dinner. Such, however, as do trespass on their amusement so far, usually swallow their meals as nearly all of a lump as the orifice of the throat will allow,—(and that, by the bye, with your hardworking man is not small,)—and without waiting to digest them, hurry back to their garden plots at a rate most nearly resembling a foot race between a couple of hundreds or so of competitors at one and the same time. Whilst those who remain behind and pass the whole blissful time amongst their brocolis and potatoes, may be observed, at about one o'clock, to snatch a few minutes of time, rest on their spades, pull a dry crust out of their pockets, stuff it into their mouths like a bung, take a swig at the watering-pan, and then at it again.

Such is about the manner in which the generality of our population dispose of their Sundays. Though we are not without some of those ale, pipe, and political poor men who carry their profanation of those days so far as to retire to their places called summer-houses,—that is to say, small stud and mud erections, about the size of the now departed watchman's boxes, composed of three sides, a door, and a tile lid on the top,—and spend all the hours between morning and night in drinking, shouting, and maintaining a continual tainted smell in the otherwise pure summer atmosphere, of rank and pestiferous sham-tobacco smoke.

But amongst this multitude of amateur tillers of the earth, whom to look at when engaged in their interesting operations, the spectator might imagine not worth, to purchase, five shillings per hundred, are to be found some of the brightest ornaments, the most shining stars of the Hammaway Horticultural Society,—men who reflect lustre on their native town, and are looked upon by strangers, whenever such happen to see them.

I have said that our raisers of Herculean fruit are for the most part a knot of strange-looking scrubs. One Mr. Jeffrey Todds, for instance, nearly the oldest member of the society, is as remarkable a vessel to look at as soul ever set eyes on. You would think him all stem and ramifications, like a huge leaf animated; and when engaged in his garden, hunting snails out of his banks, the cunningest eyesight might be defied to distinguish him from the barks of the old willows about him; an effect to which, beyond a doubt, his pepper-and-salt long coat contributes, although there is still something of that impalpable green and yellowness in his phiz so characteristic of aged barks, and which I suppose he has unconsciously acquired by his continual intercommunication and cheek-by-jowlship with them. His head, from being as bald as the ivory top of a walking-stick, has the appearance of an immense yellow pumpkin; or, lest this simile should be not sufficiently comprehended by the reader, is in other words about the size of a grocer's tea canister. On the other hand, the dark oily countenance of Mr. James Swin-

burn, another of our most highly respected members, reminds one of nothing so much as a spring evening's moist slug.

But not a soul of them all, no, not one of the delving race within our society, is for an instant to be compared to the late great, and also personally tall Titus. For the ardour of his genius in the pursuit, the splendour of his various growths, the amount of prizes awarded to him, and his disastrous and most extraordinary death, —he must be considered as much superior to all others, as is the poplar of the meadow in height above all other trees. He was the life and soul of our society, or, more correctly speaking, the very apple of its eye. But alas! he is gone, and we are left blind on the best side of the society's face.

At our general meetings he was always distinguishable above others, as conspicuously as was his fruit above theirs. Nature having taken more than usual mother's care to manure and water him so well during his growth, that when arrived at his standard height, he measured six feet four from the ground to the topmost part of his trunk. Unfortunately he threw out no branches,—in other words, he left no family behind him,—or we might now have had a cutting of that excellent tree engrafted upon the society. I knew him during a period of fourteen or fifteen summers, and from lengthened observation can confidently assert that a greater enthusiast in any pursuit never crossed my widest path. Weather had not the least visible effect upon him. He went to his garden amid thunderstorms, with the same punctuality as in sunshine,—during floods and frosts equally as in dry weather and hot. I have known him when his garden, like the borders of the Nile, has been covered with water all over nearly knee deep, take off his shoes and stockings, hang them round his neck, roll up his trousers like two thick rings or ferrules round his lower extremities, in the greatest unconcern, and with equal pleasure as at other times. It was not for the purpose of *doing* anything, but only to see the state of the case, and report the depth of water in the gardens to the nightly visitors (members of course) at the sign of "The Frog and Tadpole," near Scum Ditch, on an outskirt of Hammaway, close upon the gardens. The society on such occasions entertained great fears lest he should jeopardise his valuable existence by cold resulting in consumption; and indeed on two occasions of remarkably heavy floods accompanied by piercing blasts, formally passed a resolution forbidding him to wade about his plot until land again appeared. He seemed to bow to the society's wishes, but was afterwards detected privately splashing about as usual. A vote of censure was passed on the commission of the second offence, merely to maintain the outward dignity of the society; though even those individuals who voted in its favour did so under feelings of no ordinary nature. Once, he happily discovered a thief getting up trees out of the softened and muddy ground, and under the pretence of arresting him, gave him a sound thrashing first, and then lugged him off to the constable. For this exploit a special reward was agreed upon for Titus, and after a comfortable supper, the chairman concluded a flowery speech by presenting him in the name of the society with a new three-legged iron pot.

The constancy of his attendance at his garden, daylight permitting, was astonishing. Exactly at five minutes after six in the evening, he was regularly to be seen crossing the short moor between Hammaway and his garden; and at dusk, be that whatever hour it might, he was as regularly to be observed returning home with a sprig of green or a flower stuck in the corner of his mouth, and a second in some favoured button-hole. So constant indeed was he to his minute of going there, that many of those inhabitants of the lower end of the town who dwelt too far off the church to hear the clock strike, were long in the habit of setting their Dutch-clocks and watches by him; as well perceiving that while he had a spring left to keep him going, he was as truly to be depended on as the sun himself.

Some few weeks previous to our last summer-show of fruit, Titus went to his garden as usual. A drizzly soaking evening it was; and throughout the whole range of garden plots, scarcely a soul was to be seen, save himself. In the dusk and mistiness of coming night, his long scrambling limbs, his height, and awkward postures, seemed to resemble him to some strange bogle dabbling and fishing for frogs amidst a swamp; for such the low dewy gardens then appeared when viewed from the surrounding eminences. To the astonishment of all Hammaway, he did not return to his home until full an hour later than his regular time; that is, until it had become almost dark.

At that time he was met by a belated market-woman coming at an unusual pace along the road across the common, which, to her terrified gaze, his gaunt legs seemed to swallow up as he strode. Beside him was a creature like a man, but so diminutive, that the coat-laps of Titus occasionally flapped in his face. Yet that tall worthy could not outstrip him. Such a man had never before been seen in our parts, except in a penny show at the annual fair; and as the woman passed them she overheard—unless her senses deceived her—she overheard Titus exclaim energetically to the little biped by his side,—"Done!—I'll take it!"

At that moment the feet of the dwarf-thing struck fire on the pebble stones over which they walked, and the market-woman smelt brimstone as plainly as the nose was on her face. This latter circumstance was however afterwards declared to be no miracle; since it was confidently asserted, though the housewives of Hammaway would never hear of it, that she carried from market that night no less than three-pennyworths of the old-fashioned matches in her basket.

This encounter soon became known and enlarged in all its suspicious circumstances and horrors. Some wisely declared they had their thoughts as well as other folks. Some again spoke outright, and avowed their belief that Titus had done neither more nor less than consort with the devil, for the sake of forcing his gooseberries by and through the aid of that old gentleman's underground hotbed,—it being notorious that up to the point of time of which I am speaking, Titus had been most low in spirits, in consequence of the unusual backwardness of his fruit; while afterwards he mounted up to the highest pinnacle of hope, being frequently heard to declare his solemn conviction that, late as it was, he should take every individual prize for the berries, rough and smooth.

Many had the curiosity afterwards to lie in wait when Titus went to his garden of an evening, in anticipation of seeing him once more enjoying the society of his strange companion, and, if possible, of tracing out where he came from and whither he vanished to; but in every instance were they disappointed,—he never came again.

Instead, perhaps, the little man transacted his business at a distance; for true it was that on the following morning a small and curious box was discovered on the table of the house, by his wife, who rose before daylight to wash her own and her husband's linen. It was a box of no fashion at all, as far as this earth is concerned, having four sides, every one of which was triangular. After much fearful consideration, she was about to exhibit her temerity by opening it, when her hand was arrested by the sound of something coming down her narrow staircase. She looked in that direction, and beheld the smallest black cat—at least it walked on all fours—with the largest developement of eyes she had ever seen during the course of her mortal pilgrimage. How was this? *they* kept no cat, either white or black; and, of course, Titus's lady had no recollection whatever at such a critical moment, that stray cats are as desperately determined to put their heads in anywhere, as was her own gigantic lord to stride away to his garden. Instead of washing, she flew off to bed again in terror, without waiting to split open the box; though not without inly promising to do so as soon as broad daylight came. She fell asleep; and on awakening again found that Titus was missing. He had risen by the earliest peep of morning, and carried the box away to his garden, where none but his gooseberry-bushes and cabbage-stumps could be privy to the contents. When he returned home to breakfast, he threw the box *empty* on the floor, telling his wife she might appropriate it, if any use for such a queer-shaped article could be found; but she resolutely avowed it should never be adopted in her house, not even for a match-box, unless Titus would first declare what it had contained.

"Nothing to do *you* any harm," was his reply; and beyond which neither coaxing, threatening, nor reasoning could extort a word. This made the wife still more suspicious: she resolved, by the aid of Providence, to convince herself at least of the nature of the place beyond this world, from whence she believed the three-cornered thing had come; and therefore seizing an opportunity after their morning meal, when Titus had gone to work, she called in one or two of her neighbours as witnesses, informed them of all that had passed, upon which she hung her own interpretations and suspicions, and then, whilst fearfully they all stood round, she seized the box with her tongs, and cast it into the fire. The general expectation was, that it would either explode and vanish in smoke, or else shoot suddenly off in furiously hissing blue flames.

Neither of these events, to the mortal disappointment of the assembly, took place. Instead, the stubborn stuff would scarcely burn at all. After considering awhile about this very unwoodlike phenomenon, they discovered this strange fact to be the most natural and probable; for if it really did come from —— (they here looked infernally horrible at one another), nothing under the sun could be clearer than that it must necessarily be fire-proof.

In a fright of conviction, Mistress Titus took the box off the coals, and flung it far beyond a neighbouring ditch, lest, if cast amongst other refuse, it should charm and bedevil the Christian heap of that commodity, which lay before her cottage door.

From being himself an object of universal suspicion, Titus now found that a thousand curious eyes were turned upon his gooseberries. All expected to see wonders; whilst the extraordinary reports that were spread about respecting them, and which doubtless originated with some prying souls who had crept clandestinely into his garden, and taken a stolen view, tended nothing towards diminishing the general anxiety. It was confidently declared that they were of a fiery red, as though the skins enclosed a hot coal; that they were as hard as hoofs, and the prickles on some of them like hedgehogs' quills.

At length, as the time of exhibition drew nigh, Titus triumphantly invited several connoisseurs of berries to inspect his trees. To their amazement they found the previously-incredible reports in all respects true, save with reference to the size of the fruit. Therein, indeed, had the current tales either fallen short, or the berries themselves had since far outgrown their description. They were really ponderous; and adjudged in some instances to weigh as much as thirty-three or four pennyweights. Our inspectors almost doubted their own senses, and began to fancy it possible that some magical delusion was being practised upon their otherwise experienced optics. The matter appeared the more astonishing, when we reflect how dwindled and diminutive appeared the same berries in the early part of the season. What stimulating, miraculous manure must that box have contained in its bowels! Or, was it manure? Was it not rather an elixir drawn from demon-distilled earths, of which a few drops invigorated more than many barrowsful of limes, bones, or salts? But if these thoughts entered their minds spontaneously at the first glance, what did they not think when Titus informed them that he had changed the names of all his bushes? When he led them round his borders, and pointed out "The Dark Fiery," "The Brimstone King," "The Devil's Black;" and even, when he came to christen the biggest of all, "The Great Infernal Rough?" Then in truth did they stand aghast, each with his eyes on Titus, as though doubting whether he beheld man or demon.

The day of trial was nigh. Titus had in all opinions of course thrown the idea of competition completely aside, for who could hope to approach even within distance of his Infernal Rough? Nay, his inferior Dark Fiery and Brimstone King were plainly more than a match for the best of all their Imperial Greens and Reds.

It was evident that as many copper kettles would fall to his lot as might set him up with stock for a small brazier's shop. Hence envy, that terrible sprite, crept into the soul of the society, and at one time seriously threatened its very existence. A secret conspiracy against him was laid and hatched by two rival growers, which broke out on the identical night preceding the eventful morn of exhibition.

That night, dreamily unconscious of the gooseberry desolation to which he should awaken on the morrow, poor Titus lay quietly on his woollen mattrass, beholding happy visions of angelic horticulturists, berries as big as beer-barrels, and cart-loads of prizes shooting down their golden loads before his own house door. He awoke by peep of dawn. His mind was full of gooseberries, and he could shut his eyes no more that morning. So, getting up in haste to contemplate those resplendent productions, he strode down to his garden some hours before breakfast time. The gate was open, the trees broken, fruit stripped off and trampled under foot along the pathways! Titus saw, and fell prone to the earth.

Later in the day his wife went down to see after him,

and discovered him as described above, extended on his *bed*, with the watering-pot, that faithful attendant, by his side. Having obtained assistance, she had him conveyed home. Doctor Quassia, of Hammaway, was called in, who administered stimulants of all sorts to effect his recovery; and amongst the rest,—as knowing the proper restoratives for fainting country people—tickled his nose with a cockrel's feather, and his ears with a bunch of nettles. By these additional means he was brought back again to his senses.

Everybody in Hammaway, however anxious before, were now more anxious than ever to pump out the secret of raising such astounding berries. Titus was deeply questioned, but he remained as mute as his own bed-post—a circumstance which gave additional force to the preconceived general opinion, that he had sold himself to——

No matter who—for what right, ye "purity of election" people, has a man to sell himself to anybody?

They also considered in addition, that the ——, i.e., the same gentleman just alluded to, had cheated him before his time; for who, asked they, ever dealt with —(the reader may here insert the name of any gentleman he pleases,) without eventually finding himself on the wrong side of the post?

All this was very excellent, but the grand secret remained still as unfathomable a secret as before.

Meantime Titus took his gooseberries so much to heart that he weighed himself down beneath the burden of them; and that sensitive organ, that single wheel upon which life rolls along—I mean his heart—gave evident symptoms that its oil was out, its axle broken, and that it would shortly cease to move at all. Tokens like these alarmed everybody; and lest Titus should slip off unexpectedly, and carry his mystery along with him, to bury it in that deeper mystery, the grave, he was besought, exhorted, conjured, and prayed, to clear his dying body of the charge which, according to common repute, lay at his door; the more especially as at the same time he might be making known one of the greatest discoveries in horticulture ever yet discovered by the greatest discoverers. Titus rolled round his eyes, but said nothing.

The people of Hammaway were perplexed beyond measure. Men, women, and children alike in their degree; though the gardeners especially were at their wit's end.

At length, when it became evident how surely Death had informed Titus that very shortly he should make a call upon him, Mr. Canticle, the curate, was called in, as the man most likely of all men within the Wapentake, to over-match the——

"Well, what happened?"

"You shall hear."

The curate lodged himself upon the edge of the bedstead on which the fallen Corinthian capital of our society lay, and after several minutes spent in silent rumination—in chewing as it were the cud of his mind —he thus spoke:

"My friend," said he, "it is now high time to inform thee that thy feet are hastening to tread the ground of another world. It may be, the ground of a far more blissful garden than this, upon which thy fleshly heart has been fixed; or, it may be the ground of that dreadful place which is said to be bottomless."

Titus groaned from the bottom of his spirit.

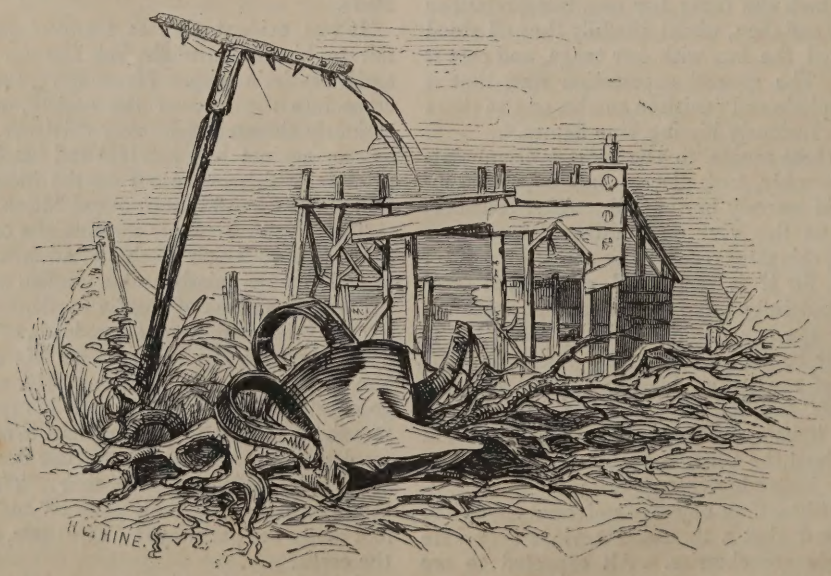
"Speak!" cried the curate, "for this very moment may be thy last. Hadst thou any pact with the devil?"

"No, upon my soul!" groaned Titus again in the hollow voice of an expiring winter's blast. "No, no! —it was only——"

He *died* before the secret could be delivered.

All the philosophers of Hammaway laid their heads together immediately afterwards, in order to debate, consult, and divine, what words they could be which poor Titus left unrevealed. But as no tolerable evidence could be obtained touching the character, residence, or occupation, of the diminutive biped, who, it was presumed, had furnished the deceased with the queer-shaped box, they finally arrived at the sagacious decision, that "it was totally impossible to decide at all."

Such a conclusion was worth nothing. The reader is at perfect liberty to speculate upon the subject for himself.



Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

Who has not heard of the witty Wilmot—the rake Lord Rochester—of his caustic satires, his ready repartee, his mad merry pranks, his dissolute doings, his obscene sayings, his mountebank goings-on, his eccentricities of genius, his disgraceful life, and his death-bed repentance. Who has not heard of his satire on Charles II.—

> "A merry monarch, scandalous and poor;"

of his satire on the Duchess of Portsmouth—

> "Unthinking Charles, ruled by unthinking thee;"

of his "Satires on Man and Marriage," his "Session of the Poets," and his "Poem upon Nothing?" His writings gratify the lewd and the irreligious, command admiration now, and now disgust—while his death-bed repentance, as described by Burnet, affords a pious comfort to its Christian reader.

For fifteen years, from 1665 to 1680, Lord Rochester was in the full blaze of his reputation. He was a beardless boy of twenty when the Dutch invaded Chatham, when the plague raged in London, and London was destroyed by fire. For five of these fifteen he was, as he told Bishop Burnet, "continually drunk;" in other words, that his blood was so inflamed that he was not, in all that time, cool enough to be perfectly master of himself.

He found a ready reception at court—his father's name was familiar, perhaps dear, to the king, and his own gallantry at sea had arrived before him at Whitehall. "He was," says Burnet, "a graceful and well-shaped person, tall and well made, if not a little too slender; he was exactly well-bred, and what by a modest behaviour natural to him, what by a civility become almost as natural, his conversation was both easy and obliging."

Dryden, in a dedication, commends Lord Rochester for "the decencies of behaviour." "This may seem," says Malone, "a very uncommon stretch of flattery; yet probably, in the ordinary intercourse of life, he was perfectly well-bred and polite." Pepys describes him as "an idle rogue;" Evelyn as "a very profane wit:" no two descriptions could distinguish better the characteristic excellencies of these two different but very entertaining diarists.

He is said when in the country to have led a quiet and secluded life; but when he came to Brentford, he has been heard to say, the Devil entered into him, and never left him till he returned once more to Adderbury or Woodstock. He had read a great deal, and must have read somewhere. His writings exhibit more familiarity with good books than the mere recollections of youthful reading, or the unwelcome exercises of a college life.

He at one time took Dryden by the hand, gave his comedy called "Marriage à la Mode" a lift at court, and acknowledged the dedication in a way becoming his rank, reputation and riches. But the restless Rochester soon grew weary of this one favourite. "Your lordship," says Dryden—

> "'Tis certainly mysterious that the name
> Of prophet and of poet is the same,"

"has but another step to make; and from the patron of wit you may become its tyrant, and oppress our little reputations with more ease than you now protect them." Upon this hint, Lord Rochester acted. He dethroned Dryden in the very same year, and exalted Settle, and his play called "The Empress of Morocco." Settle was soon exchanged for Crown; and Crown, in his turn, for Otway. He lent "Don Carlos" a lift—received the thanks of Otway in print, before the play; and accepted from the same poet, the dedication of his tragedy called "Titus and Berenice," in return, says Otway, "for the acknowledgments I owe you."

Poor Otway did not long retain his pre-eminent position. See how, in his "Session of the Poets," he falls foul of his friend the poet:—

"Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
And swears for heroics he writes best of any;
'Don Carlos' his pockets so amply had filled,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd."

This was in 1679; and in the same year, (December 18,) he hires "Black Will with a cudgel," to waylay Dryden, and lick the laureate for another's satire. Lord Mulgrave was the real offender; and Rose Street, Covent Garden, the scene of the poet's beating. Lord Mulgrave had described Lord Rochester as "a cringing coward,"—"a second Bessus,"—

"Mean in each action, lewd in every limb;"

as of infamous life—

"Spent in base injury and low submitting."

Nor did he allow his writings to escape—

"Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely hit,
'Tis under such a nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade.
Where one poor thought sometimes left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness to atone.
'Mongst forty bad one tolerable line
Without expression, fancy or design."

When challenged by Lord Mulgrave for some malicious saying repeated about publicly as his,—he denied the words, accepted the challenge, named his second, and chose to fight on horseback. This was a novel choice, but his appearance was still more novel. Instead of the second he had named, he brought a bully of a life-guardsman, whom nobody knew; and in place of fighting, he pleaded ill health. This ruined his previous well-earned reputation for courage.

But his great adventure occurred when in disgrace at court for the unpleasant effect of a bitter lampoon. He set up as a mountebank empyric, now at Tower Hill, now at Moorfields, telling fortunes, selling physic, consulting stars, revealing secrets, and fabricating scandal. His disguise and manner were both perfect. The fame of the new empyric spread from the City to St. James's; and the ladies of the Queen's bedchamber came in disguise to consult with the disguised lord of the King's bedchamber. This was the least offensive of all his follies.

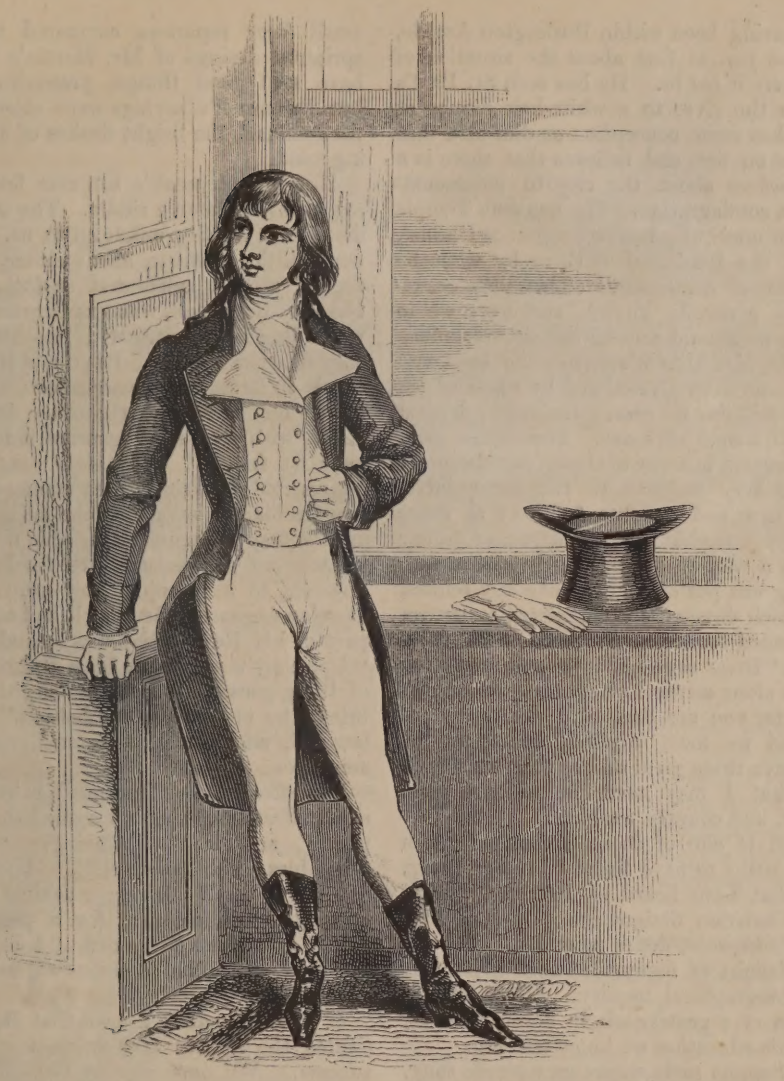
Lord Rochester never did half justice to his many natural qualifications for poetry and satire. He never gave full time to aught but immorality and intrigue.

His poems were thrown off at a heat, they bear no marks of labour or revision—off-hand compositions written and given way, scrawled loosely out, thrown aside or stolen, perhaps spoken off-hand, remembered and repeated. What he has left us is conceived and written in the full swing and vigour of wit and words. There is no beating about the bush, but he goes at once direct to the point. He seizes on obscene subjects, delights in obscene allusions, and distributes the filth of his invective with a regardless hand. He is not always, however, in this offensive vein; but forgets his Billingsgate and lay-stall allusions, and favour us with lines like these:—

"For who would not be weary of his life,
Who's lost his money or has got a wife.
. . . . . .
Love's cipher is not hard to understand.
. . . . . .
The wretch is married, and hath known the worst,
And his great blessing is he can't be cursed.
. . . . . .
No spleen or malice need on them be thrown;
Nature has done the business of lampoon.
. . . . . .
They can't be called so vile as they were born."

Two of his sayings call for further preservation. An author wishing to commend his tragedy, said it was written in three weeks. "How the devil," said Lord Rochester, "could he be so long about it?" He complained of Cowley's metaphysics; and said somewhat profanely, and perhaps unjustly of that delightful author, "Not being *of* God, he could not stand." For these two sayings we are indebted to Dryden.

He died in 1680, in his thirty-fourth year: Oldham supplying a poem on his death—Burnet recording his death-bed conversation—Parsons, a clergyman, preaching his funeral sermon—and hawkers crying penny books about the streets of his profane poems and more malicious libels. He was married to a melancholy heiress, by whom he had one child, a son, who died the year after his father.



Beau Brummell.

"It so happens that I happen to know," as Tom Hill used to say, whose language we beg to adopt on this occasion, commencing our present article with this particular piece of intelligence, that "it so happens that we happen to know" a thorough-bred specimen of the dandy-breed, quite a Beau Brummell in his way. This thing, for man it is not, seems to exist only from four in the afternoon till two next morning. He suffers himself to awake about three P.M., condescends to submit his chin to the keen-set razor of his valet—dabbles his hands in lukewarm water —washes more in extracts and essences than in father Thames—has his linen aired before a fire even in June and July—has his hair well brushed, well parted, and well supplied with the compositions and concoctions that crowd his dressing-room table—and wrapped in a new, light coloured dressing-gown, retires to an easy chair, where after his exertions he recruits his nerves with a cup of chocolate or cocoa. This seems to revive him—his valet may now be allowed to speak—to place the "Morning Post" before him, and bring in on a silver waiter (bought for this sole and especial purpose,) the cards and notes of invitation left that morning. Communications by post are generally thrown aside to be answered when more at leisure. He has weeded his friends down to a certain set, and is only anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of those who have a spare servant in livery ready at all times to carry notes and notelets. Letters he has none, and he prides himself not a little upon this peculiar feature in his correspondence. "What can people have to say upon paper," is his common remark, "beyond an invitation. I leave letters to literary men—to merchants who live through correspondents, and to mothers who have sons in India."

When this creature is after much mature consideration dressed, his appearance is that of a toy made by Messrs. Nugee, Ludlam, Hoby, and Lock, in other words, a piece of delicate machinery composed by a tailor, a hatter, a bootmaker, and a shirt and glove-maker. His great boast is that he is "the very thing"—"a correct cut man"—that "nothing is neglected"—that he is "one"—one of a few and *one* as a whole: what coin and print and book collectors designate *unique*. His range of locality is very small. He dangles about White's, and parades Pall Mall. If you encounter him in Piccadilly he will tell you that he has been calling in the Albany, and if you were to tax

him with ever having been within Burlington Arcade, he would question you at first about the situation of the place and where it *led* to. He has seen St. Paul's on his way down the river to a white-bait dinner at Blackwall. He has some conception or dim idea that London was once on fire, and believes that there is a monument *somewhere* about the city to commemorate so general a conflagration. He has *seen* Temple Bar, for he has an uncle who has an account at Childs', and was once at the Bank, taken there by what he calls "a Columbus of a cabman." This little occurrence is not very generally known, and were we to publish his name we should conceal the circumstance.

But to come to Mr. Martin's hero—the beau and the wit commemorated by Byron, and by some of his own sayings that will live for ever. He was in dress at once a puppy and a man of sense. Sometimes overdressed, that is, dressed in a way to attract extraordinary attention—a fate very common to the dandy-introducer of some new and peculiar fashion: at other times he would dress so plainly yet neatly, that no one was compelled as it were to observe the precision with which every thing was put on, or to make any remark upon the taste which directed and completed so perfect a piece of well-draped human composition. His great rule in dress was, "Dress so as not to be observed—the over-dressed man alone attracts attention—the quieter you look the better you are dressed." He was once heard saying, and we most cordially commend his judgment—"I have three great wishes connected with my wardrobe—that I may never be without good linen, plenty of it, and country washing."

Beau Brummell is one of those unfortunate men who would never seem to have had a Christian name. The thousands that have heard of Brummell know nothing of his Christian designation. His history, like the life of Shakspeare, defies detection. Yet his sayings are the delight of many who have a peculiar predilection for biographical inquiry. He is said to have been the son of a pastrycook in Jermyn Street, St. James's: of his education we know nothing.

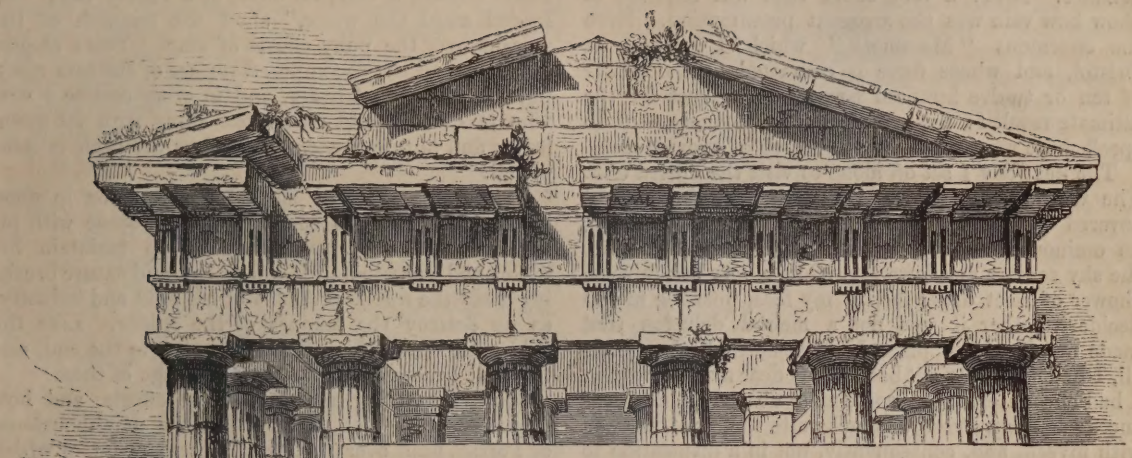
If the fame of Sappho rests secure on a single song, the name of Hamilton on a single speech, and if Dr. South said truly that a real good epigram was as difficult a piece of composition as an epic at full length—then Brummell should stand high in reputation, for he has five or six good sayings of his own, unsurpassed of their kind, and what is more, unborrowed and unsought for. Jesters by profession have left no such sayings behind them as Beau Brummell uttered heedlessly and cleverly. Will Somers and Tom Killigrew spoke small beer repartees compared to the clever and sprightly sayings of Mr. Martin's Beau. Other wits have said good things, premeditated one and all, but Brummell's sayings were uttered on the spur of the moment, the bright flashes of a happy and reflecting mind.

How a pastrycook's son ever found favour at Carlton House is to us a riddle. The story of Brummell's disgrace is equally unknown to us. We should have cared little, however, about either, were they unconnected with a celebrated saying of the illustrious Beau's. Brummell, when in disgrace at Carlton House, was riding in the park with another gentleman, when they met the Prince. His Royal Highness stopped to speak to Brummell's companion—the Beau continued to jog on—and when the other dandy rejoined him, asked, with an air of ignorant indifference, "Who is your fat friend?" The story went the round of the papers, and the Prince, even among his own associates, was familiarly known as "our fat friend!"

It is easy to suppose that this now memorable saying was not very palatable to the Prince. He is said, however, to have enjoyed an earlier specimen of the Beau's assurance. Brummell had taken offence at some part of his Royal Highness's conduct or demeanour. "Upon my word," said Beau Brummell, "if this kind of thing goes on, I shall be obliged to cut Wales, and bring the old king into fashion." Our fat friend laughed, and really, it is said, enjoyed the Beau's assurance.

The affectation of Brummell is quite unlike any one else's affectation—he says a good thing without namby pamby, and without mincing. "Do you ever eat vegetables, Mr. Brummell?" Hear his reply—"I *once* eat a *pea*." A beggar asking alms of the Beau, besought pertinaciously for a penny. "My good man," said Beau Brummell, "I do not know what a penny is—but if half a crown will assist you in getting it, here it is."

It is not generally known that Beau Brummell cultivated the lighter kind of poetry with considerable success. We once saw in Captain Jesse's hands a volume of his verse, a kind of album which he kept for the flights that pleased him of his own and of other muses. He had a good ear and a fertile fancy; but his verse lacks sadly the vigorous stamp of his inimitable sayings. He died at Rouen, in exile, in difficulties, and in debt. He kept his good humour to the last, and was joking the day before he died. "O rare Beau Brummell!"

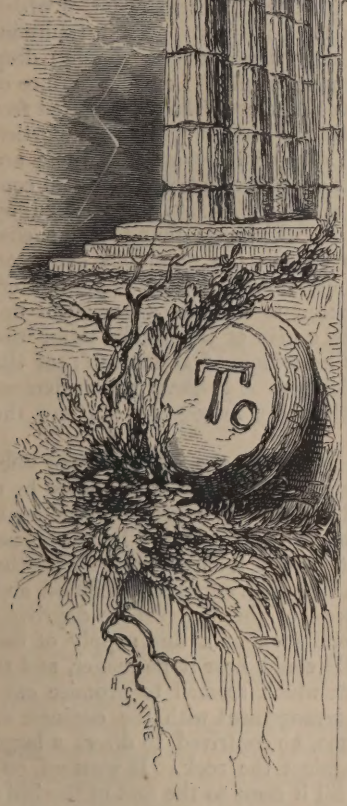


TRAVEL AND TALK

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

NAPLES.

RAILROADS—HERCULANEUM—LAVA STREAM—MIRACLE.



DAY Colonel M. called to propose an excursion to Herculaneum, and a picnic in Pompeii afterwards. To the latter place I was engaged with another party, so discussed only Herculaneum.

"*You* will hire the carriages?" said I.

"Oh dear no," he replied, "we all intend to go by the railroad."

"Heavens and earth, what an antithesis!—Herculaneum and the railroad!—why there will not be left a single poetical reminiscence undesecrated by modern inventions. Railroad to Herculaneum?—'*Il y a des mots,*' says Fontenelle, '*qui hurlent de surprise et d'effroi de se trouver ensemble,*' and these are among them."

"Nay," said M., "worse than that, they are making a railroad to Brundusium,—and I sincerely hope, that before you die you will see them spread over the whole earth: only think of the pleasure of passing through the Pampas of South America at the rate of forty miles an hour."

Having still some poetical feeling under the snows of age, on consideration, I made an excuse for declining to accompany them, and determined to visit the place alone and at leisure. It is only a quarter of an hour's ride, (said I to myself,) I *will* go by the railroad, and I will not have the examination interrupted by the necessity of accommodating my pace to the elastic rapidity of the young—*their* minds are happily too well satisfied with the present, to care for the past or the future.

"Non equidem invideo, miror magis."

In their turn, however, railroads will be objects for poetical meditation, when time shall have reconciled us to the novelty, and cylinders, valves, and rivets are no longer the predominant ideas in the mind; occupied at present in considering rather the mechanical skill than the stupendous result of it.

What, indeed, apart from such ideas, what can be more imposingly magnificent than the approach of a railroad train?—the mighty monster roaring, snorting, eating fire, and throwing out the smoke and the steam from his nostrils; threatening instant destruction to all that shall dare to oppose his progress. Look at these stupendous Frankensteins of human creation in the dusk of the evening, with their long unwieldy mass, looming vast in the distance, tearing past you with open fiery mouth, as if they despised and would devour the insignificant being who had formed them out of inert matter;—then the lightning rapidity of the rush, as they pass each other in the darkness, with a sound like that of the wings of the destroying angel,—all this requires only time to become a subject of the highest interest to some yet unknown poet, whose imagination shall make classical this sublimest of human inventions,—an invention which, more than any other, seems to trench on the prerogatives of Divinity.

Even the steamboat sinks in the comparison, because mighty as are its powers, the mind contrasts them with the still mightier power of the furious waves it is to encounter, over which man has no control. I remember that when I visited the ill-fated President steamship, the impression on my mind was that of the

triumph of man over the utmost efforts of the storm, and that such gigantic force might set Neptune at defiance. Alas! a very short time was required to show how vain was the arrogant presumption. Even the enormous "Mammoth," which I viewed at Bristol, and whose force is estimated as the power of ten or twelve hundred horses, must trust for the ultimate result to the combination of chances,—or to speak more reverently—to the mercy of Providence.

The next day I set off alone to visit the buried city. The weather was cheerless and gloomy, the ground covered with a sloppy mixture of something having an ominous resemblance to English snow and rain; the sky sombre and lowering, while a very unequivocal shower of sleet drove full in my face, puzzling me to decide whether it was not a mental delusion that made me fancy the place Naples, and whether, after all, I had not really got back to my dear native country. I had encountered, too, some most disagreeable annoyances and *contretems*, was not quite well, not pleased with myself, and, consequently, not in a disposition to be pleased with any thing else—a nice frame of mind for antiquarian researches under ground! I looked up at Vesuvius as we passed along, and he was covered with snow almost to his base; for, of course, it never rains on high mountains, and the heavy showers of yesterday and the day before had covered him with white like a twelfth-cake,—begging his pardon for so degrading a comparison,—but he is so tame and unpicturesque in his outline, looks so hard-hearted, so cold, so crude and uncordial in his aspect, that he scarcely deserves the decorum and respect of his visitors, unless when he gets up an exhibition, and shows that he really has bowels.

I had no sooner entered the caves of darkness, and looked round at the black and dreary vaults, wet and miserable, and the roof covered with dripping stalactites, than the spirit of procrastination whispered in my ear that it would be better to defer my visit to another occasion, when I should be in a frame of mind and body more adapted to the task, so I hastened to return to the regions of light, and hurried back again to Naples, sadly at a loss for somebody to quarrel with, and not even a domestic on whom to vent my ill-humour. I have called it *frame of mind*, but strictly speaking it is *frame of body*, and one of those paroxysms which are sooner cured by twenty grains of colchicum root, than twenty thousand of philosophy.

What a dreary object is a dead lava stream!—how different from the majestic river of fire, when it first issues from the crater, bearing down all opposition, and carrying along on its surface masses of rock which float like timber on water! The eruptions of 1834 and 1839 have left terrible marks of the devastation committed,—that of 1834 was a stream of about a mile and a half in width, and ran a course of six or seven miles, burying more than an hundred houses, vineyards, orchards, and corn fields; and leaving, when cold, a wasted and desolate country, looking as if it had undergone a direct infliction of the demon of destruction. Patches of islands remain, small and sparse, but unlike the islands in water, they are below the level of the surface instead of above it, by the whole depth of the molten lava. The terrible stream moves so stealthily on, that when it has cooled down so as to be incapable of melting the obstacles it encounters, it creeps slowly round them, and thus leaves little hollows of verdure, just to indicate the nature of the fertile fields it has destroyed;—a few dwarf shrubs, a vine, an olive, or a cherry tree, "islanded amid the waste," show the triumph of the volcano over the puny efforts of man. Years elapse, however, and the decomposed surface of the lava again puts on its verdant livery, and in every crevice a new vine takes root, and covers the ruins with its green leaves and purple clusters—and thus the cycle is completed.

It requires that the spectator should be in good health and spirits, to contemplate the scene with indifference—to see man struggling to maintain his power and perpetuate his influence; and nature brushing away the fragile products of his skill and industry, as we destroy the labours of the spider. Like the spider, he renews his efforts however to the end, and the next generation reaps the advantage of them.

How persevering have been these efforts, and how frequently destroyed, is shown in the neighbourhood of Portici, built over the buried Herculaneum, of which all records had been so entirely lost, even in tradition, that the town was only discovered in digging deep wells for water, when Emanuel of Lorraine, Prince of Elbœuf, built his mansion there. In the hundred feet of thickness beneath the orange groves of Portici, down to the buried city of Herculaneum, there are marks of at least six distinct eruptions, and with considerable intervals, since the strata are covered by veins of good soil in which are found land-shells. I will leave you to consult the numerous books on this subject for minute information, if you are interested in it, and proceed to describe a wonderful miracle related to me by a man of the middle class, who (I think) said that he witnessed it himself; of the reality of the miracle there is however ocular demonstration to satisfy the most incredulous; I saw the marks of it myself.

Not far from Vesuvius, on the south-eastern side, rises a small mountain, or high rock, surmounted by a monastery dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The devil, according to my informant (though how he got access to records of the fact, I am at a loss to conceive),—the devil had been for a long time extremely irritated and indignant at the success of these monks, in depriving his subterranean dominions of a due supply of immigrant sinners. He could bear it no longer, and at last devised a scheme which seemed to promise easy vengeance. By an arrangement with the engineer of the volcano, I presume, he contrived to direct a large stream of lava full against the rock. It went on, on, slowly and steadily, till it came to the foot of the hill; and then kept gradually mounting higher and higher. The devil meant that it should rise to the summit and overwhelm the monastery; but the monks brought out the image of the Virgin Mary, placed her in full view of the lava, showed her the danger, and intreated her assistance with bell, book, and candle. She took the matter in hand forthwith, set herself strenuously to work to cool the lava stream, by blowing on it with all her might, and indeed raised a violent wind to aid her efforts; this had the effect desired—the surface became congealed; and though it was pushed up higher and higher, like a successful demagogue, by *pressure from behind*, it never rose within an hundred and fifty feet of Our Lady's image.

The devil at last finding the case hopeless, slunk

away with his stream at the bottom on each side, and crept round the foot of the rock, joined them again a little further on, and then went headlong into the sea hissing hot; knocking down the houses of many of his most devoted friends and worshippers, right and left, as he went along—like a cowardly bully, who being unable to revenge himself on a powerful enemy, bestows his cuffs on the friends who stand in the way of his retreat.

It is now believed that he has given up the attempt in despair; and that this monastery, notwithstanding its vicinity to the volcano, is the safest place in which to take refuge at a future eruption. The Virgin Mary did not pass unrewarded; they made her a present of a new petticoat, and a pair of splendid point-lace ruffles, not merely as a reward for past services, but as an encouragement to future exertions. Many of the other Virgin Marys in the various churches of Naples have been more largely rewarded for slighter services; and it is seriously to be apprehended that jealousy may be excited. Should the monastery really be overwhelmed on some future occasion, it will be *proof* of it; and that, in her indignation, she leaves them to their fate.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS—NEAPOLITAN TROOPS—HABITS OF THE POPULACE.

This country is so fertile in historical recollections, in natural beauties, antiquities, and treasures of art, that I know not whether it gives me more pain or pleasure—pleasure from what I see, or pain from what I am compelled to relinquish. The time we shall stay here is so limited, that it requires some consideration to make a selection of objects most worthy to occupy the attention; if we become too diffuse in our researches, we shall put nothing into the brain with sufficient firmness to carry it away. As far as I can at present see my way, a month is the longest time that can be spared, and we should be exceedingly sorry to miss the Santa Semana (Passion Week) at Rome. It is curious to observe the indifference with which those who can come again whenever they please, regard objects of art and nature, which if they were doubtful on that point, they would examine with intense interest; yet if the thing afford pleasure from viewing, and be an agreeable object to lay up in the memory for recollection, one does not see why it should not be examined with attention at once, and put into its place for future reference.

The *slatternly* attention which some of the very wealthy bestow on objects of which they would, after all, be ashamed to be ignorant, is but poor evidence of a cultivated mind. A great number of these people seem to travel for the sole purpose of being able to *say* that they have been to the places; and not for any pleasure they receive from them. *Not to have been there* would imply that they were not rich enough to bear the expense—the most pungently offensive of all suppositions. I am frequently pointing out objects which have passed before the eyes of such persons, unnoticed after repeated visits; but which when once their attention is drawn to them, afford the highest gratification.

This is certainly the finest race of people I have ever seen. I do not even except the Greeks. There is a great disparity, however, in the good looks of men and women. Lady —— is quite angry that the greater beauty should be bestowed on the sex to which it is of least consequence; but is not this the case throughout nature? I cannot recollect an exception to the rule, that the male is the handsomer animal; —quadrupeds, birds, fishes, or insects; and certainly, Naples, as respects the human race, exhibits no exception. I speak of abstract beauty of form, and not of the beauty which is given for the attraction of the other sex. I scarcely have seen one beautiful woman here, but handsome men are innumerable. Among the lower classes, the excess of disparity may be accounted for by the fact, that, like all other imperfectly civilized nations, they lay all the burthen of laborious work on the women, who are thus spoiled at an early age; but this will not explain the fact among the upper classes, where the disparity is almost as great.

The general countenance of the men of the better classes is so entirely English in expression and features, and the occurrence of black hair is so rare, that I never can divest myself of the idea that I am talking to my countrymen. There is the same air of openness and candour, and of "devil-may-care," apparent indifference to the effect they are producing upon you. Whether it be nature's gift, or art carried to perfection to "*celare artem*," the *volto sciolto* is almost universal. This produces a very pleasing effect, and makes you feel intimate in a short time. Whether the "*pensieri stretti*" be as general, must be judged of by those who have had longer opportunities of knowing the race.

The troops are, without exception, the most splendid set of men I have ever seen. None but our very picked regiments could compete with them in personal appearance; they seem so well disciplined, and have so thoroughly martial an aspect, that I cannot believe but that they would fight well were they well commanded. The sarcasm of Murat is witty enough, but never could be applicable—"Now, my comrades, forget that you are Neapolitans." In fact, nations are by nature much more nearly on a par in personal courage than is generally supposed; and the same men will at one time show the grossest cowardice, and at another the highest courage, according to their discipline, their confidence in their leaders, and the nature of the quarrel in which they are engaged. Who would suppose, when he sees a mob of thirty or forty thousand English dispersed by a handful of dragoons—who would believe the very same individuals capable of the most heroic courage when persuaded of the goodness of their cause, and the courage and fidelity of their leaders? In the War of Independence, the Spanish troops behaved most wretchedly; in their own recent civil wars, they have shown the highest valour on both sides.

The youths of the lower classes here have almost universally that candid, ingenuous, open look, which every one admires, but which is by no means the stamp of the genuine qualities it would seem to indicate. Never was there a town in which the old adage of "*fronti nulla fides*," requires to be more generally borne in mind. The habit of giving way to every impulse, good or bad, without the slightest restraint, seems to be universal. Many of the impulses of the young, even when uneducated, are warm and generous; the countenance, on which the strong lines are not yet written, still retains the look of honesty, and has not assumed the fraudulent and cunning expression, which it will be sure to acquire at five and twenty. The mu-

tability, or rather flexibility, of the features among the young, gives great interest to the countenance with those who do not see them under the immediate influence of bad passions; and as the lower classes only come in contact with you under circumstances which make them desirous of pleasing, and of cultivating your favour, you, as a matter of course, generally see them in the most favourable aspect. Among the young Neapolitans, there is a laughing, Irish expression of ungovernable hilarity, which is very captivating. Before the age of thirty, however, the devil has written his name on the forehead, in characters so distinctly legible, that the dullest cannot be deceived. You look at them, and expect to find them liars and thieves, and most profligately debauched—and you will certainly not be disappointed. You will find them meanly subservient and crouching to their superiors; cowardly, vindictive, and treacherous with their equals. I give now, not the results of my own short experience, but the judgment of those who have known them long, and whose opportunities have been ample; and I form my own corroboration of the opinion from this source, and from the records of their courts of justice.

I have spoken of the readiness with which they give way to every impulse: the following is a fair sample. I was returning from a walk on the road to Puzzuoli—a road cut as a ledge on the high rocks of Pausilippo, which rise on the right hand of the bay as you stand with your back to the town; a low wall on the left defends the passengers from the precipitous descent to the sea. On the side of the road, backing up against the rock, was a row of cottages inhabited by the labouring class—but as no one uses his house for any purpose but to sleep in, all these people sat out of doors, occupied with their various work: wool-picking, spinning, mat-making, shoe-mending, cooking, straw-plaiting, rope-twisting, sawing wood, and an hundred other occupations, were all carrying on at the same time; so that, like a glass bee-hive, the whole economy of society was visible at a glance. An old woman sat at the door of her house spinning, and opposite to her, against the low wall, was a sturdy wench of five and twenty occupied in picking wool. Now be it known to you that every one at Naples, quite as a matter of course, whatever may be the nature of his employment, suspends his work mechanically and instinctively at the approach of a person decently dressed, and holds out his hand for alms. This is universal. I have sometimes said, "Oh shame, shame—you disgrace your country! The response, if translated into our English Doric, would be "Country be hanged! shame to yourself." The old woman held out her trembling hand with such difficulty, and asked for "Limosina, Signor," in so plaintive a tone, that although tolerably case-hardened to these appeals, I could not resist on this occasion, and gave her about fourpence in the copper coin of the country. Whether it was the magnitude of the donation, or jealousy of the old woman's superior attractions, my damsel on the other side, whose more urgent solicitations I had previously rejected, became at once indignant at my partiality. She began by murmuring her discontent—gradually got louder and louder—till like a lion lashing himself into fury with his tail, her own words seemed to act on her like a war trumpet—her face became convulsed with rage—she jumped across the road at a bound, seized the old woman and dashed her down on the ground with the apparent determination to beat her brains out. I, who had been amused with the woman's self-excited rage, and was leaning over the low wall pretending to be interested in the sea, was far from expecting the catastrophe—but as there were many of the half-naked lazzaroni standing about, concluded that some of them would interfere to prevent mischief. In this I was not mistaken—the woman had scarcely got her opponent on the ground, when a great monster of a Hercules stepped forward, seized one of the women in each hand, threw the assailant fairly across the road and very nearly over the precipice, but at the same moment cast the poor unoffending old woman an equal distance in an opposite direction, and then stalked majestically away—like a mastiff who has settled a quarrel between a couple of spaniels—apparently with entire confidence that there was no danger of a renewal of the affray. The younger woman, who had been rather stunned by the violence with which she had been thrown against the wall, just shook her clothes, resumed her seat and her wool-picking with the most perfect composure, and with a countenance as placid as if nothing had occurred, bawled across the road to the old woman, and in a perfectly amicable tone "hoped she was not hurt."

Here is another specimen of Neapolitan manners:—I this morning walked down to the port, to consult the commander of the French packet. The boatmen were all so deeply engaged listening to an improvisatore, who was spinning a long yarn of a fairy tale, on the Molo-Grande, that I found only one actually in his boat ready for service, and he was fast asleep in the sun. I stirred him up with my cane, and desired to know how much he would demand for taking me on board, waiting half an hour, and bringing me back again.

"Whatever you please, 'Celenza."

"But I must know the sum beforehand."

"Whatever your excellency thinks proper to bestow," said he.

"But my excellency," said I, "does not choose to go without a bargain."

"It is impossible to make a bargain with a gentleman like your excellency. I shall be satisfied with anything."

"Very well," said I; "then I shall give you a grano," a small copper coin.

"Ebbene, Signor," rejoined he, grinning from ear to ear, and showing a set of teeth that would tempt a dentist to get him assassinated. "If it consists with your excellency's dignity to pay me in that manner, *I*, for my part, shall be satisfied with the honour of carrying you."

Of course, after such a reply, you are at his mercy. These fellows laugh in your face with such an air of merry good humour, that if you have ever so much reason to be angry, it is impossible to retain a stern expression of countenance.

GARDENS OF THE CHIAJA—CAVES OF COUNT ROCCA ROMANA.

Took a walk to-day through the beautiful gardens of the Chiaja—an old word signifying *Strand*. These gardens run along the front of the town next the sea, and are flanked by a row of very high houses, hotels, and palazzi, the whole distance. Between these and

the gardens is a very broad pavement of large blocks of lava, made as smooth as the finest piece of foot pavement in London. How the horses keep their feet, surprises me; for there is nothing to catch against, and their only power of traction must be their weight. All the streets, indeed, are paved in the same manner; and as they are most of them steep, it is the more surprising. Between the pavement and the railing which encloses the gardens, there is a gravel path of considerable width, slightly raised, which looks like a footpath, but which is really intended for horsemen; and accordingly, at the proper hour of the day, is covered with ladies and cavaliers, galloping with fury. Should an unlucky pedestrian intrude on the path and meet with an accident, he has no redress.

The gardens which are called Villa Reale, are about half a mile in length, defended from the sea by a low wall, over which the waves sometimes pass. Down the centre leads a broad walk, flanked at intervals with fine statues and flower-beds, in which I now (January 14,) observe in blossom the hepatica, mezereon, tulips, anemonies, violets, camellias, jessamines, and large yellow roses; but these last, I suspect, are in pots sunk in the earth. Although the limes and acacias are bare, there is such a profusion of evergreens, arbutus, laurestinus, ilex and olives, that it looks altogether very "summery" and cheerful. We were glad to get under the shelter of these, to protect us from the powerful sun.

Passing through these gardens, you come out on a prolongation of the beach, occupied as drying grounds for washerwomen, and as lounging places for the half naked lazzaroni. There are amongst them, notwithstanding their lives of exposure and hardship, some of the finest figures I have ever seen. Their lower limbs, naked from the middle of the thigh, show muscles that Hercules might have envied; and the young have that open, candid, and ingenuous expression, which I have before spoken of. They were lying about in the sun on the beach, among the beautiful bushes of coronella (now in full blossom), playing at morro,—the well known game of putting up the fingers suddenly, while the adversary calls out the number. I cannot comprehend the game; for one man utters the words "uno, due, cinque," &c., apparently at the very instant that the other is opening his hand, and before he can possibly know the number of fingers that he is going to hold up. Quickness of eye, and quickness of utterance, seem capable of indefinite cultivation; for it appears that some men do really acquire the power of always winning at this strange game. It is pursued with a passion that seems to produce a complete absorption of every faculty in the interest of the moment. It was a significant saying among the Romans, to designate an honest man:—"He is a man with whom you can play at morro in the dark." Meaning that you might depend on his assertion as to the number of fingers he held up, though you could not see them.

Passing on, we come to the Grotto of Pausilipo—a high-arched road through the mountain, which all the world has heard of—and of such vast antiquity, that its origin is entirely lost, the oldest records speaking of it as of unknown date. In the present day, when these kind of wonders have been rendered common by railways, we think but little of a passage of more than half a mile, fifty or sixty feet high in the centre, and nearly an hundred at each end, for the sake of admitting light. It implies, however, not merely a great degree of skill in its formation, but a very dense and civilized population on both sides, to render the communication necessary, and to defray the enormous expense of making it; and, accordingly, we find on the other side of the mountain the imperfect remains of a gigantic town. A funeral procession was advancing through the grotto—the attendants covered with a black veil, with holes for the eyes, forming as ghastly a spectacle as can be conceived. Their rude chaunt, and the glitter of the torches, increased the effect of this vast cavern. On looking up, just before entering the grotto, there was pointed out to me the tomb of Virgil, high up on the left, higher than the top of the arch. It is one of the few remains of antiquity whose authenticity is rarely doubted; and if Virgil could have selected the spot, it is just what he would have chosen.

Coming back out of the grotto, we passed along the road, cut like a shelf in the rock, at the height of about two hundred feet from the sea, which lies below, on the left. The mountain above is terraced, and covered with very fine country-houses, many of which appear perfectly inaccessible. On the left of the road, you look down on the dilapidated remains of some formidable castles, now turned into habitations for the poor. The same situations in England would imply great danger, as they would soon be undermined by the tide; but here the tide is not to be feared, and they build down into the water. The tuff rock seems to withstand the action of the air, and its crevices support considerable quantities of flowering shrubs.

One of the mansions, high up the rock, belongs to the Count Rocca Romana; and on the broken mass of tuff, which extends from the road down to the sea opposite to his dwelling, he has built a fantastic little house, of which the rooms are filled with stuffed birds, quadrupeds, fishes, &c., forming a very decent museum. Down below this he has formed a winding walk, with little bridges over the chasms, and has filled every crevice which would hold earth, and every little bit of level surface, with oranges, lemons, cedrat, roses, myrtles, magnolias, jessamines, metrosydnos, and an infinite variety of geraniums; all now in blossom, or loaded with fruit. Your path is apparently perilous, but perfectly safe; and when you arrive at the level of the sea, you enter into some lofty caverns, quite light, and of which the bottom is covered with shallow ponds communicating with the sea, but separated by a grating which allows a free change of water.

In these ponds are contained a great variety of fishes —our guide said *every* variety known in the Mediterranean—but this is improbable. One of these fishes was so exceedingly beautiful, that I must attempt to describe it. It is one of the trigla (I believe)—a long, rounded fish, like a thick, short eel flattened, and of a dull, mud colour. When disturbed by a long pole with which you are furnished, he puts forth on each side a fan-like fin, as large as a sheet of writing paper, of the most exquisite colours in nature—yellow, green, and black spots—vivid, black spots, surrounded by a circle of scarlet and white—sky-blue, and all the colours of the rainbow. The view of his beauties is, however, very transient, for he seems fatigued by keeping his fans open, and instantly folds them up

when you cease to teaze him with your pole. He swims equally well with or without his fans, and even with great rapidity, by means of his two small pairs of lateral fins, and his tail.

Count Rocca Romana's museum and fish caves are a very great attraction to the visitors at Naples. The money he has laid out is well bestowed, and there is nothing selfish in his pleasures, for he permits every one to visit this interesting mass of ornamented rocks, without even the formality of asking permission.

POMPEII—SALERNO—PÆSTUM.

Having hired horses for two days, we set off to visit Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Pæstum. Accident delaying us on the road, we determined to give up the first object, and reserve it to another occasion, and hastened on to the second, at which we arrived at the distance of about fifteen miles.

The buried city of my imagination was a much more magnificent place than that which presented itself to my eyes. We turn out of the high road to the left, and through a common gate enter the street of tombs, forming the original principal entrance to the town. On each side are the monuments to the dead, and in wonderful preservation. Some one remarks, that Herculaneum and Pompeii have been "potted for the use of antiquarians"—the expression is happily chosen to signify the complete preservation of these remains of antiquity, by the deep bed of ashes in which they have been enveloped for eighteen centuries. Some of the marble tombs are nearly as perfect as when executed, and a beautiful winged sphinx—a combination of the woman and the panther—was as white and as complete as when turned out of the hands of the sculptor. The exquisite grace of this figure far surpassed any similar work of art I have seen. It was another proof (if proof were needed) that man invents nothing beautiful in form, he can only combine the qualities and shapes of various natural objects to make a new one. Every fantastic form of man's imagination is a reminiscence of flower, fruit, leaf, part of a living creature, or some object which exists in nature; and if he diverges from these, he no longer pleases.

I was disappointed in the magnitude of the buildings, which are all of very humble dimensions. The height of very few can have been more than thirty or forty feet, and the great majority much lower, so that they are not so lofty as the houses in one of the humbler streets of London. The first impression is certainly that of disappointment. I remember having looked with longing eyes on the engravings in Sir William Gill's celebrated work, in which he has rarely introduced a human figure to form a measure of altitude. In looking at those representations of the temples and mansions, I used to fancy myself walking therein and casting my eyes up to the lofty ceiling. Alas! the reality takes down this estimate sadly,—with a moderate walking stick one might have reached the ceiling of almost any room in Pompeii, and the very best of them would cut but a poor figure in presence of the drawing-rooms of Harley Street or Portland Place.

On observing the extremely petty proportions of the houses of the citizens in general, it would seem that they could have been used only to eat and sleep in, and the main portion of the time of the inhabitants must have been passed in the forum or public buildings. With the exception of a few of the houses of what may be termed the nobility, they are not so large as the little cottages in the suburban streets of London, which let at 15*l.* or 20*l.* a-year. Each house has generally a garden; I measured several—they were from twelve to twenty feet square, and in the veriest cockney style of the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields in the City Road. There was generally a little arbour lined with little cockle shells, and little bits of spar; a little fountain, which would pass through a goose-quill, running down little steps into a little pond; a little walk round it; a little bench round the outside; a few attempts at coarse mosaic on the walls, and a border, a foot or eighteen inches wide, for flowers and trees; and all this in the space of a small room. The light must have been very intense to permit anything to grow in so confined a space.

As we passed on, numerous frescoes on the walls in the better kind of houses, although dilapidated and mutilated by exposure to the air, as well as by the accidents necessarily taking place during the progress of the excavations, indicated a proficiency in the art of painting which I was not prepared to expect. In spite of the numerous views which had come under my notice, I could not divest myself of the idea that the author had in some measure falsified his representations, and a vague belief possessed me, that if I should ever see them, they would turn out something like the Egyptian monstrosities. What was my surprise, then, to see a style of painting as high in art as anything that can be accomplished in the present day; the drawing, colouring, and composition such as would do no discredit to our best artists!

The numerous guides appointed by the government accompanied us very closely, to prevent the exercise of the common curiosity possessed by those whose eyes are at the ends of their fingers, and who require the combination of two senses to enable them to examine any thing. One of these guides asked me if I wished to see the things—"che non si mostrano alle donne,"—and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to a man who was following for that purpose. Stopping a little behind the party, which comprised several ladies, I was shown a variety of paintings of the most voluptuous description, each enclosed by doors forming a sort of shallow cupboard against the walls—unless thus covered one could not accompany ladies round the ruins. I had heard much of these things, and found that they had been grossly exaggerated in the description. Were London to be suddenly buried in the same manner, and discovered before existing pictures were destroyed, I doubt if it would not furnish much more numerous and more unseemly examples of depraved taste in proportion to its size. It would be curious to examine the private receptacles of men like George the Fourth, the late Marquis of Hertford, and thousands of similar voluptuaries.

One magnificent mosaic, representing a battle, forms the floor of a bath. In colouring, drawing, and expression, it could not be exceeded by a painting of Rubens. It is of great size; the recess in which it lies is surrounded by a railing, and you are not permitted to descend. Sir Robert Stopford has a very fine copy of it.

Our dinner was spread in the house of Panza, but none of the party were inclined to indulge in poetical imaginings—most of them seemed to visit the place

for the purpose of enabling them *to say that they had been there*—and as soon as dinner was over I left them and took a short ramble alone, or at least with my guide only. Gradually my mind assumed the tone of feeling in which alone it is proper to visit a place like this—the banter and badinage of society are rather out of harmony with antiquarian researches. Being now no longer interrupted by the chat of fashion, I was enabled to make to myself an image of the mode of life of the ancient inhabitants of this strange city, of which only about an eighth part has yet been excavated. When once I had laid down the reins on the neck of imagination, and began to recollect all that I had formerly read on the subject, the scene excited a powerful interest; the well-worn ruts in the street—the marks of the wheels on the edge of the highly raised side paths—the stepping stones to enable you to cross from side to side, so placed as to pass between the track of the horse and the wheels, and an hundred other little traces of human existence—but above all the "Beware the dog" (Cave canem) on the wall at the bottom of a gateway, so as to be seen from the street, gave a vivid vitality to the scene which was quite startling. The river Sarno in a stone canal runs under the whole of the town, where it has pursued its noiseless course, utterly forgotten and unknown by the whole human race for so many centuries. To *feel* Pompeii one must walk through its deserted streets *alone*—when the silence of desolation makes itself perceived in all its intensity. How much of interest, how many strange histories lie buried beneath the yet unexplored soil of this great city, of which so small a portion has been opened to the curious! As I traversed the upper ground still undisturbed, bearing its yearly fruits, and cultivated by peasants ignorant and regardless of the wonders beneath their feet, my mind swelled with conceptions of the thousand secret things that will be brought to light on this spot, when I myself shall be changed into senseless earth like that I tread upon.

A single gigantic aloe in blossom, on a mound of ashes above the buried city—stands—the chronometer of nature, and marks another century of oblivion since the awful doom.

The oblivious fate of Pompeii can never be the lot of any of our present towns, because the invention of printing must for ever preserve its records.

Salerno.—From Pompeii, we came on to this place last night; and before retiring to rest, I put down the preceding description of my visit. In our road hither, we passed the very curious town of La Cava; the houses are built on arches, so thick and heavy that persons walking under them would be safe, were the city sustaining a bombardment. There is barely room for the small carts of the district to pass along the narrow street. One of our carriages was wide, and almost touched the arcades on both sides of the street. The houses are very high and built of stone, and the whole has a most gloomy appearance. Our course was still further impeded by myriads of fat pigs, of the finest breed I have ever seen, which occupied the street, travelling from the oak forests of Calabria, whose rich and sweet acorns of the evergreen oak had given them their splendid *embonpoint*. They would have cut a very respectable figure at a London cattle show. They are fed in the mountain forests from Potenza down to Cape Spartivento, and come up to Naples, and the whole upper part of Italy.

The road down to this place was covered with them; and Salerno itself does not admit of space for a horse to go through the streets uninterrupted. It seemed as if all the pigs of Europe were holding a congress.

The view from my window is superb. The long and steep promontory of Sorrento forms the right hand of this most lovely bay; and the town of Amalfi, with Vitri and Soma (small villages), are built on seemingly inaccessible rocks. In many places, the line of the walls of a house is continued some hundred feet perpendicularly down to the sea. It would seem dangerous to let a child approach a window; nevertheless, it can make little difference whether we fall fifty feet or five hundred—either is sufficient. It was at Amalfi that the famous Pandects of Justinian were found, which are now in the Ambrosian Library at Florence.

We slept here last night; and though it is January, I did not observe that my large window was wide open, till daylight showed me an immense orange tree loaded with fruit, pushing its branches actually into the room.

This very venerable and interesting old town is the most ancient university of Italy, said to have been originally founded by the Saracens. It contains only eleven or twelve thousand inhabitants; while La Cava, which we passed through yesterday, and which does not look half the size, holds twenty thousand; how they can be packed in the space surprises me.

Long before daylight this morning we set off to Pæstum, and arrived at about half-past 8. I noticed, as we slowly climbed the mountains, another road bounded on each side by a very substantial wall, low down, and parallel with that we were pursuing. On asking the reason of this, I learnt that the lower road was for the mountain torrent, which comes down with a velocity that sweeps every thing before it. Such a vast mass of broken stone is borne down to the sea at every storm, and even at every shower, that in time the Appenines themselves must be levelled. This may seem a strange assertion, but it is an inevitable result of the rapid disintegration, or as the modern term is, degradation, which is taking place throughout Italy—making deltas at the mouth of every river, and raising their beds (which the inhabitants are compelled to *keep in* with banks) thirty, forty, or even fifty feet above the level of the surrounding country; so that by these geological changes these mountainous districts will gradually resemble Holland. This will take a long time, as compared with the life of a man or of a nation, but what is it to the life of the world?

I was much interested in the three temples of Pæstum—the oldest specimens of Grecian architecture in the world; their state of preservation is wonderful. They were visited by Cæsar Augustus as ruins of unknown antiquity; and they have lasted so long, that there seems no reason why they should not stand eight or ten thousand years longer. It is curious to observe, that the stone which has thus resisted the effects of time and weather, is composed of small twigs, buds, shells, leaves, and a hundred other things fossilized. It is very light and porous, and when you examine its structure, seems as if half a century of exposure would reduce it to powder; but there these great monuments stand, unchanged and unchangeable, to look down upon succeeding tourists, perhaps to occupy

once more the centre of some vast city, when London shall be a ruin.

Our breakfast was spread on a truncated column, and we drank Guinness's stout and Barclay and Perkin's porter in a place where I dare say those celebrated brewers never expected the products of their skill to occupy the attention of their countrymen. This beverage, by the by, is now to be met every where, and is enjoyed at three francs per bottle where excellent wine can be bought for three pence. None but those who have been where porter cannot be obtained, can conceive the intensity of the desire for malt liquor, or the full meaning of the verb *to long*.

The morning was raw and chilly, and the exhalations from the swampy ground produced a sort of faint sickness. The little children who came about us looked squalid, dropsical, and ghastly; cold as it was, some of them had no other article of clothing but a shirt. They were all importunate for alms. The adults looked half starved, less than half clothed, and through incessant agues stupified and idiotic. The peasant, who acted as cicerone, could explain nothing, and seemed scarcely half alive; yet our courier said, that on the man's first arrival at this place, two years ago, he (the courier) had been here with a family, and found him remarkably quick and intelligent. It was a miserable scene of desolation—the very Ultima Thule of humanity. We purchased a few coins and some beautiful heads of terra cotta, which these poor wretches sometimes find in digging. The only water they have is from the neighbouring river, which, they told me, has the quality of petrifying every thing that is placed in it.

We hastened back to Salerno, satisfied to have seen these famous temples, but glad to escape from a scene of cold and cheerless poverty, sickness, and misery, which we could not alleviate. I have seen a good deal of Essex, and of Lincolnshire, but the worst spot in those counties is nothing like Pæstum for pestilence. It is as bad as the Deltas of the Niger.

The day following my visit to Pæstum, I found, after a very disturbed night, that my face was covered over with blotches; my hands, and every uncovered part of the body, were similarly disfigured. Some called them mosquito bites; some said it was a common eruption, to which visitors were subject; others attributed it to improper food. I consulted doctors; for although the malady was not painful, it was most annoying, as I was rendered quite unfit to present myself in company, —the eruption exactly resembling that on the face of an habitual drunkard. After listening to a great many contradictory explanations, I, like most persons who take advice, followed my own. They were really mosquito bites—although I slept in the same room, and the same bed, in which for a fortnight past I had escaped with impunity. The fact was, that the slight indisposition produced by the visit to Pæstum had rendered me more acceptable to the mosquitoes. I was just cooked to their taste, and they accordingly made a hearty meal. They were indeed thoroughly welcome to as much of my blood as they pleased, had they been satisfied with that; but they left their own venom in lieu of it, which was ingratitude. They *might* have been satisfied with the theft. Perhaps had they been able to argue the matter, they would have pleaded the example of the milk-women and publicans in England, who give half a pint of genuine fluid for a pint, but honestly make up the quantity they have abstracted by a compound of their own.

This is one among many proofs that we are, from time to time, even when not really ill, in a state of blood which renders a slight injury important. If no accident arrive during this period, it passes off without our cognizance; but the mine is charged—the train is laid, and the slightest spark produces an explosion. It is thus we occasionally see death from the prick of a needle, or a pin—an indiscretion in diet—a cold taken by a slight shower—or fifty things to which we had often previously been exposed with impunity.

CARACCIOLI—NELSON—LADY HAMILTON—BUONAPARTE.

In looking at the Castello d'Ovo, and calling to mind the events connected with it, one cannot but feel a blush of shame at the prostitution of English character of which it was the scene.

So entirely is the public mind engrossed in the present day with the feelings and the interests of the moment—so rapid the progress of transition, so general the oblivion of even recent history, and so absolute the devotion to the selfish *present*, to the exclusion of all consideration of the vast stores of knowledge laid by for our use by our ancestors, that in every department, except positive science, one may put forth the sentiments of a writer of the last century as our own, with scarcely the risk of detection. This is still more universally true with respect to such portions of history as either hurt our prejudices, or humiliate our national feelings. We have not yet perhaps acquired the perfection of remembering only what is glorious, and discarding from the mind all recollection of reverses, but we are going rapidly towards that happy result. We speak for example of the glories of Nelson, but no one mentions the atrocious act of which this lovely bay was the scene—an act so intensely wicked and cruel as to throw a bloody stain on his laurels, and which ought to be held in everlasting odium as a warning to all future conquerors. Glorious deeds of arms cannot cancel deeds of wanton cruelty, and in the interests of humanity, we should perpetuate indignation and scorn, to deter from a repetition of such atrocities.

The venerable Caraccioli, who had taken up arms against his government merely to guide and control a popular movement, and from motives of patriotism the most exalted, surrendered to the British forces under a solemn capitulation, wherein the faith of our nation pledged to him and his followers entire impunity, with liberty to go to whatever part of the world he might select. Lord Nelson not only broke the treaty in the most shameless manner at the instigation of his paramour, but hurried on a mock trial and execution with a brutal defiance of humanity and decency which has no parallel but one—the assassination of the Duke of Enghien.

Caraccioli was seized at nine o'clock in the morning—tried at ten o'clock without being allowed any time to prepare his defence—condemned at twelve, and hanged at five—in defiance of all forms of judicial proceeding —tried on board an English ship, by Neapolitan officers, and hanged on board one of his own nation, the Minerva frigate.

In vain did he petition for a new trial, and offer to show that the president of the commission which had

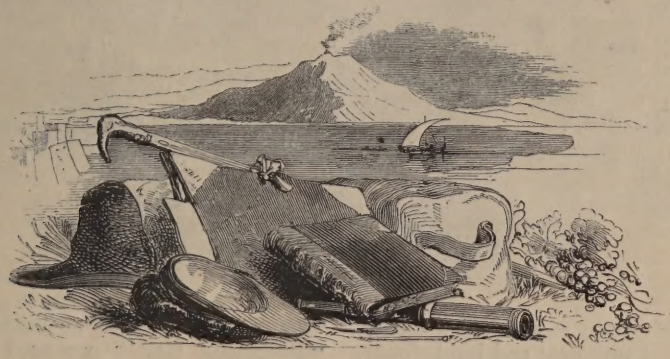
condemned him was his bitter personal enemy—to prove that he had only taken up arms on compulsion. Finding Lord Nelson inflexible, he entreated that he might be spared the disgrace of hanging, and die the death of a soldier—nothing could bend the stern malignancy of the admiral and his paramour. When even he humiliated himself to ask for mercy at the hands of the woman who was then urging her infatuated keeper to disgrace himself and his nation, she would not be seen, and only showed herself shamelessly at his execution. To the entreaties of Lieutenant Parkinson, Lord Nelson only replied, "Go and do your duty, Sir,"—and thus was this atrocious assassination perpetrated—this stigma on the British name!

Had it been the lot of Nelson, as of Buonaparte, to descend from his throne of victory, how different would have been the estimate of his character! In strict justice both these men ought to have been put to death exactly in the same manner, and under the same circumstances, as their victims.

Lady Hamilton was a foundling. I knew her very well, and might have been more intimate; but there was blood upon her hands, and I loathed her. Yet she was a fascinating courtezan; and when I saw her moving with such grace and elegance, speaking with a melody equalled only by that of Mrs. Jordan, I could scarcely believe it to be the same woman I had known a nursemaid in the family of Alderman Boydell. Mrs. Gibson of Tooting, his daughter, the wife of Mr. Gibson, the great army saddler (uncle of the present), was the child entrusted to her care. Lady Hamilton made many attempts to induce her to accept presents, but she with proper spirit rejected them all. She was a woman of sense and sound judgment, and a thorough gentlewoman; and had the elevation of Lady Hamilton been honourable, would have rejoiced in her society; but she would not permit intercourse with such a woman, nor accept presents from such hands.

If any one wish to investigate the shameful details of this humiliating affair, let him consult the writings of Botta, Sir Edward Foote, Coletta, and Cuoco.

He who has the means of directing even the smallest stream of public indignation to the bad actions of great men, neglects his duty if he does not make use of his power. With men so avid of glory, no other fear is capable of turning aside their bad resolves, but that of losing the stake they are playing for.



TO CHARLES DICKENS,

ON HIS "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

Honour to Genius! when its lofty speech
Stirs through the soul, and wakes its echoing strings:
But honour tenfold! when its day-words reach
The selfish heart, and there let loose the springs
Of pity, gushing blood-warm from a breach
Rent in its close-bound, stony coverings.
Yea! tenfold honour, and the love of men,
The kind, the good, attend on Genius then,
And bless and sanctify those words divine.
Such words, Charles Dickens, truly have been thine;
And thou hast earn'd true glory with all love:
Long may the torch of Christmas gladly shine
Upon thy home, while voices from above
Music thy Carol, and again impart
Mirth and good tidings to the poor man's heart.

W. W. G.

SONNET.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

Uncounted hours are shrined in numbered years,
That wove their fame of days that are forgot!
One hour may wing away man's happiest lot—
Leave weary moments meted out by tears—
One hour may bring the smiles that banish fears—
With sweet hope brighten a death-haunted spot!
Yet, whelmed in years, the hours are heeded not:
Or memory on days her temple rears!

Remembrance has vague dreams in long gone hours:
The waking years are hours laid asleep:
Griefs pass like storms—joys bloom and fade like flowers:
'Tis not for years, but hours, we smile or weep:
Gems in Time's golden circlet, they are ours;
Yet what a careless count of them we keep!

C. H. W.

With such a background—a sky so wild and wrathful, broken into fiery masses of turbulent and lurid clouds, that change and waver, gloom and glow as though they shone with some huge conflagration's fearful blaze—this most mis-shapen pile (that ever we should call it so!) puts on a look so foreign to its homely, every-day aspect, that we scan our old acquaintance's familiar face (now darkened by the deepening gloom of evening) with somewhat of a sceptic's eye; leaning, with facile pliancy, to the belief that some bewildering, tricksy spirit has been here, and wrought a metamorphosis with mischievous intent to puzzle such poor wights as we, who needs must wander forth, a full hour after sun-down, to chirrup cheerily with ancient cronies, at the hearthstone endeared to us by many and many a well-remembered merry-making, "long, long ago." Yet there are the tower-like stacks of chimneys, and there the little turret with its bell-less cupola, and there the uneven outline of the rugged roof, and there the jutting profile of a dormer-window, the circular and massive pigeon-house, the clustering stacks, the orchard trees, and every stable, barn, and shed,—standing out in bold, black, clear relief against that fiery and tumultuous sky, and forming in their combination as sweet a picture, reader, as you or we could wish to look upon. We have a hearty liking for this odd, old, rambling, overgrown farm-house—a partiality that has grown and thriven with our strengthening intimacy with its inmates. "Bachelors' Hall!" we used to call it. Marry, it must change its appellation now. To think that ever such a fine, frank, free-hearted bachelor, as this our ancient comrade was, should forsake his boon companions, renounce old habits, and become—a married man. We scarcely can forgive so serious a secession from the little knot of which he was the head and front, wherein he was supreme, a deipnosophist of the first and finest water. He, too, that railed with such exceeding mirthfulness against "those tame, life-lacking animals, called husbands;" and now this valorous bachelor, this village Alcides, hath found an Omphale to bring him to her feet. Well-a-day, ere long we shall mistrust the permanency and firmness of our own most settled prejudices and prepossessions.

Yet must we own, if ever bachelor had cause to point with pride to her who won him from his celibate, Frank Harper had. Nor marvel we that he is now a happier as well as prouder man than in those boisterous times, which latterly have merged in calmer, wiser days. Lizzy Field (we cannot for the life of us forget her maiden name), when first we knew her, was mistress of a village school—her cottage nestling within a little elbow of the valley, that following the sinuous wanderings of the *Rib*, winds eastward from the church at Thundridge to the Angler's Haunt at Latchford. It was a leafy corner, a sort

of lonely hollow in the world's huge hedge-row, just meet for such a violet to blossom in.

An orphan, and a poor one—those with whom community of poverty had placed her on a level, pitied, while the wealthier of her neighbours befriended her. They raised a fund to educate the daughters of their needy tenants—the labourers whose cottages peep out from trim and well-kept gardens, bordering the hollow lanes, or crown the more obtrusive knolls which skirt the valley, and at intervals appear to break its winding course—and gave to Lizzy the control of these young sun-browned damsels. And, by the way, it was amazing to observe how great an interest the brothers of the patronesses forthwith took in all that related to the management of this said school, how perseveringly they would persist in escorting their sisters to the cottage, and how repeatedly it happened that these fair relatives felt called upon to chide them for the earnestness with which, when there, they bent their eyes upon its pretty mistress; so that the colour came and went, mantling and melting away beneath her pure transparent skin, as rapidly as a young bird's heart would beat beneath the boyish grasp of its delighted captor. Yet Lizzy never dreamt that there was aught of such marked note and excellency in those small features, that petite oval face, and those soft hazel eyes, as made the village schoolmistress a standing toast with many a farmer's son; nor nourished in her mind a solitary fancy that the most uncharitable could torture into an imputation of vanity. Had it been so, perhaps, she would have taught her tongue reserve, imposed restraint upon a manner naturally joyous-hearted, unsuspecting, and ingenuous—become a miser of her smiles, and tempered the winning sparkle of her eyes with a less vivacious fire. Unconsciously the pretty mistress of the Thundridge School made woful havoc with more hearts, and turned more heads than we have patience to enumerate. Dazzled with a face which he had seen less frequently than heard of, our bachelor himself felt the icy envelope of unconcern, wherewith his heart had previously been crusted, melt gradually away beneath the sunshine which came beaming from the face of Lizzy Field. Then, too, his bachelor acquaintance, from time to time, were marrying around him. His bachelor parties were proportionably falling off. He saw likenesses in little of those whilome single gentlemen springing up to make their whilome solitary hearthstones glad. Moreover, winter was at hand. Its long evenings would be sometimes lonely ones. His housekeeper was growing old and deaf, and inactive withal. The roomy house appeared *so* void, and even the snuggery which he had fitted up with such especial care and nicety *might*, nay, surely *would*, be far more lightsome, ay, and pleasanter withal, if a young and pretty mistress were received within its walls. Was Frank Harper in love with our rustic beauty? Undoubtedly; he was received, accepted, and by consent of village rumour, unanimously acknowledged to be the chosen suitor. Would the owner of broad acres confer his name upon the poor schoolmistress? This latter was a question rumour would not take upon itself to answer, but met it ever with a look of wondrous gravity, shrugging its shoulders with a solemn "*hem!*" as though it owned a secret which it did not care to publish. Whether this ambiguity was justifiable will presently be learnt.

One evening, flushed with wine, and fresh from the raillery of some who simply ridiculed, and some who really envied him, Frank paid a promised visit to the cottage, and—we marvel at him. It must have been the wine, and not the man that spake. We will not wrong him by the hint of a belief that sober manhood could have so forgotten itself. Had he not sisters? Were *they* not likewise orphans? Could hot and heady passion whelm totally in oblivion a brother's feelings? In charity we let his words pass by, and find no record. Suffice it, that the quick and apprehensive spirit of the woman caught at the hidden meaning which he lacked the daring, the effrontery explicitly to avow. Her eyes were lightning—her mind a crowd of startled and indignant feelings, finding imperfect vent in a torrent of impetuous reproach—her heart the hot arena of a fierce and bitter strife 'twixt love and hate, contempt and pity, sorrow and surprise. To find that such a leprous spot could taint *his* fair-seeming purpose—to learn that confidence, the strong love, the unfaltering faith of woman, had been so misplaced, and could meet with such return—chilled, grieved, and, for a moment, terrified her. Far worse was it with him. Before the majesty of injured innocence, Frank Harper stood rebuked, humbled, repulsed. He crossed the threshold of her cottage, strode hastily towards home, and when he could collect his scattered thoughts, call into play the better feelings of his nature, and dispassionately exercise his sobered senses, would fain have shut the occurrence out, as some unreal, distasteful dream, in which he had been playing a reluctant part.

And now we overleap an interval of months, each with its little item of events to swell the general sum. Long, melancholy months—monotonous and wearisome were they to Lizzy Field. The bitter experience of so much perfidy and contemplated wrong saddened and depressed her. Duties became a matter of listless, automaton performance; pleasures assumed the form of irksome tasks, shunned eagerly, and participated in with evident repugnance. All intercourse between the cottage and the farm was, of course, peremptorily cut off. The retrospect to Frank was full of shame and unmitigated regret. It humbled—it enlightened him. His notions of the female character, sooth to say, had, up to that time, been strangely tinged with error. He had admired its polished surface, but never pierced its depths; jested upon its apparent weakness, but knew nothing of its actual strength; amused himself with its frivolity, but was ignorant—profoundly ignorant—of the calm and settled seriousness of purpose, the self-sustained, intrepid resolution of which it could be capable, when exigence required. Homage, however, now supplanted admiration, passion succumbed to principle, and the acknowledgment of injury eventuated naturally in a desire for its atonement.

To compass this, (a delicate and difficult embassy to venture on,) a skilful mediator—the penitent's pet sister—volunteered her services. And even then, with "all appliances and means to boot," we doubt if this apt mediator, urged though she was by affection for her brother and high esteem for Lizzy's worth, would have gained her point, had it not been for certain sentiments of pity which were beginning insensibly to mingle with the angry and contemptuous feelings that had at first possessed the latter's mind,—certain faint hopes struggling against confirmed belief,—charitable wishes that were disposed to catch at any extenuating plea;—wine, delirious passion, ought to lessen the offence, and transform seeming forethought into

unconsidered impulse. But whatsoever were the causes, the result was happy, the mediation eminently successful.

> " His loving words her seem'd due recompence
> Of all her passed paines: one loving houre
> For many yeares of sorrow can dispence,
> A dram of sweete is worth a pound of soure.
> She has forgott how many a woeful stoure
> For him she late endur'd: she speakes no more
> Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
> To looken back: his eies be fixt before."

Joyously rung out the bells upon the sunny ninth of May, the day of Lizzy's bridal, that ceremonial which was solemnly to seal the reconciliation between her lover and herself. The church-tower heaved and swayed as though it were instinct with life; yet with an even, steady pulsing, as a strong man's chest might heave at every respiration of his lusty lungs. The sound went floating up the valley far and wide; it wandered into hollow lanes, and found a separate echo from each surrounding eminence—it filled the air with blithe, exhilarating music, and made the very sunshine seem more glad, the overarching heavens more blue, the earth more green, and kindled in the eyes of all who thronged the porch, lined the church-yard path, and clustered round the gates, to greet the egress of the wealthy farmer and his pretty bride—a cheerful sparkle that said, as plainly and distinctly as a glistening eye could say, " God bless them both!"

Then we believe Frank Harper to have been, as at this moment we believe him still to be, as happy and as proud a husband as ever knelt beside a young and blushing bride, poor in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but rich in the wealth of an unsullied mind and virgin heart. The narrow education which outward circumstances had so materially restricted in early life, has been since repaired by the acquisition of accomplishments befitting the sphere in which her marriage has entitled her to move. But still the unassuming gentleness of manner—the innate nobleness—all that previously conferred upon her character its dignity, attractiveness and strength—remain the same, unchanged and undiminished. Indeed, no one who, since the wedding of its master, has shared the shelter of its roof, can regret that this old rambling pile has ceased to be " Bachelors' Hall."

J. S.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN LIFE.

THE GRISETTE.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

EACH quarter of the gay and fascinating city of Paris has its distinctive and peculiar social characteristics. The "quartier St. Denis" has been appropriated by the busiest and the dirtiest of the trading population; the Chaussé d'Antin, with its gay *pavé* and good houses, by bankers and merchants; and St. Germain, with its large hotels and aristocratic air, by the ancient nobility, so admirably described in the novels of Mons. Balzac; but that which is the most peculiar, which has no rival, in fact, in any other city in the world, is the "quartier Latin," the natural retreat of students and grisettes.

Grisettes! how many are the associations which this word calls up!—how many mingled recollections does it excite, from the time of Laurence Sterne to that of Eugene Sue! and yet, when the question is asked, how difficult it really is to define satisfactorily the true character of that creature of life and animation, a Parisian grisette! The French academy cannot do it, for the dictionary description of "a woman of mediocre condition" is an avoidance, not a solution of the difficulty,—for the grisette stands alone, defying definition.

If you walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg, however, or stroll down the Rue Vivienne, or the Rue Richlieu, you recognize at once one of the class so essentially peculiar; and you say, "Ah! there is a grisette." You know her at once, perhaps by her pretty dress of bright-coloured cotton, by her tasteful and coquettish cap, with its gay knots of pink ribbon, and by her neat, well-fitting boot; or if you fail in her costume, you know her by her bright eye, her rosy cheek, her ready smile, and her elastic step.

If one could take cognizance of her thoughts, they would be of Paul de Kock's last novel, of the coming ball, of the Sunday's fête, or of the handsome student, who has twice during the morning strolled past the window of her employers, and whom she once danced with at St. Cloud; yet that little grisette has been working very hard, and for perhaps two nights since has not closed her eyes; but what is that?—she has earned thirty sous a day, she has means to enjoy the next fête, to buy a new cap, perhaps to minister to the wants of the suffering student, whom she thinks, poor fool, most surely loves her. And 'tis well that she has a bright fancy, a lively spirit, and a trusting heart, for her interest in the world's goods are otherwise slender enough.

Escaped from childhood and apprenticeship, the grisette takes a little garret, just large enough to contain a bed and table; she has no chair, for the bed renders that a superfluity, and the purse of the young milliner who earns but thirty sous per day, admits of none. There is, however, a little mirror, a portrait of

the Duke of Orleans, and a water jug filled with violets, which she must take out before washing, but the water is the more welcome for its perfume; and outside her window is a box full of stocks, the favourite flower of grisettes.

Unfortunately, however, this botanical taste of the grisette is much against her. There are many morose and selfish people who cannot understand the love of flowers, or indeed of any other unstimulating and simple pleasures; and the elderly citizen, whose room is immediately beneath that of the grisette, has this order of mind. He is apt to lean forth early and late with bald head and dressing-gown, to enjoy the air that agitates the cowls of the neighbouring chimney pots; and the care the grisette bestows upon her botanical nurselings, by watering them twice a day, the effect of which sometimes extends itself to the head and collar of her neighbour, is not calculated to increase any feelings of amity between the surly citizen and the lively grisette.

The grisette seems the only creature in the world over whom change and circumstance have no control. She never sighs, but laughs and sings; and if she has not one sous in the world, with which to purchase her roll and coffee, she only laughs the merrier. The grisette is the most laughter-loving being that can be found in this existence of care and calculation; but she never calculates, she leaves all that to dull people and diplomatists. Tell her she may fall ill; she laughs, and asks, "if there is not the Hotel Dieu?" Tell her she may be unable to work, and may starve for want of means; she laughs, and asks, "who ever died of want in Paris?"—for she has not read "Les Mysteres," and never believes in evil. Tell her old age may come, when lovers, health, and spirits will all forsake her; she laughs again, and tells you that "thousands of grisettes have lived before her, and she is content to do as they did."

But, it is not only in avoiding all care for the future, and in taking no heed, not only for to-morrow, but even for the evening of the same day, that the extraordinary conquest of a perpetual sunshine of feeling over the ills of life developes itself in the grisette, but it is precisely the same with the contrarieties of the present. If until four o'clock in the day, the grisette has not tasted a morsel of food, and seeks the six sous necessary to purchase a cutlet, when she knows she can find no credit; and if, after all her search, only a two sous piece appears; she laughs, shakes her head, and trips gaily forth, hoping to discover a friend who will lend her a dinner; and should she find that the fleuriste at the corner is as badly off as herself, they laugh together at the absurdity of the thing. If in the coldest night in winter, she breaks the pane of her little window, and has no means of replacing it, she laughs; and as the wind whistles round the room, sings to it a joyful refrain. Still, the grisette is not exempt from the pains and penalties of life. Paris is not a paradise to her; and though many moments are eminently happy, many hours there are, which, to another, would be heavy and grievous. The grisette toils at her vocation every day but Sunday, and even then generally until mid-day; for she is a victim to others; and as a fleuriste, an embroiderer, a milliner, a sempstress, as the case may be, has little time that she can claim. Some classes of grisettes work at home, others are attached to the shops they serve. If the grisette works in her little garret, nothing can be more solitary and monotonous than the day she passes: in the work-shop it is otherwise; and although the mistress of the establishment, once, herself, a grisette, but now of an age "respectable," imposes silence by her presence, this constraint removed, masqued balls, and approaching fêtes, afford abundant conversations to the grisette there employed on the bonnets and dresses of the great ladies, to whom a grisette is a creature worthy only of every description of contempt. Still, the solitary day passed in her own apartment, among the chimney pots of the Quartier Latin, does not make the grisette sad or unhappy. She exercises her fingers it is true, perhaps laboriously, always with an agility, neatness, and taste, worthy the highest admiration; but her thoughts are free, and employ themselves actively on all the subjects most interesting to her. The grisette affects nothing—neither religion, nor morality, nor learning, nor sensibility; but she sings over the airs of Musard's quadrilles, laughs again at the recollection of Paul de Kock's novel, that she remained awake all night to read, and of the handsome student, who twice offered her the shelter of his umbrella, when overtaken by a shower of rain upon the Boulevards.

Like the great dames who despise her, the grisette has her tastes, but they are simple and inexpensive, and bear no resemblance to either Sèvres china, or cashmere shawls. The grisette loves flowers, neat boots, roasted chestnuts, galettes, negus, and refreshments generally. In galettes and chestnuts she is a connoisseur; and the good man who presides in his stall at the Porte St. Denis, would no more think of offering an ill-made galette to a grisette, than would a chestnut roaster of the Rue du Bac expect to impose upon her an inferior fruit, instead of the true and celebrated produce of Lyons, which foggy town is as famous for its chestnuts as its silks: art engaging itself to charm duchesses, and kind nature providing for the grisettes.

Like all French women, the grisette affects pockets, both in her apron and in her dress; and strange enough is, sometimes, their store. Should she, in seeking for aught, find the necessity of taking out their contents, it is remarkable if one does not find chestnuts more or less roasted, half a galette, a few French plums, a thimble, a needle-case, and the claw of a small lobster; for the pocket of a grisette is at once her work-bag, and her general dependance against hunger; and when is a grisette not hungry? Poor creature, her hard work, her fine climate, her contented spirit, her general animation, her anticipations of the bright and pleasurable, all give her an appetite; but it is seldom that the gratifications produced by the good fare of a Parisian cuisine fall in her way; a cutlet at the most, or more commonly a cream cheese and tough galette, are her most choice dainties,—unless indeed, at the fêtes des loges at St. Germain's, where, in gypsy style, fowls are alike roasted and eaten in the open air, and the great diversion of the day seems to be in the labour of the cooks,—then indeed the grisette and the student, if they have three francs between them, set aside one for the ball, and spend those that remain in good cheer, a bottle of thin wine, a fricandeau, and a gâteau; and nothing that can be produced by Verrey, with all his pines and iced champagne, can be found half so delicious; for with the feasters of St. Germain's is the pure spirit of enjoyment,—the spirit excited by rare indulgence, and not sated and worn by perpetual stimu-

lants. The Parisian lion (dandy) is ready to offer all his fortune, for the invention of new pleasures; the grisette wonders at the immensity that exist, and she asks in her simplicity for nothing better than their perpetual repetition.

To the world of Paris generally, Sunday is a day that in the city is marked by dulness, at least after mid-day; for instead of shops lined with lithographs, millinery, the literature of the day, or articles of vertù, nothing is to be seen but lines of green shutters, occasionally diversified by paintings of the calling pursued within; or, here and there, but very rarely, with an apposite remark on the sacred character of the day; but to the grisette, this Sunday is a fête-day, a day of joy, a day worth living for,—a day whose enjoyments are to be toiled for by days of labour, and nights of watchfulness,—a festival devoted to dancing, mirth, and pleasure. The fountains play at Versailles, or there is a fair at St. Cloud, or there are concerts at St. Germain's, and the grisette has earned three francs—enough to pay her fare by the railroad, and to buy a galette when there; and though she knows full well that on Monday morning she will not have a sous to pay for the milk that forms her early meal, she cares not then; nor does the coming day bring with it reflection. There is nothing in the whole world that the grisette loves so well as dancing; and she dances with a lightness and grace peculiarly her own. This taste is not remarkable, if we consider her character, and that for six days the poor grisette has been cribbed into her garret or her workshop,—her every energy bent towards procuring this eminent delight. In summer, grisettes may be seen by dozens, strolling along the gardens of the Luxembourg, charmingly dressed in the most simple, yet coquettish costume; each leaning on the arm of a student, and all pressing forward to the Thursday's ball, held on the bright green sward. Again, the carnival is the elysium of the grisette; she believes that the world holds nothing half so captivating, and she plays her part to the full. But though the Sunday fête and the annual carnival are delightful, the grisette sometimes indulges herself by giving a ball in her own apartment among the tiles; and although half her friends remain on the stairs, and the rest stand all night,—although she sleeps herself the remaining hours on the floor, and knows that the next morning the proprietor will expel her from his house,—although the whole party are dying with thirst,—and though they have no music but the singing of the merry shoemaker from the next street,—yet the ball of the grisette in her attic, is as much enjoyed as the best ball at the Tuileries or Versailles.

The grisette is neither literary nor learned; she can read, perhaps, with tolerable ease a novel of Paul de Kock's, and she can write a little in good text hand; but orthography puzzles her sadly, and she uniformly mends her pen with her scissors. Fortunately, however, as the grisette has sometimes an extensive correspondence, there are public letter writers in Paris, as in the East,—men full of zeal, worthy of confidence, and in their charges reasonable enough for the pocket of a grisette, unless, indeed, when they write in verse an epistle, which costs at least sixpence.

The grisette is peculiar in her reading tastes. Victor Hugo and Lamartine she thinks little of; neither is Alexander Dumas, or even Balzac, of much weight in the eyes of the grisette. Paul de Kock, an author whom no Parisian lady would read, is considered by her as the greatest romance writer of modern days, for she loves the merry and the amusing, and will forgive much under such a garb; she feels no sympathy for a strain of highly subtilized morality—she says it is unnatural, and passes it over accordingly. Neither cares she for politics, and knows little of the difference between the Sultan, the Pacha, Louis Philippe, or the Duc de Bourdeaux.

It has been said, that a grisette loves a dance beyond all other earthly things; and that if fêtes champêtres pass away with summer, and if there are no longer "Bals de Paris," and "Bals de Willis," at St. Cloud, St. Germain's, or Versailles, there are in winter a hundred orchestras devoted to this salutary and healthful enjoyment of the grisettes within the walls. The balls of each season are equally joyous, yet each has its peculiar aspect—an aspect indefinable like the grisette herself, but they would require too much space to describe, and I must leave them to the imagination of the reader, merely remarking, that they are all under the surveillance of the police, and that nothing can be more lively, more graceful, than the young dancers, nor, *generally speaking*, anything more correct than the arrangement itself. With us, it is often the dress, the society, the dissipation, the refreshments of a ball-room, that please; but to the grisette it is simply the exercise, the dance itself—her costume remains the same; there is still the pretty cotton dress freshly ironed, the little apron with its useful pockets, the smart cap trimmed with rose-coloured ribbons, made up by herself, but setting the fashion to the milliners of the Rue Vivienne; the little black boots well fitting and tightly laced. As she is elsewhere, so is she at the ball; and for refreshment, it is seldom that she enjoys more than a glass of weak Bourdeaux at threepence the bottle.

After the ball, there is nothing half so delightful to the grisette as the "Spectacle;" and the result, of course, is that the numerous theatres of Paris, those of the Boulevards particularly, realize large receipts on Sundays or fête-days, when the shops of the modistes are closed. The Porte St. Martin or the Ambigu costs but little, less than sixpence purchases an entrance, and the grisette will labour hard but she will earn this pleasure. The love of a "Spectacle" is innate, I believe, in a grisette,—for whether at the booths in a country fête, or in admiration of the talents of Dejazet herself, the grisette is an amateur of the histrionic art; and in her own little garret, with an old tartan shawl draped over her gingham dress, dreams that even she is an actress. Were it not for this general taste for "Spectacles," it would be difficult to account for the manner in which all the minor theatres of the French capital are nightly filled to overflowing; but when one looks round the house, and notes the students in the pit, and the grisettes—with their smiling faces and pretty caps—in the balcon and second gallery, the matter is solved at once, and one recognizes the universal taste which, in France, cherishes and supports the drama.

In summer the grisette is a fervent admirer of the beauties of nature, in the shape of the Bois de Bologne, and the little park of Monceaux, and she likes them the better if combined with donkey-riding and strawberries and cream. This mixture of tastes is also observable at the theatre, for a grisette is never to be seen at the modern "Bobineau," or ancient theatre of the Luxembourg without oranges, or, if it is not their season, apples. As in all other matters, however, the

loss of a good, held for the time to be such, never affects the grisette; summer with its fêtes champêtres, its donkey excursions to Montmorency, its strawberry eatings, and its sunshiny days, may be past—she does not sigh that it is so, but hails November with added joy, because all the yellow bills pasted over the walls of Paris, announce the commencement of the grand masqued balls. And then we must grieve for the grisette. Habit and education have broken down the barrier which separates mirth and levity, high spirits, and utter abandonment to the intoxications of pleasure; and when the grisette abdicates her costume and her sex, we follow her no farther.

In the Tuileries gardens, the grisette is sometimes to be seen, but rarely; she may have a little dog attached by a string, or may be found among a group of laughing children with hoops and skipping-ropes by the sunny bank that the Parisians call the "little Provence;" and it is pleasant so to see her—for she seems in her right place, where all is bright and happy. It is difficult to say at what age the grisette ceases to be considered such, or butterfly-like changes into a dull and uninteresting thing. Some French writers give thirty as her prime; but generally speaking I should think at twenty-six she became serious, and at two and thirty ceased to be a grisette. At this age she is transformed, changed; the laughing, careless, dancing girl begins to calculate, grows fat, is orderly, economical, has perhaps a husband, perhaps children, and inculcates lessons of virtue and morality as if they had been the sole guides of her own life. Sometimes an ancient grisette takes a shop and commences trade as a wine-seller or grocer, married or unmarried; but if married, she is generally a good wife and a good mother,—she is stern to her servants, and to her dressmaker and milliner gives herself the airs of a princess,—such are the strange changes that knowledge of the world, age, and circumstances, create in the Parisian grisette. Paris, however, is by no means the only city in France that produces grisettes; for Metz, Strasburg, Bordeaux, and Toulouse, are all equally celebrated for the grace and beauty of grisettes, whether dark or fair; but Paris offers a combination of the characteristics of *all* the grisettes of France, whether of the north, south, or mid-land, and therefore more correctly gives a specimen of the class.

Curious and interesting as the character of the grisette is, it is scarcely remarkable that such a class exists in France, when the country and its social condition is considered. The fathers and mothers of families are compelled to find some provision for their children, and among the various vocations of men, little remains for the girls of mediocre condition but to become dressmakers and milliners; the necessities of life constrain them to work indefatigably, while the climate and habits of society in France induce to carelessness and enjoyment. Without family restraint, without moral or religious education, while the opinion of the world around is in her favour, it is scarcely remarkable, that the light-hearted lively Parisian grisette recompenses herself for days and nights of toil, by reckless levity, too often, it must be allowed, carried beyond the bounds of order, or morality. We grieve that it is so; but yet it must be acknowledged, that she has often dispositions fitted for better things—with a tenderness of nature, and truthfulness of thought, that do honour to her sex.

The faults of the grisette are the faults of her training, and the social character of her country. She does not commit evil, or lead an immoral life, knowing it to be such; for if she did, remorse would soon place a cancer amongst her happiness: but others, besides the grisette, hold opinions, which could not be tolerated for a moment if tried by a rigid code; and they are perhaps less deserving charity, because their inducements are less. The levities of the grisette do not harden her heart, or vitiate her character; they do not make her deceitful, interested, or full of hatred to those who may be better. The great lady in her handsome bonnet may sneer at the pretty girl in her gay cap, and perhaps even feel a little jealous of her gentility and grace; but the grisette never recriminates, even in thought. All her friends love her,—all her acquaintances laugh and sing with her,—all, like her, go to carnival balls, attended by their lovers; and in all this the grisette knows no harm, for it is the habit of her class, and is as much part of her natural existence, as is her daily labour in her vocation.

If her friend or lover needs it, the grisette dines on a galette to provide them comforts. If both forsake her, she sheds no tear, she heaves no sigh, she indulges in no gloomy condemnations of "an ungrateful world;" she continues to trust and to confide, to work, to sing, to laugh, and to be happy.

Sometimes the poor grisette, sorely sinned against, may be thrown into bad hands, and bribed to evil that she owns as such; in this case she becomes uneasy and regretful, and escaping from her gilded cage, flies back to poverty, laughter, and the Quartier Latin.

Lately, one part of their vocation has been taken from the grisettes, and as carriers of bandboxes and parcels, they have been superseded by men with gold-banded hats, and other insignia of their duties; the result being, as in all other civilized countries, that women are denied a fair arena, and are afterwards condemned for the evil so produced. For the streets of Paris, for the Boulevards, for all eyes that rest complacently on happy smiling faces, the exchange of hard-featured men for the light-stepping grisette is a decided loss, and we love not to see any inroad upon the privileges and means of occupation of a class who have so few.

The contrast of the grisette to the London milliner's girl, with her wan cheek, her lustreless eye, her attenuated frame, her narrow chest, her consumptive cough, is remarkable indeed,—the one is care-worn and sad, the other thoughtless and merry. Both work hard—both have sleepless nights, scanty meals, and often an empty purse; but the poor London girl, while the grisette is dancing in the open air, or laughing heartily at a farce on the Boulevards, is penned in a cold cheerless garret, with aching head and heart, pining over that misery of the parents or the sisters, which her utmost toil cannot avert.

The London girl may be more moral, more religious, more orderly than the grisette,—it is the result of the opinions and the climate of her country. But so are the levity and *insouciance* of the grisette; and though she is faulty, her transgressions have some apology,—while her goodness of heart, her kindness of demeanour, her thorough disinterestedness, her forgiveness of injuries, her frequent abnegation of self, and her indifference to the ills she has, render few characteristics of France more curious, more remarkable, or more interesting, than that of the Parisian grisettes.

THE THIRTEENTH CHIME.

A LEGEND OF OLD LONDON.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

It was in one of the earliest years of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and on a glorious summer's day, that two men sat in earnest conversation together in the oak-panelled parlour of a small house abutting upon St. Paul's Churchyard. The one was a soldier, the other a priest. The former was habited as an officer of the yeomen of the guard—his morion surmounted by a plume of feathers lay before him on the table, and his rich scarlet and gold uniform shone gay and glistening in the sunshine. He was a young man, but vice and unbridled passion were stamped, like Cain's mark, upon his face. His eyes were bloodshot; his mouth coarse and sensual, and his whole bearing fierce and swaggering. His priestly companion had thrown back his cowl, probably for coolness, and disclosed features, the expression of which, like that of the captain of the guards, was evil, but which, unlike his, was partly redeemed by an appearance of lofty

intellectuality. The priest's forehead was high and massive, and his eye deep-set and bright. As he glanced at his companion, his thin, pale lip curled involuntarily, and the scorn of his smile was withering. But the soldier perceived it not, as he carelessly set aside the silver stoup from which he had been imbibing plentiful draughts of sack, and remarked—

"And so, Bully Friar! thou hast absolved all my sins—truly their name was legion—but that boots not now; they are rubbed away like rust from a sword blade."

"Doubtless thou art pardoned. Have I not said it?" returned the priest. And as he spoke his lip curled more palpably than ever.

"That swaggerer, pinned by the cross-bow bolt at Thame?" said he of the yeomen of the guard, beginning anew the muster roll of his transgressions—

"Think not of it," replied the priest.

"And the murther done at the Bankside?"—

"Forgiven."

"And the despoiling of the Abingdon mercer?"—

"I have absolved."

"And the vow broken to Sir Hildebrand Grey?"—

"It will not count against thee."

"And the carrying off the pretty Mistress Marjory?"—

"Hath been atoned for."

"And oaths, lies, imprecations innumerable?" rejoined the captain. "Not so much that I care about such petty matters; but when one is at confession, one may as well make a clean breast of it."

"In the name of the church, I absolve thee. And now, Captain Wyckhamme, thou must perform a service for me."

"It is but reasonable. Thou art my helper in matters spiritual—I am thine in matters earthly! We serve each other, Father Francis."

The worthy Father Francis smiled. It is possible that he deemed the arrangement a better one for himself than for his military friend.

"Therefore say the word," continued Wyckhamme; "and, lo! my bountiful forgiver of transgressions, I am thine, for good or evil."

Father Francis bent his keen, black eye steadily upon his companion—gazing as if he would peer into his soul. At length he spoke, slowly and calmly—

"Thou hast a yeoman in thy company of guards—one Mark Huntley."

"Marry, yes. A fine, stalwart fellow; he draws a bow like Robin Hood; and I would ill like to abide the brunt of his partisan. What of him?"

The priest started up—his eye flashed—his nostril dilated. Catching Wyckhamme's arm with his brown, sinewy hand, and clutching it convulsively, he said, hoarsely—"Ruin him!"

"Ruin him!" repeated the officer of the guards, somewhat surprised at this unexpected outburst. "Ruin him! Marry, man, bethink ye; he is the flower of my company."

"I say, ruin him," cried the priest. "Thou art his officer, and there are a thousand ways. Plot—plot—so that he may rot in a dungeon, or swing from a gallows. He is a canker in my heart."

"But wherefore art thou set against the yeoman, Father?" asked Captain Wyckhamme.

"He has crossed my path," said the priest, moodily.

"Crossed thy path—how?" demanded the soldier.

Father Francis looked wistfully at his questioner, and muttered, "In love."

Captain Wyckhamme struck the table with his fist, until the wine flasks danced again, and then starting to his feet, with a coarse roar of laughter, exclaimed—"Ho, ho! hath it come to this? And so a neat ankle, and buxom cheeks, and a gimp waist, were more than a match for thy sanctity! And thy cell was solitary and cold—was it not, Priest? And a man, even though a monk, cannot be always praying, and so thou wouldst take to wooing for an interlude. Brave Sir Priest! Credit me, thou art a man of mettle—a bold friar—an honour to thine order. Nay, thou shalt be the founder of an order—of a family, I mean; and by my halidome, there will be a rare spice of the devil in the breed. But I say, Father, who is she?—what is she? Do her eyes sparkle? her cheeks glow—her——"

"Silence, babbler," said the priest, "her name is too pure a thing for thee to take within thy lips; for thee to speak of her—mere blasphemy."

"Ha!" exclaimed Wyckhamme, "Priest, I say unto thee, beware."

"Hush! I love her, love her with a depth of passion which things like thee cannot feel or comprehend. I have wrestled—fought with it—striven in the darkness and silence of my cell to crush it; but I cannot: she is my light—my air—my life—my God! I have said it—I have sworn it—she shall be mine, although I give body and soul to purchase the treasure!"

The captain looked surprised at this outbreak. "Wilt thou remove this man?" continued the priest after a pause, and speaking in a voice of frightful calmness.

"Hum—why—marry I would do much to oblige thee," began the soldier—when his companion interrupted him.

"We are in each other's secrets," he said.

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoulders.

"And with men like us to be in each other's secrets is to be in each other's power."

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoulders still higher.

"Art thou resolved?" inquired Father Francis quietly.

"I am," was the reply; "Mark Huntley will not long live to thwart thee."

"Tis well," muttered the priest—"but the blow must be immediate."

"It shall fall to-morrow," said Wyckhamme; "leave the means to me. But I say, Father, how dost thou propose to get possession of the maiden, and when?"

"To-night," replied the monk, and his eye glistened, "I am her father confessor."

Captain Wyckhamme smacked his lips. "A sweet duty, by my faith, to listen to the fluttering thoughts of youthful female hearts: I almost would I were a monk."

"Curses on thy licentious tongue," exclaimed the churchman in a voice of suppressed passion. "Listen—I have imposed on her a midnight solitary penance. At the dead hour of the night she is to kneel before the shrine of the Virgin in the cathedral. I shall be there."

"And attempt to carry her off?—she will scream."

"There are gags."

"She will fly."

"There are bonds, and secret keeping-places the world wots not of, at my disposal—while Mark Huntley ——"

"Is my part of the job. Priest, it is a well laid scheme—I think it may prosper."

"It must," answered the priest; "but the sun hath past the meridian, is it not time thou wert on thy way homeward?"

"Marry you say true," exclaimed the other, "and I will plot my share in the matter as I ride."

"Do so," said the priest, "and farewell."

In five minutes Captain Wyckhamme, attended by two yeomen of his troop, was spurring down Ludgate Hill, on his way westward—while Father Francis, enveloped in his cowl, paced slowly and thoughtfully back to the cathedral. The people made way for him reverently and bowed low; the father had the reputation of being rich in the odour of sanctity, and many counted themselves happy in his "Benedicite."

The hours passed away and it became night—a fair, calm, summer's night in which the moon and stars seemed striving to outshine each other. A deep hush was upon London. The last of the crew of 'prentices, who had been whiling away the lengthened twilight by a noisy game of football in Cheape, had been summoned within doors by his vigilant master, and the streets were left to the occasional home-returning reveller, who either paced along with tipsy gravity, or made the old houses ring with snatches of the drinking songs which still buzzed in his ears. The stately mass of old Paul's rose majestically above all humbler tenements, steeped in a flood of moonshine—its quaint carvings and sculptured pinnacles here standing out clear and palpable in the starry air, and there broken by broad masses of deep black shadow.

It was near the hour of midnight when the light figure of a woman closely muffled in its draperies, glided cautiously and timidly along the quiet pavement, and tripped up the steps towards one of the side entrances of the cathedral. The door of a chapelry, from which admittance might be had into the main portion of the building, was open. As she crossed the threshold the damp chill of the air, so different from the genial atmosphere without, made her pause. It was but for a moment, and then she entered the cathedral. It was an awfully solemn place. No work of men's hands could be more grand; its shadowy vastness seemed not of the earth. The eye could only dimly trace its proportions by the gorgeously coloured light admitted by the painted glass, and imagination supplied the rest. Here were the vast clustered pillars, the echoing aisles, the groined and arched magnificence of the roof, and over all a silence like the silence of the dead; the intruder crossed her arms upon her bosom, for the place was chill,—and the next moment Mabel Lorne knelt before the shrine of the Virgin. She had hardly passed a minute in devotion when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder: with a fluttering heart she started to her feet, and beheld the face of Father Francis dimly seen close to hers.

"Father!" she exclaimed.

"Daughter," returned the priest, in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, for he thought he had his victim in his clutch, "thou must go with me;" and at the same instant, before she could make a motion to prevent him, he slipped a kerchief prepared for the purpose over the lower part of her face, and she was unable to utter a sound.

"Come, sweet one, come!" said Father Francis, in a low, tremulous voice, as he attempted to seize her arm and waist. Surprise and despair, however, gave Mabel strength,—making a frantic effort, she freed herself from the rude grasp, and fled. Uttering a muttered imprecation, the priest pursued, but his flowing robes hindered his progress. With a reeling head, and almost insensible of what she did, Mabel flew over the pavement; she tried to make for the door, but her confusion was too great to enable her to discover it,—she heard the footsteps of the priest close to her, and fled unwitting whither she went.

"Ha! now I have thee," panted the monk, as the fugitive appeared driven into a corner of the building, and he made a plunge forward to grasp her. He was disappointed. A low-browed door stood open in the wall leading to a spiral stone staircase, and up it she flew like the wind. As Mabel put her foot upon the first step—a loud clang rang through the cathedral—it was the first chime of twelve struck by the great clock. Up—up—up—went pursuer and pursued. Fear gave unnatural swiftness to Mabel, and she rushed upwards—round and round the spiral staircase—as though her feet felt not the stone steps. The priest was close behind—with clenched teeth and glaring eyes; maddened by passion and disappointment, he made desperate efforts to overtake his victim, and sometimes Mabel heard his loud pantings close behind her. Up they went, higher and higher; the gyrations of the stairs seemed endless, and all the while the clock rang slowly out the iron chimes of midnight. The place was dark, but there was nothing to impede one's progress; and here and there bars of white moonlight, shining through loopholes, chequered the gloom. Up! up! higher and faster—but Mabel felt that her limbs were failing her—she made one more effort—one frantic bound, and lo! she saw above her, in a space on which the moonbeams fell, the complicated works of the great clock. She had no breath to raise an alarm which could be heard by those below. She listened to the rapidly mounting footsteps of the priest, and her heart sunk within her. Just then the great iron hammer which struck the hours, rang the last stroke of twelve upon the bell. A thought darted like lightning through Mabel's brain,—she might make that iron tongue speak for her. Gliding through the machinery, she mounted among its framework, and grasping the hammer with both hands, she strained every nerve and muscle of her white arm, and slowly raising the ponderous weight let it fall upon the bell, and lo! with a clang which rung through her very brain—THE THIRTEENTH CHIME fell upon the sleeping city. Breathlessly was the priest preparing to seize her, when the iron peal for a moment arrested his hand. He looked up—there stood the gentle creature amid the throbbing mechanism—her white hands convulsively clasping the iron, and her face distorted with terror and fatigue. The moonlight showed him all this, and showed him, moreover, the hammer again moving under the maiden's grasp. The danger of his position immediately flashed across him,—he knew that there were many within the chapels and cells attached to the cathedral, sleepless watchers of the hours—and he feared that the unusual number of chimes would attract imme-

diate attention. Muttering a deep curse, he turned, and Mabel heard him hurrying down the staircase. Cautiously she followed, and on reaching the bottom, heard his voice communing with a brother monk.

"I am certain," said the latter, "that the clock struck thirteen."

"So I deemed, Brother Peter," replied the low tones of the monk; "and I have come forth to inquire how it could be so."

Cautiously keeping in the shadow, Mabel glided past the speakers; she saw the door opposite her, and flew towards it. As she ran, Father Francis caught a glimpse of her retreating form, and made a wild gesture of rage and disappointment. The next moment Mabel was in the open air, and was soon locked and bolted in her own little room. Sinking on the floor, she cried bitterly, and then rising, she said, "I have no friends here—with the first blush of morning I will procure a good palfrey, and fare forth to Windsor. Mark must know all."

A bright breezy morning had succeeded the fair calm night, and the sun was yet low in the horizon, when Mabel Lorne, mounted upon a spirited palfrey, left behind her the western outskirts of London, and pushed merrily on through green fields and hedges in the direction of Windsor. Sorely disquieted as she had been by the events of the past night, the jocund influence of the fresh breath of morning, and the merry sunshine, the rapid motion through a fair country, and, above all, the thought of meeting her lover, made Mabel's cheeks bloom, and her eyes sparkle. She caressed the glancing neck of the bounding animal which carried her, and the palfrey answered the touch of its mistress by a loud and joyful neigh, and pressed merrily and speedily onward; and away they went amid leafy hedgerows sparkling with dewdrops and fields of rich rustling corn; and by clumps of gnarled old trees, and jungles of sprouting saplings; and antique, red brick-built old farmhouses; and manorial halls embosomed in ancestral trees; and the peaceful walls of distant monasteries. And the smoke was beginning to rise from men's dwellings, in long spiral columns into the clear morning air; and labouring people were already afield, and now and then the fair traveller caught a glimpse of the broad river, with green trees bending over its waters, and sedges upon its banks, and swans floating upon its bosom. Every thing looked calm, and bright, and happy. Mabel's eye wandered over the grand panorama of hill, and dale, and brake, and coppice, stretching out in all their green loveliness before her: and as the massive towers of Windsor Castle rose over the rich expanse, her heart was so full, and yet so light, that she felt as if she could raise her voice and sing as merrily as the birds among the branches.

She would not, however, have so much enjoyed her ride, if she had known who was pressing in hot haste after her. Father Francis, very much discomfited by the bad success of his attempt, and not being altogether easy about the consequences, had watched the maiden more closely than she was aware of, and on her setting out for Windsor,—he had ascertained her destination through a groom,—determined, although he hardly knew for what purpose, to follow the fugitive. Suddenly recollecting, therefore, some ecclesiastical business to be settled with the prior of a monastery near Datchet, the priest provided himself with a pacing mule,—an animal generally used by the churchmen of the period, and the better breeds of which were little inferior in powers of speed and endurance to the horse—and was speedily ambling briskly along the great western road. He saw the fair country around as though he saw it not, and only looked eagerly ahead at every turn of the road, expecting momently to behold the fair fugitive. But he was disappointed—Mabel's palfrey carried her well, and when she drew rein at one of the postern gates of the Castle, the priest was still a good mile behind.

A yeoman of the guard was standing sentinel at the little nail-studded wicket, leaning upon his partisan, and whistling melodiously. To him she addressed herself:—

"You have a comrade named Mark Huntley," she said; "fair sir, I would speak with him."

The soldier looked at her with some interest, stopped his whistling, and said hastily, "Are you Mabel Lorne, fair mistress?"

"That is my name," said Mabel, blushingly.

"Then, by St. George, I am sorry for thee," returned he of the partisan. "Mark Huntley was a good fellow and a true—and—"

"*Was!*" shrieked Mabel—"was! He is not dead?"

"Almost as good," replied the sentinel; "his captain hath accused him of sleeping on his watch, and that thou knowest is death—death without redemption."

Mabel sunk upon the ground. The burly yeoman cursed his own bluntness in blurting out at once the bad news. "But she'll soon have another mate," he muttered, as he stooped over and endeavoured to revive her; "by my sword hilt she is fair enough for the bride of a belted earl, let alone a poor yeoman."

"Bring me to him—bring me to him for pity's sake," faltered Mabel.

"Nay, that may hardly be, pretty one," said the soldier. "He is under watch and ward; and by St. George, I think it be near the time when he will be brought before the king."

"Let me at least see him," exclaimed Mabel; "perchance, soldier, there is some maiden who loves thee as I do him, and who will one day plead on her bended knees for one last look at the man for whom her heart is breaking!"

"I will see what can be done," said the honest yeoman.

He was as good as his word—for summoning some of his comrades, with whom Mark Huntley had been a general favourite, he spoke apart to them; and in a few minutes Mabel found herself smuggled into a lofty arched hall, with deep gothic moulded windows, and furnished with ponderous oaken settles. Her friends the yeomen kept her in the midst of their group, enjoining upon her the necessity of preserving a perfect silence. Hardly had she looked around her, and noted a large unoccupied chair covered with crimson cloth, upon the dais at the upper end of the hall, when a priest, closely cowled, glided in, and took his station in a corner of the place. She saw not his face, but she *felt* that the priest was Father Francis. All at once the groups of officers and knights, who were sauntering, gossiping, and laughing through the hall, became silent, and placed themselves round the unoccupied chair—there was a moment's pause, and a portly

man with a broad, stern face, decorated with a peaked beard, walked into the hall. His doublet was richly adorned, and at his belt he carried a short poniard.

This was King Henry VIII.

Throwing himself carelessly into the chair prepared for him, he said, in a deep stern voice, "Bring forth the prisoner, and let his accuser likewise appear."

There was a short bustle—a heavy door creaked upon its hinges, and Mabel's heart swelled within her, and her limbs trembled, as she saw Mark Huntley, bound, led before the king. But a second look partly re-assured her. His cheek was pale; but there was in the firmness of his step, and the proud glance of his eye, the mighty strength of conscious innocence. Opposite to him stood Captain Wyckhamme—his eye bloodshot, and his hand trembling; and many who carefully scanned the countenance of the two, turned to each other, and whispered that the accuser looked more guilty than the accused.

"Captain Wyckhamme," said Henry, "this man was found asleep upon his post?"

"I deeply grieve to say it, my liege," answered Captain Wyckhamme, bowing low, "but such is the fact. On going my rounds last night, shortly after midnight, I surprised him in a most sound sleep, and for this I vouch, so help me God!"

"Prisoner, what sayest thou to the charge?" demanded Henry.

"That it is a foul lie, and that he who makes it knows it is a lie!" exclaimed Mark Huntley with firmness.

"How, varlet!" ejaculated the king, "wouldst thou put thy word against the oath of a gentleman, and thine officer?"

"Yes," said the prisoner, "marry that would I—I say he speaks falsely, and I have proof."

"Proof?" replied the king; "God's my life—we will hear proof, but it must be strong to bear down the word of an approved loyal gentleman like Captain Wyckhamme. What is this proof of thine, sirrah?"

"This, so please your majesty," said Mark Huntley. "Last night I kept the middle watch on the Eastern tower. The air was still and calm, except that now and then a gentle breath came from the direction of London. As I mused I thought I heard a low, faint, very faint, clang as of a bell. I listened, and heard it again and again—the light breeze bore it still fresher upon mine ear—it was the great bell of St. Paul's striking midnight—and, as I am a true man, *the clock rung thirteen chimes.*"

A woman's scream, loud and thrilling, rung through the hall, and Mabel bursting from the yeomen by whom she was surrounded, sprung forward, and throwing herself at Henry's feet, shrieked rather than spoke—

"It is true—it is true—these hands did it—these hands rung the thirteenth chime. He is innocent—justice, my liege, I demand justice!"

"God's life, sweetheart, this is a strange matter," replied Henry; "but rise, thou shalt have justice—thy king promises it."

"It was a plot—a base plot for his death and my dishonour," exclaimed Mabel; "but God hath overthrown it. Look at his accuser, sire—look, he changes colour, he trembles—*he* is the guilty one, not Mark."

Henry arose and bent his keen eye upon Captain Wyckhamme. "But how camest thou to ring this thirteenth chime, woman?" he asked.

"I will tell thee," said Mabel eagerly. "I was lured at midnight into the cathedral; violence was offered to me even at the shrine of the Virgin; I fled into the belfry, and there caused the thirteenth chime to sound for the purpose of raising an alarm. I did it to save myself—lo! it hath saved my lover."

"Who pursued thee thither?" asked the king.

"A priest," replied Mabel, "and he is here."

Henry looked quickly around; his eye fell upon the sombre figure of the monk, and he exclaimed, "Let the priest stand forward."

The robed figure advanced, and then remained motionless.

"Throw back thy cowl," said the king.

The priest moved not, but an officious yeoman twitched it aside, and discovered the features of Father Francis.

"It is he!" exclaimed Mabel.

Henry looked from the churchman to his captain of the guards. The face of the former was of a deadly pallid hue, and his lips convulsively compressed, but he manifested no further emotion. It was different with Wyckhamme. Physical courage he had plenty of, but of moral bravery he had none. The king looked fixedly at him—his limbs trembled—he caught hold of the oaken table for support, and gasped as if for breath. There was an awful pause.

"Mercy! mercy!" faltered Wyckhamme. "I will confess."

"Traitor and coward!" shouted Father Francis, "we are lost."

"Seize that priest," said the king, with a voice like a trumpet.

Father Francis made a quick motion of one of his hands towards his face, and then dashing aside with a convulsive effort the brawny arms laid upon him, he exclaimed—

"Away! I am beyond your reach."

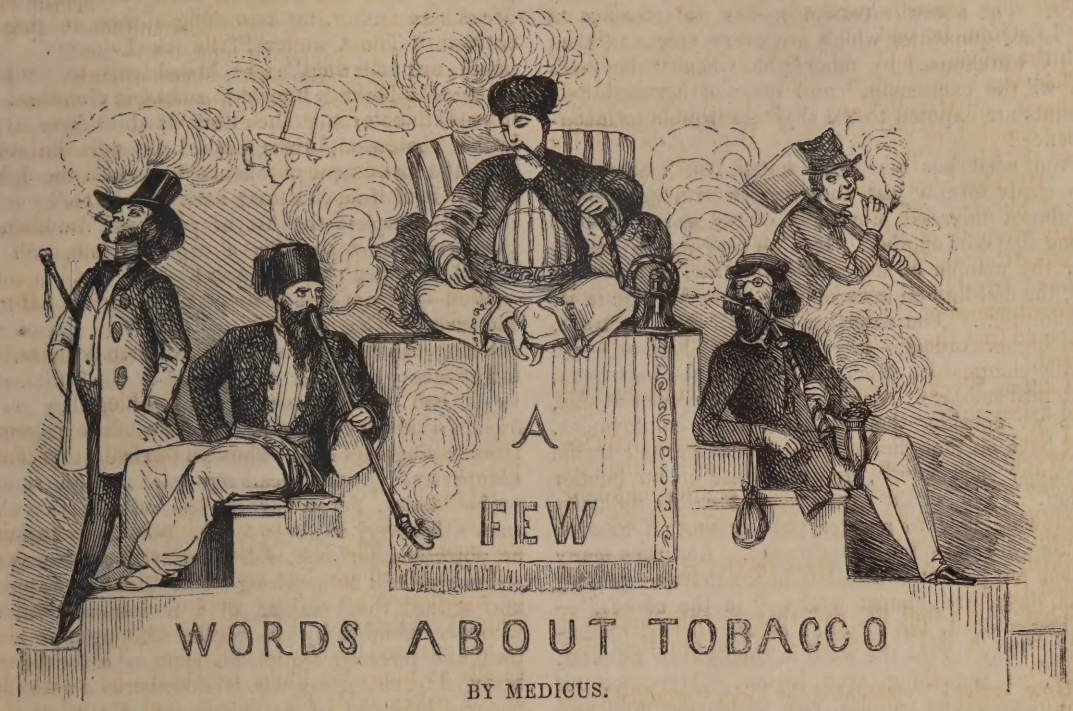
His pale lip curled into a smile of triumph—then his face became livid and changed its expression—the eye glared—foam appeared at the mouth, and the monk, still wearing that grim smile of defiance and contempt, fell heavily forward on the floor.

When they raised Father Francis he was dead. The monk knew the secret of many strong poisons.

"Then thy accusation was false," said the king.

"Pardon, sire, it was; but the priest—the priest set me on—pardon," faltered the wretched Wyckhamme, who had sunk in a quivering heap upon the ground.

"Take him away," said Henry,—"to death! Huntley shall assume his rank; and now," he took Mabel's hand and placed it in that of her lover, "my faithful sentinel, receive thy bride."



A FEW WORDS ABOUT TOBACCO

BY MEDICUS.

Good reader, be not alarmed! We do not intend to inflict a long and tedious essay upon you. We have indeed but a few words to say, and we would fain hope that there are many readers of a popular periodical, to whom a little homely talk concerning the above subject will not be altogether void of interest.

No questions are more commonly asked than the following—"Is the use of tobacco injurious to the human frame, or is it beneficial? Or is it alike destitute of either good or evil properties?" We hope to answer these queries in a satisfactory manner.

And now that our object is known, have we not enlisted a host of readers?

Doth not many a white-faced youth, with languid air and sickly eye, even now eagerly peruse our remarks? He is ambitious to excel in a certain accomplishment; but every effort provokes such an unpleasant sickness at the stomach, that he longeth for our opinion in the matter.

And have we not another reader in the veteran smoker, who attracted by our title, seateth himself lazily down, to puff his gentle Havanna, or well-coloured meerschaum, over our pages? Right ready and willing is he to award us all due honour and applause, provided we exalt the luxury which so much delighteth him, and dwell upon the ecstacy of day dreaming amidst the darkness of incense breathing clouds!

Another glance is resting upon our paper! It is that of *a lady*,—now for our smoothest speech! She hath just received her periodical budget of magazines, and of course first selected that which most resembleth her own bright eyes! A sober matron is she, whose love of doing and seeing things decently and in order, is constantly offended by the sad failings of her spouse. Regularly as the evening draweth in, he calleth for his pipe and its invariable attendants. In vain doth she point to the delicate rose-tinted papering, which, though new only in the summer, already showeth indubitable signs of tarnish; and in vain doth she complain that her expensive Brussels carpet is wofully spoliated by certain misdirected salivary effusions. The shameless sinner heeds her not, but smoketh more vigorously, and with a solid gravity which would have done credit to Confucius, the Celestial philosopher. Even the agonies of his five grown up daughters, who resolutely second their mamma by exhibiting sundry symptoms of hysterical suffocation, fail to disturb his happy equanimity.

A fourth reader! Yes, there is the young wife, who hath scarcely yet seen her honeymoon out. In days of wooing she extorted a promise from her devoted one, that he would reform a certain naughty habit,—and reform it altogether. But she is rather inclined to be fearful and suspicious. And when he returns to her, after an unexplained absence, there is something more in her fondness for him than meets the eye—something very like seeking to betray him with a kiss! Shame! shame, upon his stony heart, if such sweet pantomimic coaxing fail.

But we have vowed to compress our paper into limits as brief as possible, and therefore must we eschew digressions like these.

To gain an adequate idea of the extent to which tobacco is consumed in England, we shall refer to certain orthodox and financial documents. We wish we could place the matter before the reader in so gratifying a light as it must appear to her majesty's revenue. We find that the yearly duties on tobacco average something very like three million five hun-

dred thousand pounds. And this is much under rather than over the mark! Three million five hundred thousand pounds taxes regularly and honestly paid! And——hush, readers! we must whisper the next sentence. The above statement makes no reference to the *small* quantities which are every now and then snugly warehoused by moonlight, when "the deil's awa wi' the exciseman," and none of her majesty's servants are exposed to the slightest trouble or inconvenience!

From what has now been stated, the reader may very easily form a just and true estimate concerning the almost universal prevalence of the use of tobacco in one shape or another. It is all very well to assert, after the manner of some authors, that, as a general rule, the middle and lower classes alone indulge in its consumption. The assertion is not based on truth. The higher orders,—nay, the very highest,—are equally chargeable. Some of them are, and have been, inveterate smokers. And we need not wonder at this, when we consider their lack of useful employment. They have no thoughts of busy commerce and traffic to occupy their minds, as have those in an inferior station. They would experience a terrible difficulty in knowing how to murder passing time, if tobacco smoking did not offer its assistance. And thus many of them are perfect enthusiasts in the matter—passing hours, days, and almost weeks, "in the *clouds*,"—rivalling, indeed, the devotion of the oriental opium-eater. They regard the weed in the light of a friend, —nay, as something even higher. Have we not heard of gorgeous temples, rich in blazing gold and velveted cushions, where deftly contrived cascades throw around a delicious shower of glittering and scented waters,—where beautiful statuary, and the low sighing of unseen music, charm the eye and ear of the voluptuary? And these are consecrated to the honour of *tobacco!* What a glorious sight to behold the meeting of worshippers! Kings, and royal princes, and haughty nobles, sage legislators, and crafty statesmen, assembled there! How gravely and silently are the fragrant clouds dispersed from their languid and aristocratic lips! Mighty resolutions and vital propositions have they lately been urging in their House of Peers, or Chamber of Deputies, but these are ending, as ofttimes they have done before,—*in smoke*. All the feverish excitement of debate is soothed,—all angry feeling against rival orators tranquillized! In a world of blissful oblivion the souls of the grandees are completely lost. Cares and perplexities of kingdoms and states are forgotten —rumours of war and threatenings of civil disaffection,—the failure of national produce, and the "cries of them that have reaped,"—"malice domestic, foreign levy,—nothing can touch them further!"

From the first hour that tobacco was introduced into this country, various opinions have been entertained respecting its properties. Many who may peruse these pages will probably have read concerning the violent opposition which it originally encountered. Sir Francis Drake, who first brought the weed from Virginia, in 1586, was by an old divine publicly devoted to eternal torment for his pains; and Sir Walter Raleigh, who was the first gentleman about the court to patronize its use, was considered by the same reverend sage to have richly merited the block, even allowing him to be guiltless of all other crime. From scores, nay, hundreds of volumes and manuscripts, denunciations were poured forth against the "hellish practice" of smoking. King James first and foremost became an author, distinguishing himself in his essay, entitled "The Counter-Blaste to Tobacco." The popes, one after another, published bulls, excommunicating all who were known to smoke in churches. In Constantinople, any Turk discovered to have a pipe in his possession, was marched through the streets with the instrument of offence transfixed through his nose. In Russia, the nose itself was at once cut off! And to complete the list of penalties, Amurath the Fourth declared smoking a capital crime, and punished with death all offenders!

Well—the consequences of this may be naturally conceived. The practice of smoking spread with amazing rapidity. Poor folk in remote parts, who might otherwise never have heard of the intoxicating weed, had their curiosity aroused when they met a friend deprived of his nose, or heard of some distant relation losing his head. Thus we discover, that human nature three hundred years ago was much the same as we find it now. Yet we have not learned the lesson which such a discovery ought to teach. Still do we proscribe an objectionable book, well knowing that the next day a thousand will be inquiring for it. Still do we applaud and reward the breaking of a tradesman's window, who has offended by vile traffic, although, as a natural and foreseen sequel, his shop in a few hours is besieged by customers, who might otherwise never have become informed of its existence! So it was with tobacco. The more anathemas were poured forth against it, the more did the sin increase and multiply.

After a while persecution was stayed—the matter was left an open question, and people were allowed to gratify their inclinations and appetites if they liked. So, from that time to this, one party has lauded it to the skies, esteeming its use not only a harmless indulgence, but an invaluable medicinal blessing.—Whilst another party, with equal energy, denounces it as a noxious poison, certain eventually to enfeeble the most vigorous constitution.

We have already stated, that the object of this paper is to discover whether the moderate use of tobacco is really injurious to the human economy. And if we can come to a decided and satisfactory resolution, we trust that the reader will not esteem our efforts entirely useless or unimportant.

And, first, let us consider the peculiar physiological action which tobacco exercises on man. We shall not enlarge upon its *medicinal* properties, as these cannot of course form a part of the argument on one side or the other. We may, however, just mention in passing, that given internally, and with proper precautions, tobacco has been found useful in certain serious diseases, as dropsies, hydrophobia, epilepsy, tetanus, spasmodic asthma, and others of a similar class. An infusion of the herb employed as an application to the skin has also proved serviceable in inflammations of the joints, especially when of a gouty or rheumatic character, and also in certain skin diseases.

But if administered improperly, and in an over-dose, tobacco is a mortal poison. Various cases of death from its use are recorded. Two young men, out of

vulgar bravado, engaged to smoke a certain number of pipes in a given time. The debauch concluded, in the one case, at the seventeenth pipe, in the other at the eighteenth. Both lost their lives. Dr. Marshall Hall, an eminent London physician, has also published a case, in which a youth, anxious to acquire the manly accomplishment, smoked two pipes as his first essay. This imprudence was within a hair's breadth of causing his death.

Tobacco appears to act *directly* upon the nervous system, and *secondarily* upon the heart itself, producing faintness, palpitations, and various unpleasant symptoms, which will be more fully particularized before we conclude this part of the subject. The action of the heart is disordered solely *as a consequence* of the nervous derangement which has been already stated in the first place to occur. This was proved by Sir Benjamin Brodie, in the following experiments. Sir Benjamin introduced a quantity of tobacco infusion into the system of a dog. It died in a few minutes—the heart being paralysed. Another dog was selected, and its head speedily removed, whilst, by artificial respiration, the pulsations of the heart were maintained. The poisonous infusion was then in the same manner introduced into the system of the animal, but its heart was *not* paralysed, or in any way unnaturally affected. Thus was it proved, that the brain and nervous system are first disordered, and through the medium of these the heart next suffers.

In the human subject an over-dose of tobacco is followed by a series of well-marked and very distressing symptoms. We have the best opportunity of observing these in young men who are making themselves ill by "learning to smoke." The first complaint is of a peculiar oppressive pain at the pit of the stomach; the pulse is rapid and excitable, soon becoming of extreme feebleness; the intellect and recollection are for the time much impaired; the limbs tremble; the sense of vision is obscured, and specks appear to be floating before the eyes. As previously observed, there is a tendency to fainting, palpitation at the heart, giddiness in the head, and cool, clammy perspirations break out over the body. These symptoms are generally relieved by a free vomiting, which is speedily induced. The entire prostration of bodily strength, which follows as a consequence of the general muscular relaxation, is most remarkable. And occasionally, in certain surgical operations, tobacco is employed to *produce* this state of depression, which is necessary in order to diminish the resistance offered to surgical manipulation by the involuntary rigidity of the muscles. Thus tobacco has frequently been administered to favour the reduction of dislocations. And its effects are most complete. The strongest man is brought to a condition of almost deadly debility, and whilst the action of the medicine continues, a weanling might control a Samson.*

So much then for the effects of tobacco, considered apart from its more popular properties. It is almost unnecessary to add, that if its use as an article of luxury be obstinately continued, in spite of the unpleasant symptoms which we have described, the human system becomes accustomed to the process, and ceases to be distressed by it. Instead of extreme discomfort and miserable nausea, the use of the weed produces peculiarly soothing and pleasurable sensations. Men suffering from embarrassment, or violent and exciting passions, as of anger or revenge, seek consolation from their pipes, and strange as the result may be, they arise quieted, and more disposed to be guided by the dictates of their reason. In consequence of these properties, the use of tobacco has increased, in spite of every opposition,—it has become an unrestricted article of commerce in all parts of the world, and is employed to an enormous extent in this country, as we have already proved by reciting the average annual duties on its importation.

We now come to our last and most important proposition. We have endeavoured, in plain language, to describe the mode in which tobacco acts upon the human system, and it now remains for us to show whether this action, when moderately excited, is productive of good or evil. We trust that our impartiality thus far has propitiated all readers, whatever their prejudices may be, and disposed them to pay some little regard to certain facts which we are about to lay before them.

Many of the most serious and dangerous maladies to which the human frame is subject, have at different times, and by various writers, been ascribed to the free use of tobacco. Diseases of the lungs and heart, apoplexy, paralysis, diarrhœa, and dysentery have been especially distinguished. The physicians who have recorded such cases, have not, however, offered any direct proof to substantiate their opinions. The patient, perhaps, has been known to be an inveterate smoker or snuff-taker, or he dates the earliest symptoms of his disease from the time when he first commenced his regretted habit. This circumstance, nevertheless, should not weigh too strongly in argument, for there is no denying that the coincidence might have been perfectly accidental. At any rate, the matter could only be considered as one of grave suspicion, and it remained for future and more extended inquiries to clear away the doubt.

These desirable investigations have been recently laid before the medical profession. They are most extended, most accurate, and most incontrovertible. And we shall probably startle some few of our readers, who from past remarks may not be prepared for the assertion, that *no one* of the diseases which we have mentioned, can with the slightest show of propriety be referred to the influence of tobacco. On the contrary, they demonstrate beyond all doubt that the use of the plant, in very many instances, exerts a power in warding off the very maladies which it has been supposed to produce!

For a long period nothing satisfactory could be determined upon this subject, great difficulty was experienced in making sufficiently ample observations, and in accumulating sufficiently numerous statistics. But of late time the medical officers attached to the immense tobacco manufactories established in various parts of the continent—more especially at Paris, Strasbourg, Havre and Bordeaux, have by direction of the authorities supplied the desideratum. We have

* It is not probable that this extreme depression would be induced by the mere practice of *smoking*. In the cases where we suppose it to be employed medicinally, we allude to the introduction of an *infusion of tobacco* into the system. Loss of life from smoking is very rare, but if the herb be actually *swallowed* without proper precautions, it will inevitably poison.

now before us accurate reports of the state of health possessed by the hundreds and thousands of work-people in these factories, who are constantly under medical inspection. They are exposed to the influences of tobacco in its most concentrated and consequently in its most dangerous form—of course putting out of the question actual administration by *swallowing*. They receive the leaves in their dry and almost inodorous condition, for the fresh leaf has but little of the acridity possessed by that which has undergone manufacture. If the tobacco be intended for smoking, the first process consists in moistening the leaves, next in depriving them of their grosser parts, and lastly in cutting or tearing them into shreds, and drying the mass upon heated plates. If snuff is to be made, the tobacco previously moistened, torn into shreds, and picked, is collected in immense heaps and left for months to ferment. It is then ground to a powder, and again garnered into heaps, that the process of fermentation may be repeated. In this way twenty-five thousand pounds weight are manufactured at a time!

It will now be obvious, that every artizan employed in these factories must have his system more fully exposed to the influence of tobacco than he could possibly have by any other mode of procedure; he breathes an atmosphere loaded with the effluvia from the plant in a moist and also in a fermenting condition.

Now what is observed to result from all this? We will quote from the *Lancet*, which sums up the statistical reports, to which we have already alluded, in the following manner:—

"The health of the work-people is generally good —*better*, indeed, than that of the neighbouring population. There is no malady whatever, nervous or otherwise, from which they appear particularly to suffer. It is also remarked, that their lives appear to be quite as long as those of other work-people, and that they are generally able to work until age or accidental illness stops their labours."

So much, therefore, for the general influences of tobacco. We observe, "there is no malady whatever," which it appears to induce.

From the number of diseases which have been by many ascribed in certain cases to excess in tobacco-smoking, let us now specially select one, peculiarly interesting, because of its awful prevalence in this country. Who amongst us is not already too familiar with that insidious affection, which, whilst it bringeth bloom to the cheek, and beauty to the eye, and fire to the intellect, bringeth also a certain and lingering death. Of course we allude to consumption, or, as the disease is professionally named, *phthisis pulmonalis*. The climate of France is as variable, and consequently as consumptive-breeding as ours can possibly be, and a large number of the work-people employed in the continental manufactories are young men and girls, who have reached the age at which the malady is most frequently developed. Here, therefore, we can at once decide the question. Do we find the mortality from phthisis greater amongst this class of people than amongst artizans employed elsewhere?

Let us again quote from the periodical before named.

"At the manufactories of Bordeaux, Havre, Lille, Morlaix, and Strasbourg, phthisis is stated to be much less frequent among the work-people than among other artizans.

"At Bordeaux, the disease is very rarely found among them, and progresses much slower in that class than with the rest of the population."

"At Havre, where phthisis is common, it is so rare at the tobacco manufactory, that there has scarcely been a case observed."

"At Morlaix, phthisis is always less violent in its progress, and less severe, when it attacks the manufactory people than with other artizans."

"At Lille it is much less frequent than among those who work in cotton."

"At Strasbourg the work-people have not presented a case of phthisis."

Let it be borne in mind that these statistics are not partial or incomplete. Observations have not been made upon the health of a few scores, but thousands of artizans, of both sexes, constantly exposed to the most powerful external influences of tobacco, have been from time to time subjected to a medical inspection, authorized by government commission. In one factory alone—that of Gros-Caillon—a thousand people are employed. Let it also be remembered by the reader, that the gentlemen who have collected these extremely interesting results, are not fussy, ignorant meddlers, but men of well-known scientific attainments—French physicians, and acute ones, too!

Our paper has already become extended to an inconvenient, and, we fear, to a tedious length; but the subject is undeniably one of importance, and whether the reader be a smoker or not, there are certain points offered here for his notice, which cannot fail to interest him. Excess in any indulgence must invariably be hurtful. Excess in the use of tobacco is, without doubt, no exception to this rule, but we think that the arguments which we have laid before the reader, (with certain others, not mentioned, because scarcely suited to the pages of a popular periodical,) justify us in concluding, that the moderate use of tobacco is by no means injurious to health. And so strong do we consider the evidence in its favour, as a medicine exerting some happy influence in phthisis, that we should not hesitate to recommend its use in threatened cases of this sad disease.

FOR MARCH.

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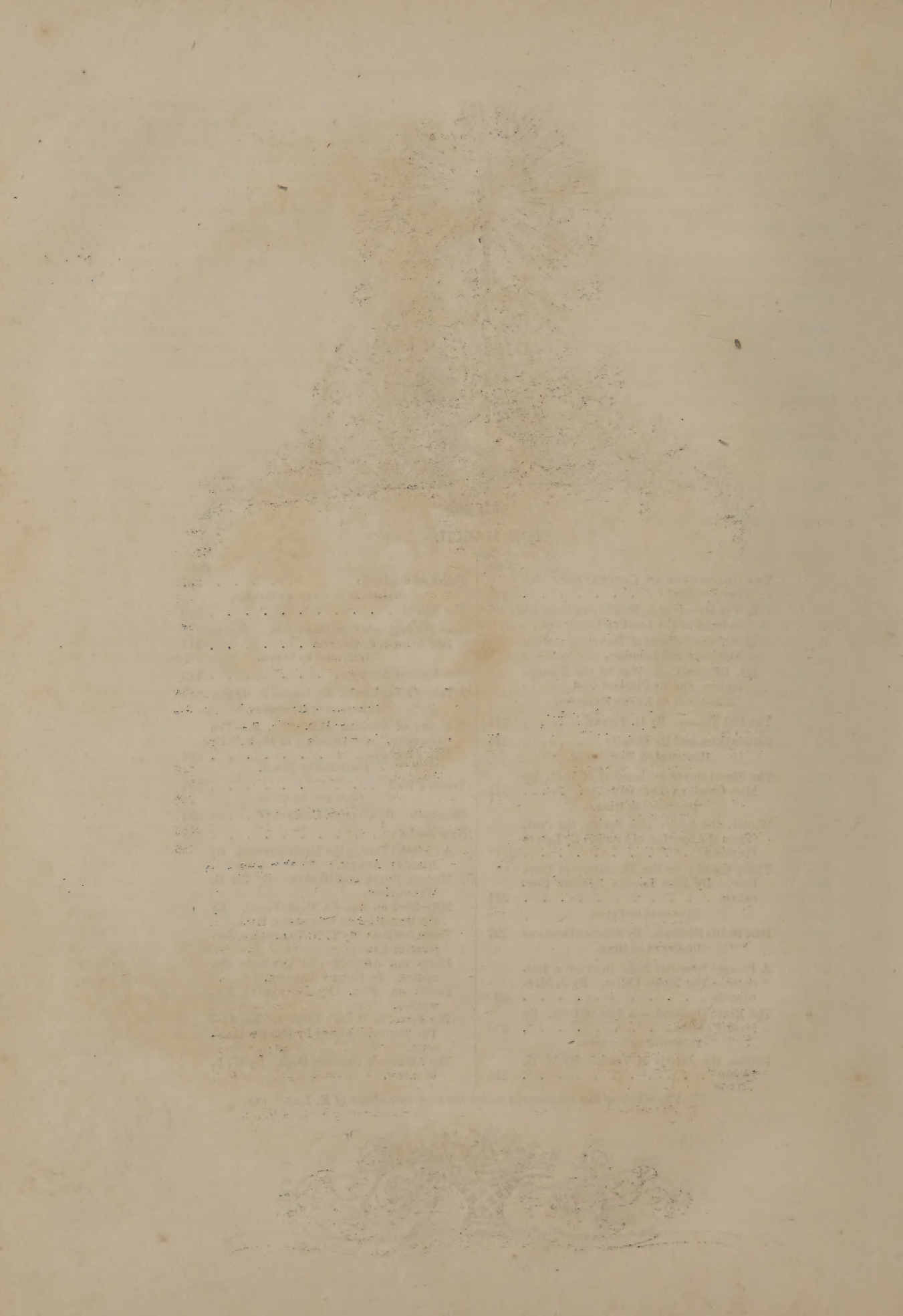


Tom Hoitighan's Guardian Sprite

The Illustrated Magazine

THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVERNOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Continued from page 4, vol. II.]

THE HERMIT OF BELLYFULLE CONTINUES HIS ACCOUNT OF THE LAND OF TURVEYTOP.

"THOUGH trembling violently in the arms of the giantess, I became gradually self-assured by the sweet good-humour of my nurse. She gazed and nodded smilingly at me, like a girl with a new doll; and although I felt distressed and humiliated, I nevertheless smiled—though I fear a wan, sickly smile — in acknowledgment of her tenderness. Then she threw me up in the air, and caught me again in her arms. Never before had I been so far from earth. My head swam, and my stomach—I had that day dined off eel-pie and goose — threatened treachery, when I heard a loud voice exclaim in the very purest English,—for the Turveytopians know all the languages of the earth,—'Slut! baggage! Is that the way to toss and jolt a new-born babe?' Holding me in her arms, my nurse turned round, and I beheld in the speaker a matronly giantess, with a kind, motherly countenance. 'A pretty skittish thing you are to trust babies to,' she cried. 'Poor poppet,'—and the benevolent gentlewoman wiped my nose,—'it doesn't look half an hour old; and yet here you are, throwing it up and churning its little bowels like butter.'—'La, grandmother!' cried the girl, 'it doesn't mind it. See, if it doesn't laugh!' I certainly did grin. 'Laugh!' said the old dame; 'you know-nothing hoyden! laugh! Poor little heart, it's wind.' At this, I couldn't help it, I chuckled vigorously. 'There! if the dear lamb isn't choking,' cried the woman; 'away with it to the nursery, or you'll have its precious life upon your soul.' Instantly the girl hugged me to her bosom, cast her apron over me, and ran—I thought she flew—with all her legs. I saw nothing until the girl carried me into a spacious, lofty room, which in a moment I knew must be the nursery. There were about twenty other infants, from a day to a week old; infants I must call them, though all of them were older than myself. Some were screaming, shouting, swearing in the most shocking manner that they

were not babies, that they were men—wise, learned, authoritative men—and would shake the pillars of the heavens ere they would be treated as sucklings."

"And what said the nurses?" we asked.

"Oh, sir! what nurses usually say at such a time. They bawled and shouted too. Then they called the babies 'precious ducks,' 'darlings,' 'apples of their eyes,' 'plagues,' and then 'precious ducks' again. There was an old dowager from the outside world—how she had ever wandered into Turveytop I know not—who, screaming like a catcall, begged to ask the wretches if they knew what they were about. Declared that she had a son lord chief justice, and then desired to know if she was to be treated like a child."

"And what was the answer?" we inquired.

"None, sir," said the Hermit—"none, save that the woman who was swathing and dressing her, shrilly sang a nursery song, and tossed her about like so much pie-crust. From this, I found that no big words, no struggling of mine, would prevail, and therefore meekly resigned myself. And, sir, I had my reward; for having been properly powdered and swaddled, my nurse declared that I was the quietest dove of a babe she had ever handled; quite a lamb."

"And, pray forgive the question, did they really give you to a wet nurse?"

"They did, sir," answered the Hermit smiling, "and a very comfortable woman she was. It was wonderful how soon I accommodated myself to a milk diet. In a short time I seemed to have sucked in a serenity of soul. Recovered somewhat from the amazement of the day, I took counsel with myself in bed."

"Delicious, peace-giving bed," we cried.

The Hermit looked grave. "Happy is the man," he answered, "who can say peace-giving bed. For oh, sir! what a rack to the spirit of man may be found in goose-down! You do not seem to apprehend me? Consider, sir, what an unavoidable self-confessional is bed. Think, sir, what it is to have our conscience put to the question of goose-feathers. You are in bed, peace-giving bed, you say—it is deep night; and in that solemn pause, you seem to feel the pulse—to hear the very heart of time. You try to think of many things, but the spirit or demon of the bed sets up yourself before yourself—brings all your doings to the bar of your own conscience; and what a set of scurvy gaol-birds may be among them. They peep in at your curtains, crowd at the foot of your bed, and though you burn no rushlight, you see their leering, sneaking faces. Alas! you cannot disown them: you know that some time or other you have given them house-room in your soul, and like unclean things, they have repaid the hospitality with defilement. There they are, old co-mates, worn acquaintances; and yet the world could not believe that, for a moment, you kept such company. Oh, no! abroad in the world you have all sorts of graces credited to you: alack! that night-cap and sheets should, to your own conscience, make you bankrupt. They make you know yourself hypocrite; stand before you, even though you lie in darkness, your polished, easy, cordial, out-door self—a man without a subterfuge, a soul without a meanness. And your head upon your pillow—if conscious blood beat at your heart—you blush for the counterfeit you have a thousand times put off upon the world, and shudder at the accusing naughtinesses about you. Peace-giving bed! It may be so; and it may be—oh, sir!" cried the sage of Bellyfulle, "if all our faults, our little tricks, our petty cozenings, our bo-peep moods with truth and justice, could be sent upon us in the blankets all embodied, sir, in fleas, how many of us of lily skins would get up spotted scarlet?"

"But surely, sir," said we, "you had no time for such remorseful thoughts in the nursery?"

"No—not then," answered the Hermit. "Then, as I said, I took counsel with myself; and resolved, since the strangeness of my fate had cast me in Turveytop, to bear with meekness all that might befall me. The giant folk are wise, benevolent, I thought; else, wherefore should they seek to purge men of their wicked worldliness, taking them back to their first swaddling-hour, that they may learn the lesson of life anew? Yes; I will forget the scurvy wisdom that puffed my heart, and made me cock my cap, a knowing fellow. I will let the cunning, self-complacent, braggart creature die here where I am, and be taken up a baby—yea, a very suckling."

"This, sir," we said, "would be a rare secret to teach men."

"It was taught in Turveytop—truly taught; but I know not how it was, there was something in the place, the people, that after a time made the most stubborn of the babes apt and cunning pupils. For myself, I resolved upon docility; and lying where my nurse had placed me, I bade all my rascal thoughts depart; by a strong effort of the soul kicked from my brain many a shrewd deceit, that, in former days, I had treasured more than gold and jewels."

"And so," we said, with a laugh, "became a babe again?"

"What a delicious pause was that! How sweet that cleanliness of soul! There I lay in thoughts of lavender; for the babihood of Turveytop is not like our first childhood. There, man is not a midway thing, between two mysteries, the cradle and the coffin. No, sir; having purged my brain of its secreted wickedness, I was conscious of my sweet condition. I felt and rejoiced in my infancy of heart, and I have not forgotten its deliciousness. I was resolved

to begin my life anew; and as a droll destiny had given me a nursling to the giants, I so played my part of babihood, that my nurse outsounded all her gossips with my praises. Thus, I never cried or whimpered, but suffered myself to be dressed and undressed, crowing the while, and walking up my nurse's knees—and cooing and laughing in her lap. In this, as I have said, I found my account: in a fortnight I was short-coated, and in another fortnight was put upon my feet, for my nurse declared that in a week I should be able to walk alone. Many of my companions were less docile. There was one—he had been an admiral—who roared and swore in a terrible vein, and vowed he would only be quieted with pig-tail tobacco. Another, a weazened babe—a money-lender in former life—was never silent but when he was allowed to wear his nurse's silver thimble on his head, he did so love the metal. Most of the children, however, lost by degrees the errors and weaknesses of their former days, and in time became span-new creatures."

"And pray, sir," we asked, "what term of probation did they pass, ere they were permitted to claim man's estate?"

"That depended upon the progress of the individual; for, with the Turveytopians the year of discretion was not fixed by the almanac, but by the wisdom and purity of the neophyte. There were, certainly, a few babies—I must still call them so—who had been in Turveytop

for centuries. You are aware, sir, that it was the fashion with those sorry dogs the Romans, when any of their heroes were missing, to swear that they had been carried off by Mars, charioted by a clap of thunder. A flam, sir—a political flam—to double-gild the memory of ruffians. The truth is, they were taken to Turveytop, and there they still remain; they are such hopeless blockheads, they can learn nothing good and peaceable. There, they are vermin-hunters to the giants, waging war with the rats and mice; no child's sport, sir, when you consider the strength and immensity of the beasts. Poor King Arthur, whom the Welshmen look for—and King Sebastian, still expected by all believing Portuguese—both of them are in Turveytop, and there, I think, are likely to remain. Arthur, the mirror of knighthood, is a sulky, watery-headed lout, continually robbing the other children of their nuts and apples—throwing sticks at the legs of flies, and slily sticking pins into the youngest babies. The Welshmen believe in Arthur's return, faithfully as in leeks; but, sir, the Turveytopians knew that he would only spoil his reputation, so keep him where he is. And for the good King Sebastian, who, nearly three hundred years ago, passed into Africa, to cut Moorish throats, he was spirited off to Turveytop, to be taught fair dealing."

"And how has the teaching prospered?" we inquired.

"Very badly, sir," answered the Hermit. "I don't know how it is, but the heroes and wise folks of our world become sad lubbers and dunces among the giants. I have seen King Sebastian seated with twenty other kings and legislators, all of them famous upon our earth for their justice and wisdom; I have seen them, each with a piece of chalk between his fingers, vainly trying to draw a straight line. For centuries have they in Turveytop been set to do such simple task, before they should be permitted to return to their old world again; yet has no one of them accomplished it. No, sir; there is not one of them who does not draw zig-zag. And the best of it is, each of them swears that his own crookedness is the straightest of the straight. The Turveytop geometrician shakes his head with a mild pity, whereupon the late kings and lawmakers sulk, and, in a low voice, swear at him. Fate alone can tell when poor Sebastian will get to Portugal again. A sad thing for him, sir," said the Hermit—"for I doubt not that there his worst zig-zag might pass for a perfect straight line. The dunces I have heard at school, too!"—and the Hermit sighed.

"Then they sent you all to school?" we observed.

"Assuredly," said the Hermit, "and to me sweet and pleasant was the academy. Not that we were packed off, to be nailed to a form, as soon as we could lisp;—the Turveytopians are wiser, more benevolent;—no—we sprawled and kicked about in the sun, and rode cock-horse upon the backs of snails, and took flying leaps upon grasshoppers, and tore our frocks, and rolled in puddles, and dirtied our faces, and ran thorns into our fingers—and, in short, did every other trick that endears a child to its parents. Yes, our constitution was suffered to strengthen like palm trees in the sun and air, and the alphabet was an unthought-of calamity, until we were at least seven years old. The girls were taken in hand at five; for women, sir, are somehow always in advance of us."

"Is that your faith?"

"Is it not indisputable? Though Eve was younger than Adam, was she not more than a match for him? As for girls," said the Hermit with a gentle chuckle, "I know not if it be not a great defect in their education that they are taught to read and write at all."

"It cannot be, sir," we cried. "What! rear the tender, blooming souls in ignorance?"

"Why not?" said the Hermit, stroking his chin, whilst his eye twinkled. "Why not, sir? Ignorance is the mother of admiration. Perhaps they'd love us all the better for it. Ha, my friend! you know not what mischief may be done when you teach a girl to spell, and put a pen in her hand. It's adding weapons of offence where there was more than enough before. 'Tis like giving another quill to a porcupine. Relentless souls, how many of them *will* write! Man,—let him be praised, though praised in a whisper for it!—has his fits of lordly idleness, his accidental headache in the morning, and he turns from his standish as from a nauseous draught, and his grey goose feather rises upon his stomach as though it were the bird's yesterday's flesh; and so, taking his hat, he lounges abroad hugging his laziness and dearly loving it; or he sits in his chair, the world unthought of, spinning upon its axis, and he, in sweetest independence, twiddling his thumbs. Not so with woman, sir; she has no idleness, not she; that blot darkens not the crystal purity of her resolution. She, like frail bibulous man, has never one of *his* headaches! No, sir, the world gets no such respite. Fatally industrious, and sweetly temperate, your writing woman, like a cuttle-fish, secretes ink for every day."

"'Twill go ill with you," said we to the sage, "should woman write your epitaph."

"Nay, her gratitude will protect me," answered the Hermit, "seeing that I shall then let her have what is dearest to the sex."

"And what is that?" we asked.

"The last word,"—and the Hermit blandly smiled. "Nevertheless, sir, let what I have said rest between us. For the sex—blessings

on their honied hearts!—will forgive wrong, outrage, perjury sworn ten times deep—anything against their quiet, but a jest. Break a woman's heart, and she'll fit the pieces toge ther, and, with a smile, assure the penitent that no mischief is done—indeed, and indeed, she was never better. Break a joke, light as water-bubble, upon her constancy, her magnanimity —nay, upon her cookery—and take good heed; she declares war—war to the scissors. There was my great aunt Dorcas. Poor soul! Her husband had tried the woman a hundred cruel ways, and found her, as her own mother declared, quite an angel. Her heart had been broken many, many years; and yet so well do women repair the ravages of time and accident, nobody would ever have thought it. Well, sir, this woman, who had endured wrong, neglect—nay, some did whisper, the slight of infidelity, to boot—this woman, who, placidly as a saint in china, had smiled upon a husband's villanies, at length parted from the man upon a custard! Yes, sir: her tyrant of a mate—as he thought, poor wretch! pleasantly enough—flung a heavy joke, before company, too, upon his wife's pastry. The man had never been known to attempt a jest till then. Whereupon, aunt Dorcas said she had endured enough; there was a limit even to a wife's forbearance. She rose from the table, and died upon a separate maintenance."

"Pray, sir," we inquired, "has your philosophy fathomed the cause of all this?"

"'Tis in the deeper gravity of the sex," said the Hermit. "Nay, sir, I mean it. They are shallow thinkers, sir, who declare women to be light and frivolous. Depend upon it, they take life much more in earnest than we do. Hence, sir, woman is rarely a joke-making animal. Far better than we does she know the perishable materials of which life is made, and takes serious care of them accordingly. And then, sir, the delicacy of the sex makes them shrink from a jest. Like pistol or small sword, it is a masculine weapon, and not to be intruded upon their gentle presence. No, sir; a woman may be brought to forgive bigamy, but not a joke."

"It may be so," said we; "but, sir, all this time we have wandered from Turveytop. You were sent to school there, you say?"

"I was—and there, indeed, the time went gaily by. Benevolent and gentle was the schoolmaster, and worthy of the honours lavished by the state upon him. Aye, sir, you may look; but in Turveytop the schoolmaster is not a half-drudge, half-executioner. No, sir; the importance, the solemnity, of his mission is conceded. Children are not sent to him with no more ceremony than if they were terrier-pups, packed to the farrier to have their tails docked and their ears rounded. In Turveytop, the schoolmaster is considered the maker of the future people—the moral artificer of society. Hence, the state pays him peculiar consideration. It is allowed that his daily labours are in the immortal chambers of the mind—the mind of childhood, new from the Maker's hand, and undefiled by the earth. Hence, there is a solemnity, almost a sacredness, in the schoolmaster's function; upon him and his high and tender doings does the state of Turveytop depend, that its prisons shall be few. It is for him to wage a daily war with the gaoler. His work is truly glorious, for it is with childhood —beautiful childhood!" cried the Hermit passionately—"holy childhood, with still the bloom of its first home upon it! For, indeed, there is a sanctity about it—it is a bright new-comer from the world unknown, a creature with unfolded soul!—And yet, sir, are there not states where, whilst yet the creature draws its pauper milk—of the same sort, by the way, that nurtured Abel—we give it to those fiends of earth, violence and wrong, and then scourge, imprison, hang the pupil for the teaching of its masters? Childhood, with its innocence killed in the very seed! Childhood, a fetid imp in rags, with fox-like, thievish eyes and lying breath, the foul weed of a city. Such, indeed, it is to the niceness of our senses, shrinking at the filth and whining of that world-wrinkled babe! But look at it aright, sir,"—cried the Hermit with new animation—"translate its mutterings into their true meaning. What do you see?—what hear? The lineaments and cryings of an accusing demon; a giant thing of woe and mischief scowling and shrieking at the world that hath destroyed its holiness of life; that, seizing it, yea from the hand of its Maker, hath defaced the divinity of its impress, and made it devil—a devil to do a devil's mischief; then to be doomed and punished by a self-complacent world, that lays the demon in a felon's grave, and after, sighs and wrings the hands at human wickedness."

"In the strange land you speak of," we observed, wishing to divert the passion of the Hermit, for, indeed, he seemed strangely possessed,—"you said that childhood had its sacred claims allowed. There, all were taught—all tended. The schoolmaster, too, had high privileges?"

"The highest," cried the sage, his light good-humour returning. "Indeed, in Turveytop the schoolmasters may be said to take the place of our commanding soldiers. We give rank, distinction, high praises to generals and such folk for the cunning slaughter of their thousands. We take the foul smell out of bloodshed, and call men-quellers heroes. We give them gold lace, and stick feathers upon them, and hang them about with Orders of Saint Fire, Saint Pillage, and Saint Slaughter. We strip the skin from the innocent sheep to make

rub-a-dub to their greatness, and blow their glory to the world from blatant brass. Now, the Turveytopians have no soldiers; but they give the same amount of honour to their schoolmasters. They have a belief that it is quite as noble to build up a mind as to hack a body; that to teach meekness, content—is as high a feat as to cut a man through the shoulder bone; that, in a word, it is as wise and useful, and surely as seemly in the eye of watchful Heaven, to fill the human brain with thoughts of goodness, as to scatter it from a skull, cleft by the sword in twain. Hence, the schoolmaster in Turveytop is a great social authority, honoured by the state. The savage counts his glories by scalps; the refined man of war by his gazettes. The general kills five thousand men—defeats some twenty thousand. He may have picked a quarrel with them, that he might pick his sprig of laurel, and rejoice in lawful plunder. He has done his work upon humanity; he has acted his part in the world—a world of human sympathies—and he becomes earl, or steps up duke. It is his rightful wage, paid by a grateful hand. The schoolmaster of Turveytop numbers his scholars; shows the heroes he has made; the victors over self among his army; the troops of wise and peaceful citizens he has marshalled for the field of life, and is honoured and rewarded accordingly."

"And you were sent to one of these great pedagogues—these laurelled teachers?"

"Excellent old man!" cried the Hermit. "He was sorely tried by some of us. The perverseness, the stupidity of some of my schoolfellows passes belief; yet the master's sweetness of spirit was unconquerable. Some of his pupils he never could teach to spell the commonest syllables. There was one boy—in our world he would have passed for about sixty-five—who never could master the word *good*. For years, as I understood, he had been haggling at it. 'Now, my poor little boy,' I have heard the schoolmaster cry a hundred and a hundred times, a melancholy smile upon his reverend face, 'now, my child, spell me *good*.' Whereupon the pupil—a thin-faced, greenish-eyed fellow, and, as I learned, a former dealer in foreign stocks, would answer '*g-o-l-d*.' And thus it had been with him for years; and thus, if alive, it may be with him now. Wretched little dunce! He could not comprehend any other way of spelling *good* than *g-o-l-d*. He, however, was not alone in his dulness. No; there were twenty other scholars from the outside world who still stumbled at the syllable. Will it be believed?—There was one boy, about fifty-two, with a drum-like belly and a somewhat purplish nose. It was whispered that, ere he was brought to Turveytop, he had been a vicar, more than apostolically sharp for his tithes. Well, sir, you would have expected higher intelligence from such a scholar; yet somehow he never could master the monosyllable. '*Good*' would be the word of the teacher, and still the fat-bellied boy would spell '*p-i-g*.' How our dear schoolmaster would look perplexed! How plainly I could see him striving to account for the confusion in the pupil's mind, that still from year to year had gone on spelling '*g o o d*' with the letters '*p-i-g*.' The simple monosyllable was a trying task for many of the scholars. Indeed, how few of them—from the defect of their previous worldly education—could spell the word the proper way! The old admiral I have already spoken of, always insisted upon spelling it—'*g-r-o-g*.' From my heart, I pitied the schoolmaster; for whilst other teachers were seeing the young Turveytopians advance in all their daily lessons, and so, doing their master honour in the land, our poor pedagogue was doomed to sit almost hopelessly amid a crowd of dunces, whose dull or debauched faculties rendered them incapable of the easiest tasks. And yet no word of passion or reproach ever escaped the teacher. 'Poor little boy,' he would say, with a sigh, having hammered for an hour and more at the word '*good*,' while some foxhunting urchin, with his hands in his pockets, and a brassy confidence in his face, would spell '*d o g*;'—'poor little boy,' the giant schoolmaster would exclaim, 'it is not your fault, poor heart! no, it is the dark, dreadful world you have come from!' It is a sad thing to think of," said the Hermit, "yet are there many, many pupils, growing hoary, and still mis-spelling '*good*,' nay, dying, and still unable to master that easy monosyllable. For I know not how many hundred years King Arthur there, in the preparatory school of Turveytop, has been sulking with his thumb in his mouth, still spelling '*b-l-o-o-d*' for '*g o o d*.' The last time I saw him he had on a dunce's paper cap, made out of a poem written in this world to his especial honour."

"And King Arthur, and King Sebastian, too,—you have talked with them in Turveytop?" we cried.

"Most certainly," said the Hermit.

"And Numa Pompilius?"—

"And Joanna Southcote," cried the sage.

"Is it possible?" we exclaimed. "Joanna Southcote! Then she is not dead? That is, she will keep her word, and come back to us?"

"And open a baby linen warehouse," said the Hermit; "she told me as much for the comfort of her believers; though, to confess the truth, I have never until now bragged of my acquaintance with her. As, however, she has been given up as incurable by the Turveytopians, there is but little chance of her returning to this world, since they suffer no one to come back who does not at least promise con-

tinued amendment. Now, Joanna, as I have said, is incurable."

"And what her malady?" we asked.

"Lying, sir," answered the sage. "And her great grief is, that nobody in Turveytop will believe her. Poor thing! How she laments her loss of this world! She dwelt alone in a little cottage, and being famous for her tea-cakes—for there is a sort of sanctity that hath a quick sense of kitchen comforts—was much visited by King Arthur, Sebastian, and other dunces of Turveytop. I deny it not; I have made one at these meetings. She was a sleek-looking, cosey woman, with a voice like a flute. On my first visit to her,—for there was something about her that somewhat tickled me,"——

"Her tea-cakes?" we ventured in the smallest voice to observe.

"Well, sir," said the Hermit, with a smile, "when there be not other virtues, let even tea-cakes pass for something;—on my first visit, she would have devoured me for news. 'Anything stirring in my way in London?' she asked. I answered, 'No, madam; nothing whatever. I left all the people very dull—not at all what they were when you were among them.'—'Well, I did give them a rouse,' she said; and then mournfully added, 'but I suppose they have forgotten me?'—'Why, the truth is, madam, ingratitude is the public's sin; nevertheless, you are still spoken of, and by a hopeful few are promised back again. The worst of it is, should you really return, I fear there will be unbelievers who, even to your face, will disown you.'—'Never mind that,' said Joanna; 'only let me get back again, and I warrant me I'll have the world by the nose once more. As for being disowned, why, for the matter of that, I'd take another name, and start a new mystery. Is there, at the present time, think you, room for such a novelty?'—'As I have said, madam, we have been somewhat dull in such matters of late. There has been no new prophet on the stage for some time.'—'Then the world wants one. Don't tell me, I know it: bless you, after a season, the world gets sick and tired of its old, old truths,—and longing, hungering for a good lie, will swallow anything. Otherwise, do you think I should have gone down as I did? though even I made one great mistake—my lie was not quite strong enough.'—'Pretty well, I think, madam.'—'Not at all,' said Joanna; 'and then I gave it too short a date. Nevertheless, I *did* hook 'em,—folks of all degrees,—a good sprinkling of the high with the low—gentle and simple—rich and poor. Well, if there is any sport worthy of human enjoyment, it is cheating our fellow-creatures.'"

"The old harridan!" we cried.

"Still give her the praise of an ingenuous tongue," said the Hermit. "Joanna only confessed what, I fear me, many believe and practise, yet vehemently deny. The woman spoke in earnest, and that's something. And I fear me, she spoke truly of the world's hunger at intervals for imposition. It is, I suppose, with the multitude as sometimes with single Nokes or Styles: truth becomes to them monotonous—propriety dulness; and so they get a zest for a lie, and make holiday with extravagance. Nay, sir, if we look philosophically into the matter, the greater the outrage offered to their minds, the deeper, by consequence, their faith in it. A zany boasts his daily intercourse with angelic spirits: the daring of the falsehood carries away the imagination of weak and simple folks who clap hands with the impostor, that they may be nearer to his celestial intelligences. The spiritual mountebank, juggling with human hopes and fears, offers a closer knowledge of the mystery of mysteries. Hence, the dupe is often born of the zealot. Enough of this. Perhaps, some day Joanna will be again in the world: though, as she says, under another name, and preaching forth another marvel. It has been thus almost since truth was born—and she came smiling from chaos upon the earth—and will be thus until the end."

"And the Turveytopians? What of their government—their laws, and customs?"

"Of such matters know I nothing," said the Hermit, "save that the schoolmasters were, so to speak, the nobility of the people. We scholars, spirited from the outside world to be brought up and taught in all things anew, were confined to the nursery, the school-room and play-grounds. Indeed, save that the benevolence of our masters was more remarkable than in the teachers of dancing-dogs, they seemed to look upon us as inferior creatures, that might, with time and pains, be taught some tricks of humanity—that possibly, from a sojourn in Turveytop, might be made less mischievous to one another when sent back to the world we were taken from. Hence, I saw but little of the political and social condition of Turveytop. There ran a legend that, many hundred years ago, there arose a civil war in the land, which was ended in a way it would be pleasant to see imitated."

"How, sir?" we asked.

"Why, the two parties had armed themselves with swords and spears and battle-axes—things unknown till then—and guns and cannon, and all the devilry which laurels come of. Thus armed, the divided people took the field. The opposing chiefs had marked their ground, and every man rubbed his hands—for the Turveytopians were, for the time, frantic with malice—at the sweet thought of chopping his neighbour through the skull, whilst those birds of glory, the vultures, were already cock-a-whoop

for human flesh. Now, at that time the Turveytopians worshipped, among other divinities, a certain God of Laughter. I know not that such was his name; but mirth, loud, reckless, rollicking mirth, was his high attribute. This god had of late been much neglected. The Turveytopians—having their hearts filled with rancour, and in the drunkenness of their wrath yearning for nought but blood and wounds—had wickedly neglected the service of that beneficent *Numen*. Oh, glorious laughter!"—cried the sage of Bellyfulle, falling back in his chair, and turning his broad shining face upwards, whilst his eyes twinkled benignly, and his lips seemed trembling with a jest—"thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back—that dost lay salve to the feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards—that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite itself—that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present—that makes man truly philosophic—conqueror of himself and care! What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove, was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus. It is not true that Prometheus stole the fire, but the laughter of the gods, to deify our clay, and in the abundance of our merriment, to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered, sir, what man would be, destitute of the ennobling faculty of laughter? Why, sir, laughter is to the face of man—what sinovia, I think anatomists call it, is to his joints,—it oils, and lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it, our faces would have been rigid, hyena-like; the iniquities of our heart, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, husky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruet lights at the top—for foreheads would have then gone out of fashion—and a cavernous hole below his nose. Think of a babe without laughter, as it is, its first intelligence! The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end, by smiling upon us: yes, smiles are its first talk with the world, smiles the first answers that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shaking in its nurse's arms, or in waggish humour playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny—declares, to him with ears to hear it, the heirdom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and as acutely as they will, they must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumphant stand upon his broad grins; for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he alone of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish. Let man then send a loud ha! ha! through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege."

"And the Turveytopians, you say, sir, had their God of Laughter?"

"And, from what I could gather, he held a most exalted place in their Pantheon. Sweet, too, especially sweet, was one of their customs of sacrifice. It was this. A man always dedicated his first joke, whatever it may have been, to the God of Laughter. There was a fine spirit of gratitude in the practice, a sweet acknowledgment of the honied uses of mirth in this our daily draught of life, otherwise cold, and flatulent, and bitter. This first offering was always a matter of great solemnity. The maker of the joke, whether man or maid, was taken in pompous procession to the shrine of the god. And there, the joke—beautifully worked in letters of gold upon some rich-coloured silk or velvet—was given in to the *flamen*, who read it to the assembled people, who roared approving laughter. The joker was then taken back in triumph to his house, and feasting and sports for nine days marked this his first act of citizenship; for I should tell you that no jokeless man could claim any civil rights. Hence, when the man began to joke, he was considered fit for the gravest offices of human government; and not till then!"

"What! no civil rights? Had he no vote—if indeed there were votes in Turveytop—for his representative in the Senate?—for—"

"Sir," replied the Hermit, gravely, "he had no voice in any thing; not even in the making of a beadle. The man without a joke in Turveytop was a wretch, an outcast; indeed, to give you the strongest, the truest comparison, he was what your man in England is, without a guinea."

"Miserable wretch!" we cried. "And what became of these creatures?"

"As I learned, the jokeless did all the foul and menial work. Miserable men, indeed! I have heard of a country in which the social dignity and moral intelligence of the man was computed by the soap he was wont to outlay upon his anatomy. He might be too poor to buy the soap; never mind that; it was a terrible thing, and stung the penniless offender like a nettle to call him 'the unwashed!' Now, in Turveytop, it amounted to the same degree of ignominy to call a man the jokeless! Some of these might be in tatters and starving; well, they would ask charity, and how? They would say nothing of rags and hunger, but stopping the rich, they would despairingly slap the forehead, and in a hollow voice, cry 'No joke!' Thus, in those days of Turveytop, jokes gave dignity to the highest offices of the state. Senators and magistrates thought of nothing but making a joke of their functions and reputation. They had their great reward not only in the admi-

ration of the people, but in the high degree of mental expression and physical beauty which their genius, constantly exercised, inevitably awarded them."

"Have jokes such benign power upon their makers?" we asked.

"Unquestionably," answered the Hermit, startled at the question. "Take a sulky fellow, with a brow ever wrinkled at the laughing hours, let them laugh ever so melodiously—who looks with a death's head at the pleasant fruits of the earth heaped upon his table—who leaves his house for business as an ogre leaves his cave for food—who returns home joyless and grim to his silent wife and creeping children,—take such a man, and, if possible, teach him to joke. Why, sir, 'twould be like turning a mandril into an Apollo. A hearty jest kills an ugly face. The divine nature of man irradiates and ennobles what at first sight seems wholly animal. What a mighty joker was Socrates! Yes, joker, sir; and rightly have the sculptors imagined that knotty countenance, sublimed and sweetened by the laughing spirit within! Now, the jokeless of Turveytop—as it was related to me—became physically forlorn; the sympathy of mind and flesh was so active. Hence, they were drudges, scavengers, bone-grubbers, pickers-up of old rags and iron, bearers of burdens, outcasts, miserable creatures;—the jokers all the while sitting high in place, their cheeks greasy with the marrow of the earth, their eyes twinkling with its nectar."

"Strange, indeed!" we cried.

"Aye, sir," said the Hermit, "for there are places in which, nine times out of ten, your joker is the lean drudge, and the dull fellow has the pot-belly, the purple nose, and the full purse."

"And now, sir, for the civil war in Turveytop? You say it was pleasantly ended?"

"In this fashion," said the Hermit, "if I have heard the legend truly. The two armies, in high conceit with their murderous weapons—for until that time there had been no men-killing engines known in Turveytop—lusted for the fight. Now, sir, you have heard or read of the vast concern shown by the gods of the heathen in the battles of their favourite soldiers—as if, for instance, you and I should have pet emmets in the bloody struggle for an ear of barley. Indeed, whether or no, man *will* make his gods shoulder the knapsack with him: he will make them enter the breach, fire the town, clap a ready hand upon moveables; knock a wayward householder on the head, and after, take enjoyment in the cellar, the larder, and the chamber. Man will, as I say, take his gods campaigning with him; and, sir, it must be owned, scurvy treatment they ofttimes meet with at his hands. When he has laboured profitably in the bloody harvest, he gives them money for their good-will and support; and, alas, poor gods! with swaggering, blaspheming impudence, thanks them for his good fortune in robbery and slaughter. To hear of certain thanksgivings for successful battle, should we not believe that the devil had made *his* Adam, and that the slaughtered creatures were children of the demon handiwork, begotten by the evil principle, to be zealously attacked and butchered by the progeny of him who walked and talked with God in Paradise? It would seem thus; but it is not so. No, we are children of one Father, and when we have killed some thousand brethren or so, why with unwashed hands and demure faces, we thank God for his good help in the fratricide. In the outside world of brazen brows, there is no impudence like the impudence of what men call religion."

"Still, sir," we urged, "you wander from the battle of Turveytop."

"Right: to wander is a besetting sin of mine. Keep we now to the story. Well, sir, the two armies were about to fight, when the God of Joking—whose shrine had been sadly despised and neglected in preparation for the war—resolved to put an end to the wickedness, and so to bring the Turveytopians back again to jests and reason. Whereupon, as the story runs, the God Jocus repaired to a high hill near the battle-field, and seating himself cross-legged on its summit, called his thousands of servants about him, giving them due orders for their goodly work. The god surveyed the hosts below him with a wan smile, and then clapping his hands to his sides, he laughed a laugh of thunder. On this, the trumpets brayed once, and once only, and the armies engaged. In a moment the god saw that his sprites—there were immortal thousands, though born of human brains—had done his wise behest. There was no smoke—no fire. The great guns were dumb—the muskets undischarged; for be it known to you, sir, that the Turveytopians had at the time all the weapons since invented in our miniature world. Then you might have seen the soldiers charge, and their brittle bayonets break harmless against the bellies of the foes: then would some seize their weapons, and with the butt-end strike the enemy in the teeth. And the enemy stood and licked their lips. Wherefore, you will ask? I will tell you. The musket-stock was no longer walnut-wood; but, by the benignity of the great God Jocus, a thing of savoury sausage-meat, calling up the spirit of enjoyment in the heart of man, as it smote his nostril. In this way, sir, all things were changed. Here you would see a soldier take a cartridge from his box, and with bloody and sepulchral looks bite the cartridge-end. At that moment the face changed to sweetness and content; for, the cartridge bitten, a delicious cordial flowed into the mouth of the

biter, and winding about his stony heart, melted it into human jelly. Here you would see a grenadier sucking a bayonet, as a nursling sucks a lollipop; and wherefore?—The great God Jocus had turned the deadly weapon into sugar-candy. In another place you might behold the small drums turned into pots of jelly, and the little drummer-boys eating therefrom, and painting their downy faces with raspberry and currant of more than martial red. Big drums took the shape and flavour of rounds of beef; and in a thought, the kettles were buffaloes' dried humps. The pioneers' caps became wine-coolers, and their aprons napkins of damask. Grey-headed officers swallowed their own swords, turned into macarone. A cymbal player was seen to devour his cymbals, suddenly changed into ratafia paste. What had been gunpowder was eaten by the handful as small saccharine comfits; cartridge-bullets were candied plums, and gave great pleasure both to horse and foot. Well, sir, it is not to be thought that discipline could survive temptation such as this. No, sir: at first there was vast astonishment; then a low murmur of delight ran through either host; then there was a mighty smacking of lips; and then the opposing armies laughed a tremendous laugh, and embraced. On this a solemn cachinnation escaped the great God Jocus, who, uncrossing his legs, vanished. The news flew among the women of Turveytop, who, coming and bringing their children to the field, made merry with the army. A banquet was resolved upon; it was but rightful thanksgiving to the benevolent Jocus, whose noble practical jest had saved the blood of Turveytop; and more, had provided, yea, in the very engines of war, the wherewithal to comfort the bowels and rejoice the heart of man. The substance of dried meats was found in gun carriages; delicious cheeses were in the wheels; and pikes and halberds were nought more deadly than attenuated sausage, pungent and aromatic. The great guns, too—charged as it was thought with agony and death for thousands—contained nothing more mischievous than ruby wine. The cannon shot, turned to corks, were now withdrawn; and the armies ate and drank, and laughed and sang, and danced, and gave hearty thanks to the great God Jocus."

"And so the matter ended?"

"Even so, sir," replied the Hermit; "the field whereon the armies met was called, from that time, the Field of the Sage and Onions, those vegetables from that very day abounding there. And in memory of the time, the Turveytopians, in solemn procession, once a year gather of the produce to stuff their geese. You smile, sir. Think you, sir, it is not better to pull an onion than to pluck laurel? There are fewer tears drawn by homely scallion than by the green leaf."

"A strange freak, sir," we said, "of the God Jocus! It was at that we smiled."

"A strange, yet mighty benevolence!" cried the Hermit. "Would that he—or some kindred beneficence—could descend upon carnivorous war, when and wheresoever it should purpose to feed, and turn its carving sword to sugar!"

THE OLD THORN.

Once thou wast what thou art not now,
The beauty of May morning;
Soon as the sunbeam lit thy bough
With smiles of early dawning,
Children came to gather posies,
The bee to sip thy flower,
When as yet no summer roses
Adorn'd the cottage bower.
Then didst thou rule in queenly pride,
Pale but peerless hawthorn tree,
And ev'ry scented breeze that sigh'd
Told the love it bore for thee.
The small bird came, a yearly guest,
To thy impervious screen,
In which the schoolboy left her nest
And the sky-blue eggs unseen.
The violet dark and cowslip fair
'Neath thy shade were ever found,
Where the fluttering noon-tide air
Sent the dew-drops pattering round.
At eve fond lovers oft would meet,
Ling'ring 'neath thee until night;
When glow-worms kindling at their feet
Warn'd them of their homeward flight.—
But never more beneath thy shade
Shall the village maiden rest,
For darkly are thine arms array'd
'Gainst the sun-light of the west.
And they are leafless, sad, and drear—
And the coming of sweet May
Will cause no blossoms to appear,
Cluster'd on a wither'd spray.
It matters not—remembrance will
Paint thee as thou once hast been,
And the old thorn upon the hill
Yet in mem'ry shall be green.

G. Perry.

BIRMINGHAM is indeed a remarkable place, in the midst of remarkable and interesting scenery—so close to other counties that an hour's walk will carry you into the lovely and luxuriant Worcestershire, or the densely populated Staffordshire, interesting alike from its amazing mineral resources, and for its industrious, patient, ill-paid people.

A mile from our busy town, and we come upon the road to Hales Owen (or Yell's, as it is called by the natives) and in view of the loveliest valley in the world, albeit they are many: as far as the charmed eye can reach, are soft, swelling, green hills, quiet shady lanes, little valleys with the bright sparkling waters of a canal glancing now and then in a blink of sunshine, village spires peeping up from groves of trees, while here and there the curling smoke arises from farm houses *so* remote, and *so* secluded, that wandering only a hundred yards from the turnpike road, we can scarcely fancy ourselves in busy England; the startled hare and rabbit dart across our path, the wood-pigeon cooes in the tall trees, while, in the back-ground, giving an exquisite finish to the scene, arise the blue-tinted hills of the Lickey, Clent, and Malvern.

Here Shenstone wrote—here he lived—for here are his far-famed Leasowes, a perfect garden of beauty—with every diversity of landscape stretched out to the admiring eye: in this soft and lovely climate people *live*, too, to a good old age; and (for there is a reverse to this picture) here, people—too many, alas—live until life is a burden, for here, in the midst of God's bounty and loveliness, stalks the curse of poverty—the whole population of this beauteous region being, without distinction of *sex*, nailers, a name at once descriptive of all poverty and wretchedness. Everywhere cottages and mud hovels meet the eye in the most picturesque situations, built up of such incongruous materials, and in such dilapidation, as would rejoice the heart of a painter—but to plain prose, appear neither more nor less than utter distress and poverty.

To each of these cottages or hovels is attached a shed for the forge; and here may be seen the maid, the matron, the young, the old, the strong and the weak, working from early dawn till long after "dewy eve," —perhaps not able to sell their day's work at any price; perhaps, next day, wandering with a bagful to our town, begging at every shop door that we would buy them, or in the majority of cases receiving from fourpence halfpenny to sixpence for their long day's work.

This state of existence, for it cannot be called living, precludes instruction,—that blessing being confined to the inhabitants of this "happy valley" while children; they are, while children, taught at Sunday schools imperfectly to read and write, but there their education

ceases—for from the time that they have strength enough to hold a hammer, their doom is fixed. Many a slight and graceful girl have I seen wielding a hammer, who would have much better become the benches of a day-school, both from her tender age and delicate form, clad in a coarse woollen petticoat, a rough handkerchief covering her bosom as protection from the sparks of red-hot iron, and sufficiently disclosing her stays and shift-sleeves. The only little display of feminine vanity attempted, is in the arrangement of her hair: no time to spare for curling and braiding, she is a gainer in appearance from her smooth unadorned tresses; and the poor nailer girl may be forgiven the bit of coquetry with which she keeps the door half shut to hide her poor attire, while she peeps out on hearing the sound of approaching wheels. Alas! poor girl, well she knows, despite her now graceful and flexible form, before she is thirty years old, she will be bent to the shape of the anvil at which she now works, singing with all the light-heartedness of youth.

She cannot extricate herself—for all the girls round her are nailers, or (until very lately) work in coal-pits. She cannot be a servant—for her hovel never required household work, and she knows nothing of it; while her talents as a cook have never been tested farther than potatoes and bacon. She has *no* alternative; she exists, and works on, as all the district do, until she becomes a crippled, starved and miserable object, living in the midst of beauty with the slightest appreciation of it, in the midst of plenty without partaking of it, and with no other notion of the *power* of God than that he is the inflicter of her present hard fate, which if she bears without murmuring, she may, by possibility, obtain some future reward.

And with all the boast of superior intellect, the *men* are the same ignorant, hardworking, helpless, starved objects as the women; from the constant habit of stooping over their work, they are not above half as tall at fifty as they were at twenty. In the close neighbourhood of some of the finest saline springs in the kingdom, they are dirty and neglectful of their persons. It may be urged in extenuation of this, that the baths being rented of Lord Dudley, a charge is made for admission by the tenant, which, of course, they are totally unable to pay; but, if a disposition were shown by the inhabitants to avail themselves of the boon, his lordship's liberality is too well known to doubt that every facility would be afforded even to the very poorest. Thus they vegetate on, with no instruction, no amusement, no relaxation, no luxury but tobacco, which is used by both sexes and all ages.

Sauntering along one of the lanes, I stopped at a well known smithy, and asked the girl if she had ever heard of Shenstone?

"The ould conjurer, he has made songs and verses, and put up seats under the trees for folks to sit and look at the fields!"

"I suppose you mean the same—do you ever walk through his Leasowes on a Sunday?"

"Not I. I bin so tired, and my arms aching so with my week's work, that I mostly lies abed Sundays, till toward night sometimes I goes to meetin'."

She picked up a short black pipe. I remarked, "I was sorry to see so young a girl smoke."

"Perhaps you'd smoke too, if you hadn't nothing else." God knows, perhaps I should.

"But I thought *women's* luxury was *tea?*"

"Yes, when they can get it; hereabouts we drinks peppermint tea; real *tea* is dear, you know, and we earns no money scarce: I sometimes think I'd better hang myself than live to grow old."

"But I heard you were about to be married?"

"Well, and it's time: he's but a rough sort of blade, and I dare say I shall have to work as hard then as now, but I shall perhaps get more to *eat;* for I don't mind telling *you*—and I'm sure it is no sin, like thieving any thing else—but he often catches hares and them things that swarm about here, and so he gets a little more than always *nailing*. Do you think it wicked?"

"I can't say *I* think it wicked; but he might be found out, you know."

"Ah, so he might—well, we mun take our luck; we can't go on in this way."

A whole sermon on the sin of poaching would not make me believe it *was* a sin, if, like this poor girl, I never tasted animal food from one year's end to another.

How easy for wise men to *make* laws, and how easy for virtuous men to declaim upon the necessity of obeying those laws; but how frail a barrier are they, when hungry desperation stands arrayed against them!

The character of the scenery entirely changes on approaching the confines of South Staffordshire; and with it, also, change the occupation, habits, and manners of the people. Lanes, instead of being pleasant and shady, become mere ravines, as if in some convulsion of the earth the solid rock had been rent asunder; the land becomes broken into little abrupt round hollows, clearly indicating the nature of the subterranean operations going on all round; fields, though all hill and hollow, are exceedingly fruitful—the heat of the soil producing the best and most luxuriant crops; and though now advancing into a manufacturing district, all sounds and signs of bustle are shut out in the calm peacefulness of the scene, until mounting a short hill, or turning a sharp corner, unexpectedly appears one of those hives of human industry and skill for which the whole county is celebrated.

No longer do "hedge-rows green" divide the fields and fence in the garden plots. Cinders piled one upon the other supply the place; not cinders such as we see in parlour grates—but huge masses of calcine from which the iron ore has been extracted. Instead of mud-built or thatched cottages, the sheds and outhouses are built up of this material, and often roofed with plates of iron; and when the chinks are well filled up, are certainly more comfortable, and are not unsightly to the eye. Here and there are small brick buildings something like beehives, to warn the heedless from approaching, for they indicate the mouth of an exhausted mine, and the earth is always treacherous even after many years.

Similar structures of a larger size are placed near the opening of every coal-pit for the accommodation of the miners; tram-roads intersect the ground in every direction; and in many places, *steam* issues from fissures and holes in the banks, so hot as to make it painful to hold the hand in it for a moment. Such is the difference in general appearance within four miles, —and in the inhabitants is as great a change. Instead of rude cottage buildings, the houses are decorated with staring colours; window-shutters are painted in the

strongest contrasts of blue and brickdust; iron scroll-work painted green serves for curtain, while a range of garden pots of the brightest red are generally placed on a shelf half way up the window.

Instead of the mild, low accent in which the nailers of the valley speak, the tone is loud and harsh, and the dialect scarcely to be understood except by long acquaintance with the county. I remember, when a child, being electrified by a smart slap on the shoulder, accompanied with "Ou'se na ate, wanch?" which being interpreted meant an hospitable inquiry, why I did not eat more.

"Maither," bawls a damsel from a house door to her mother in the fields opposite, "whae's ma feyther's porridge cup?"

"O'er anunst the steairs," shouts the matron in reply.

The use of nicknames is universal, and the droll applicability of many of them speaks much for the natural *humour* possessed by the natives, while their *honesty* is proverbial; so high is the tone of moral feeling (except in one small corner of this region, the limits of which are so clearly defined, that even marriages out of it are rare), that no attempt at palliation or extenuation of it is ever made.

How sorrowful to reflect that such a people should neither receive a fair reward for their labour, nor more instruction than they can gather while children at the Sunday schools!

Heavy indeed is the satire presented by South Staffordshire to that false philanthropy which sends teachers and aids of all kinds to distant lands—forgetting to look at home.

THE SHAWL BUYER.

AN INCIDENT OF 1843.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

BRANCHING off from one of those wide, leading, ever-crowded streets, which are aptly called the arteries of the metropolis, is a certain insignificant turning, which, not even boasting itself as a thoroughfare, is seldom remarked by the hurried pedestrian, unless he have business in one of the half dozen dull, dingy looking houses which rise on each side of the avenue. Yet at one corner, with windows embracing both sides of the house, is a certain shop, which may be called linen-draper's, hosier's, glover's, or, if you will, an outfitting warehouse—so varied and crowded does the merchandize seem. Perhaps, however, my readers will better understand the description if I call it a *ticketing shop*. Yes, there are doubtless at this moment suspended the Brobdignag tickets, expressive of shillings, accompanied by microscopic pence; while ribbons, gloves, and other trifling wares, are placed temptingly forward, decorated with legible inky intimations of pence, which on a nearer inspection one finds incumbered with mystical figures, traced as it appears by an HH. pencil, and signifying three farthings. The shop door faces the great thoroughfare; the private door is in the narrow, unfrequented street. The latter is but little used; and on the step of it, on a certain day, last October, were seated two meanly clad women. Both were apparently in abject poverty—nay, they might be mendicants—for aught the passer-by could tell; yet if he paused a moment, and his eyes had the privilege of direct communication with his understanding, he would feel assured that they were very different beings. Companions, associates, they might be, and were, the strange fellow-labourers which adversity yokes together; but this was all.

The younger of the two, who looked about five and thirty years of age, and whose tattered apparel was black, was weeping bitterly, and rocking to and fro on the cold stone in her anguish. The countenance of the other seemed one that had been distorted by many a violent passion; and, moreover, was not unused to the debasing influence of intemperance.

"Mary Morris," said the latter, addressing her companion, "I wonder you can be such a fool—to grieve about one of them rich people! Let them sicken, and die; what should we care? For my part, I like to see them suffer, and know they are miserable; it's a comfort, that it is."

"Oh, Hannah, don't talk so," said the other, through her tears.

"But I shall talk so. Don't they grind us down to what we are? *You* say, it is the shopkeepers, and that the ladies know nothing about the price we get. *I* say, they ought to know."

"They don't think."

"But they ought to think."

"Well, Hannah, don't let us quarrel."

"That is what you always say when you are crying and moping. Only yesterday, said I to myself, she's getting over Nancy's death; and though we may be next door to starving, we sha'n't have crying and wailing from morning to night."

"Getting over Nancy's death! Oh, God, have mercy!" And the wretched, childless widow raised her thin hands and streaming eyes to Heaven.—"O God, have mercy!" she continued, "though unworthy am I to ask it."

"Well," returned the other, "I think we had better go home—such a home as it is:—two chairs, and an empty cupboard; three sticks and a handful of cinders; two cups and a broken teapot; a kettle without a handle; two forks and one knife;—that's all, isn't it?"

"You forget the bed—*her* gift."

"Well, it was a bed which we were not used to, that made us oversleep ourselves, and so lose a day's work."

"Cruel!" murmured the widow—"because we were

five minutes beyond the hour. But does it not prove," she continued, in a firmer voice, "that the customers know nothing of the pay we get; because it must be to avoid our seeing them, that they give out the work before eight o'clock."

"If it had not been for our coming this afternoon to see if they'd advance us a shilling on next week's work," muttered the elder woman, "you'd never have known who bought the shawl—I am sure I wish you didn't."

"Oh, Hannah!" said the widow Morris, "be human—be what you were five years ago, when first I knew you, or, when long after that, you and I and my blessed child, first made one room our home."

"Now, don't preach."

"I would rather ATONE."

Very different was the scene that might have been witnessed only half a dozen streets distant from that cold damp step, where the shivering women held their strange discourse. A party of three—father, mother, and daughter—had just finished dinner; and though twilight was now fast deepening into night, they had not asked for candles, but were content with the cheering rays of a bright fire, which, as almost the first fire of the season, was doubly enjoyable. They were something better than a merry trio—they were a *happy* one; the clouds of adversity which for three years had darkened the world to them, had lately passed away, and now, with grateful hearts, made better and wiser, they basked once more in the sunshine of prosperity, and tasted its sweets, as those only who have known suffering can do. Mr. Greville was a merchant, who, from the unprincipled conduct of his partner, had been reduced, three years before, from affluence to a penniless condition. Yet he had had enough to pay all claimants, so that his honour was unscathed; and my sketch from life has nothing more to do with the struggles which followed, than to paint their effect upon character. Though there was little probability that he would ever again be a rich man, there was a rational prospect of ease and competence; and one of the invaluable lessons he and his family had learned, was to be more than content with such a lot. His domestic happiness, too, was complete; for Lucy, his only child, was about to wed one every way worthy of her, and who, having been tried by adversity, had not been found wanting.

"It certainly is very delightful," said Lucy, seating herself on a low stool, and leaning her head against her mother's knee, "quite a luxury, once again to have my long mornings to myself, to read, or work, or write, or, best of all, practise myself, instead of counting one, two, three, to dull children, and suffer the torture of wrong notes and faulty time. But all is for the best; I should never have felt it to be a luxury if I had not fagged as a music teacher in the manner I have done. So do not draw a long face, dear papa; I am a great deal wiser and better, and consequently happier, for all that has happened. Though, I suppose, I ought not to be happy to-day, for I have had my first quarrel with Edward."

"Not a very serious one, I think," said Mr. Greville, "or you would not smile about it."

"I hope not," replied the mother, anxiously, "for I always warned you to keep off the *first* quarrel."

"Dear mamma," said Lucy, pressing her hand, "as if we could really quarrel! The truth is, now that there is no actual necessity for it, Edward disapproves of my walking out by myself; and though I tried to make him understand the sure protection of a shabby dress and old-fashioned bonnet, he only answered, that he disapproved of them also. Now, though I have not quite given in, we have come to a compromise; I have promised never to go out alone, unless there be a real necessity for my doing so, and he has magnanimously left it to my own conscience to decide whether there be such a necessity or not."

"Edward is quite right, my child."

"Perhaps he is; but after having taught myself, and not easily, to feel independent, I seem to have lost my liberty. The worst of it is, this point of conscience is more binding than a fixed rule; for instance, I wished very much to go and see the poor widow Morris, this morning, but I could not prove to my conscience that the visit was one of *necessity*."

"I want to know more about this poor woman," said Mrs. Greville. "I hope, my dear Lucy, you have not been wasting your time, and sympathy, and money, upon an impostor."

"Little have I had of the last to bestow, and my sympathy I could not withhold. That she is not one of those faultless heroines of humble life, which are found, I suspect, only in novels, I admit; and if we, dear mother, had never known trouble ourselves, I dare say my heart would have hardened against her, when I found out she was no such pattern of perfection."

"I can hardly fancy," said Mr. Greville, smiling, "that it is my Lucy, not three and twenty till Christmas, talking so like a philosopher."

"Better smile than frown, *mio padre;* and if you will promise not to call me *blue*, when I talk from my heart at home, I give you my word I will discourse glibly in society on the last new novel, the favourite dancer, the elegance of Louis Quatorze furniture, Berlin woolwork, and, when the Exhibitions open, of any or all the pictures to be found in the Catalogues."

"Although you are no artist?"

"Certainly, for these are considered lady-like topics; and though I start, and almost shudder, at hearing the daring and opinionated manner in which the utterly ignorant and inexperienced talk of *Art*, without their seeming to guess at the subtle genius and tedious labour of the *artist*, I observe there is a by-law of society, which forbids a lady conversing on many much simpler matters, under the penalty of being called Blue."

"Pray what do you call simpler matters, my little enthusiast?"

"What you call me, papa, a little philosopher for talking about, but which seem to me simple truths, discoverable by almost involuntary observation and reflection. Not, I dare say, that I should ever have observed or thought, had I continued the rich merchant's daughter—or at least have not observed or thought of the same things. For instance, had I not twice a-week, all the spring and summer, left home at eight o'clock, I should not have met each morning the poor widow Morris, and so could not have observed how she grew thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier; and so could not have *thought*, when I saw her (after missing her for a fortnight) in tattered black, and weeping bitterly, that she was in some sore affliction; and thus could never have spoken to her, and learned her history."

"I always thought her very wrong," said Mrs. Greville, "to suffer you to enter her wretched hovel, only one day after her child, having died of small-pox, had been taken from it."

"It was wrong, mamma," returned Lucy; "and when I discovered of what disease the child had died, though it was not till weeks afterwards, I told her frankly—almost severely—of her error. There was no denial—no defence on her part; but, for the first time, I perceived the marked difference between herself and the woman who shares her wretched room. No change passed over the face of the latter, unless indeed it were not a fancy of mine that she rather smiled than otherwise, as she bent over her work. On the contrary, poor Morris trembled and wept, as if some new feeling were awakened in her heart, or as if a ray of light had streamed upon her dark mind. Since then ———"

Here Miss Greville was interrupted by a servant who entered, saying, "A poor woman, named Morris, begged leave to speak to her."

"How very strange!" cried Lucy,—"I never gave her our address."

"Let her come in," said Mr. Greville,—and in another minute the unhappy widow stood before them. Paler she was than ever, and either she was grown still thinner, and so looked taller; or it might be her tattered mourning hung each day closer and closer, or perhaps some innate consciousness of acting rightly made her figure more erect; and certainly she possessed a composure and dignity of manner which sensibly interested both Mr. and Mrs. Greville. Yet when she began to speak, composure seemed gone, for her words were scarcely articulate.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Greville kindly; "you are, I think, the person for whom my daughter feels very much interested?" And while the lady spoke, her husband poured out a glass of wine for the now trembling widow. The word and act of kindness loosened the floodgates of her soul—tears came to her relief—and in a few moments she was able to tell her story with some degree of distinctness.

"You, my lady," said Mary Morris, addressing Lucy in the style which the very humble, to lady or no lady, usually adopt—"you have often listened to my complainings till the tears started to your bright eyes; and indeed—indeed—I would not risk calling them there again, were it not that what I have to tell concerns you."

"What can be the matter? You alarm me," interrupted Mrs. Greville.

"Under Heaven the danger is over," continued the widow solemnly. "I sometimes wonder if I have done right in telling her a story of such misery and abject want as mine. Yet that is past—she has learnt how I sank from being a respectable servant, step by step, to the wretched, friendless creature I am. Forgive me for saying friendless," she proceeded, turning again to Lucy, "I shall be so again, and feel as if I were already. My marriage ten years ago was against the advice of those who knew better than myself; and when I found out that my husband was worthless, a sort of shame kept me away from all my old associates. But human beings cannot live alone in a great city; and from shrinking from his acquaintances as at first I did, in time I grew to tolerate them. This was my great error. No wonder that when the hour of need came, my early and true friends were disinclined to aid me. They had lost faith in me; and though, thank Heaven, no one deep sin darkens my conscience, a host of circumstances in which I witnessed wrong in others, with scarcely an opposition on my part, crowd

my memory to tell me they were right. I am a good needle-woman, and, when my husband died, might have supported my child and myself in comfort and respectability. But there was no one whose word would be taken to speak for me, where I might have procured good work; and wanting daily bread as I

did, I gladly accepted the wretched pittance given for what they call slop work. But perhaps, my ladies, you do not know what that is?"

"Indeed they do," said Mr. Greville; "are you not aware that several cases of distress have come to light, in which the hard usage of the employers is so apparent, that the public attention is drawn to the subject, and we must hope some increase of remuneration will be adopted."

"I told her so—I told her so," cried the widow with much feeling. "I told her, if the gentlefolks only knew how shamefully we were paid,—for work as I have done for eighteen hours a day, I could not get more than sevenpence,—they would see us righted. But she always said no; that ladies and gentlemen never bought our sort of work—and that things they did buy, they would have at the cheapest, *without staying to think if it were possible to live by making them.* All this hardened my heart—which I thought had grown dead to every feeling. But it was not dead to kindness—the first that had been shown to me for years. It was a few weeks before my child died, that instead of plain work, I undertook some curious knitting in wool according to a certain pattern. However, the work was so much more tedious than I expected, that the lady for whom it was ordered made some other purchase instead, which induced the shopkeeper to take it on his own hands. And being a winter article, never till this morning was it unpacked, and exposed in his window for sale."

"Go on," said Lucy, for the widow paused—"go on, I cannot guess what all this leads to."

"Do you remember?" proceeded Mary Morris, in a quivering voice;—"do you remember how you trembled and turned pale, when you first learned my little Nancy had died of small-pox? we had been too poor to pay for her vaccination—and—and—like many others, too idle—too thoughtless to take her where it would have been done for nothing. Do you remember how you reproved me for my negligence, which, perhaps, I should have heeded less, had you not told me that *you* had an especial dread of the disease, having lost a dear friend by it, who, like yourself, had never been susceptible of the usual preventative? Do you remember how you implored me to destroy every article belonging to the child? Lady—lady—" and the widow's voice rose with her emotion—"lady, the black and crimson knitted shawl you bought this morning was knitted in that infected chamber, and even, from our scarcity of clothing, was wrapped round my dying Nancy!"

"Horrible—horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Greville, starting from her chair. "Lucy—surely, Lucy, you have not worn it?"

"Be calm, dear mother," replied Miss Greville, with tearful eyes—"I have not even touched it, except with my glove."

"Thank God!" murmured Mary Morris.

"It was to be sent home this evening," continued Lucy; "I do not think it is yet come."

"And never will," returned the widow, "every particle is reduced to ashes."

"My poor Morris," said Lucy, touched to the heart, "tell us how you have done this—how you *could* do it."

"You will bear with me, while I tell all my thoughts?" and the poor woman felt that her audience was no indifferent one. "I know not what it may be, but I do know that a cloud has passed over you, and that, young as you are, you have seen sorrow. It was this that made your words go to *my* heart, for they came from *yours;* it was this that made you wise, oh! so much wiser than many that are old. It was this that taught me to tell you my griefs, and to own my errors; for the very happy—those who have always been happy—seldom understand sorrow; and it is hard to make them comprehend the temptations of poverty. It was you who taught me to feel human affection again—for I knew that I loved you when I found I rejoiced that your eye was brighter, your cheek more rosy, your step more light, and your voice more cheerful than before. You were leaning on the arm of a handsome gentleman today, when I saw you admire, through the window, that very infected shawl; and I knew by the turn of his head that he loved you, and I knew that you would not suffer one to look so, if his love were not allowed. I saw you go into the shop; I saw the shawl taken down; I peered through the door, and knew that you bought it. My heart smote me, but my thoughts were too confused for me to act at the moment—nor was my conscience thoroughly awakened till afterwards. I pictured you sick and suffering. I thought even you might die—or I thought you might rise changed, disfigured, with beauty for ever gone—and I thought, would the handsome gentleman love you the same as now?—for lady, dear young lady, such things have been; and the woman who is loved, should cherish her beauty yet more than she who hopes to win a heart. Well, all these thoughts struggling in my mind made me nearly wild. I went to the shopkeeper, and told him the story: he only laughed, until I threatened to relate it to you. I afterwards manœuvred to see the parcel, which was packed and directed, for as I evidently knew you, it never occurred to him that I was ignorant of your address, and so he took no pains to conceal it. On my returning him the four shillings he paid me for the knitting, and the three shillings the material cost, he at last gave it up; and he will tell you a version of the story, taking, no doubt, some credit to himself, and beg you to receive some other article for the pound at which I saw it was priced."

"Your conduct," said Mr. Greville, with emotion, "has in this instance been so admirable, that it extenuates a hundred faults. But, in the abject poverty you describe, how did you procure the sum of seven shillings?"

"I—I—pawned the bed the dear young lady sent me yesterday."

"But you shall sleep on it to-night," cried Mr. Greville, drawing a sovereign from his purse, "with an easy conscience, and, I trust, a lighter heart than usual."

"It cannot be," said the widow, calmly—"though my heart *is* lighter, and I am happier than I have been for many years. I feel once more that I may dare to hope to meet my little Nancy in Heaven—and in this world I am resigned to my fate."

"What is it you mean?"

"I must tell you the whole truth—though I did not mean it—or you will misjudge me. Hannah Wilkins and I have parted—indeed, though we rented the room between us, the things are all hers. The scraps I had were made away with when poor Nancy lay ill."

"I suppose," said Mr. Greville, with some pene-

tration, "she quarrelled with you for parting with the bed?"

The widow bowed her head, and tears again gushed forth.

"Whatever present inconvenience may arise to you," continued Mr. Greville, "I rejoice at the separation; for it is evident to me, that your companion has heightened every temptation which has crossed your path, and weakened every good resolution that has arisen in your mind. Above most things, should rich or poor shun such associates. Now that I have learned your story, I recognize you as persons of whom I chanced the other day to hear something. It may be some encouragement for the future, for you to know that even the poor pittance you have been able to earn, has been in consequence of your better character. Her future is easily seen,—she will sink to perfect beggary. But tell me, have you a roof to shelter you?"

"I thought you would have reproached me," sobbed the widow—"turned me away from your door. And I am used to anger and upbraidings.—I never thought I should tell you—I go to-night to ask admission into the workhouse."

"No, no," cried Mr. Greville—"no need for that."

"Suppose," said Lucy, laying her hand kindly on the widow's arm—"suppose you take the sovereign papa has placed before you—recover your bed—hire a clean little room to yourself—and——"

"We will find some oddments to furnish it," said Mrs. Greville, continuing the speech her daughter had hesitated finishing.

"And you shall make me a shawl, precisely like that I bought to-day," exclaimed Lucy; "and for your labour you shall be fairly paid;—this will be a beginning, till we can find more regular work for you."

"I think," said Mrs. Greville, with a smile that made Lucy blush—"I think we alone shall find plenty of work for you between this and Christmas,—for a wedding without new clothes is like—is like——."

"Christmas without plum pudding," said Mr. Greville, impatient for a simile.

"Summer without flowers," cried his more poetical wife.

The widow was too happy for aught save tears, and blessings on her benefactors.

"I wonder," murmured Mr. Greville, after a long pause"—I wonder if, when we cannot be roused to humanity by the knowledge of suffering, it is decreed that we must be *frightened* into it in self-defence? Little he knows, I fear, of the human heart, who has never been tempted!"

Should this sketch from real life meet the eye of a child of toil, of want, of penury, not in vain will it have been committed to paper, if a sentence therein strengthens one good resolve, or loosens one strong chain of habit that binds to evil thoughts or bad example. Not in vain, if it makes him understand that the rich cannot relieve the want they do not know. And oh! not in vain, if it makes some favourite of fortune turn with pitying heart and open hand to the toil-worn and starving. Not too ambitious for a *prayer* is it, that my simple story may be one of the many grains in the heavy balance, to prompt our country's Sages and Senators to plan wisely for their humble, oppressed, but industrious countrywomen, whose ill-repaid, life-wearing toil, has lately been brought to their notice.

WINTER, THE KING; AND SPRING, THE POET.

(FROM THE SWEDISH OF VITALIS.)

BY LEWIS FILMORE.

PROUD and stern on his mountain throne,
King WINTER kept his state;
In his cloudy robe, with his icy crown,
Dark monarch of earth! he sate.

His aged head was wreathed with snow,—
With snow like hoary hair;
The hills beneath him crouch'd them low,
In homage round his chair.

Dread and drear is the monarch's power,
And blighting the breath he breathes,—
But the sternest heart hath its gentler hour,
As the rock-cleft hideth the moss-borne flower,
With its pink and tiny wreaths.

"I will prepare a royal feast"—
(So spake the monarch's voice)—
"That may, such weary ages pass'd,
My lonely heart rejoice.

"Then go! ye vassals, hasten forth,
As on the lightning's wing,—
Gather all that is fair of earth!
Gather, and to me bring!

"A robe of soft and summer green
Around my shoulders throw;
Of ivy wreath a verdant screen,
To hide my couch of snow!

"Unlock the bound and fetter'd stream,
To run in silver down;
Call here the zephyr and the beam,
To make the flowers their own.

"And reach me in a foaming cup
The juice of the southern vine,
That I may see it flashing up
In its bright and crystal shrine.

"Call from the sunny lands of song
The minstrels of the air,
For I have miss'd and mourn'd too long
Their notes so silver-clear.

"And bear, ye vassals, bear my throne,
Where flowers may round me spring;
I will no longer dream alone,
That I on earth am king!"

And low their heads his vassals bow'd
Before their master's will;
But said,—"Thy slaves are not allow'd
Thy bidding to fulfil.

"Hadst thou for gold or treasure ask'd,
Or the flashing diamond-stone,
We would for thee our strength have task'd—
They should have been thine own.

"We'll build for thee thy palace walls
Of crystal clear and bright,
And hang around thy regal halls
The rock-borne flowers of light;

"If so thou wilt!" His face, the king
In sorrow turn'd away;
"Go! I have ask'd of ye, a thing
From powers beyond my sway,—

"Stern is my strength, wide my command,—
But my domain of dread
Gives but the sceptre to the hand,
No garland for the head."

And as he spoke, the palace wall
Sprang open with a sudden sound;
Again it closed, and in the hall
A beauteous youth was standing found.
A lofty mien—yet gentle too—
Told that his birth and power he knew;
Yet as to show his skill to charm,
He bore a lyre upon his arm.

His graceful limbs with strength were strung,—
His ringlets, bright as sun-touch'd gold,
Which he behind him careless flung,
Waved rich in many a glossy fold.
With dauntless brow he gazed upon
Old Winter and his ancient throne;
And Winter felt a secret fear,
As if a rival power were near.

Yet first the monarch silence broke;
"Speak, youth, and be thine errand told—
Why hath thy foot our echoes woke?"
So question'd he the minstrel bold.

And boldly, too, the answer came,—
"A Poet I—the Spring my name!
Where'er I go, I bear along
The life of light, the love of song.

"But where I dwell, and whence I come,
I may not tell; 'tis distant far;
Thou canst not live where I can roam;
And when I leave my glowing star,
As now I do—to cross the main,
And field and flood and mountain chain.
I breathe the spell that sets them free
From all thy icy tyranny.

"The voices that around me rise,
Companions of my onward path,
A greater power within them lies,
Than dwells in all thy stormy wrath;
For if my golden lyre I take,
And if my gentle song I wake,
The world is soften'd to the strain,
And laugheth forth in flowers again."

"Then," said the monarch, "wake for me
The song in which such magic dwells—
That I may drink its melody,
And mark the marvel of thy spells."
The youthful minstrel touch'd the string,
And sung unto the agéd king;—
And gardens spread and flow'rets sprung
Around, like visions, as he sung.

The song was o'er; the minstrel ceased;
No word the monarch said;
But he his hands together press'd,
And bow'd his hoary head.

What should that falling tear-drop speak?
It did not flow for pain:
What flush was on that agéd cheek,
When he raised his head again?

"Take thou, the guerdon is thine own,
My kingdom take to thee—
Be thine my diadem and crown,
My sceptre thine shall be.

"I'll bend no more beneath the weight
Of stern and blighting power;
I sought in vain, on my throne of state,
For the love-encircling bower.

"My heart the joy could never know,
That love, that song could bring—
Poet, thy hand! Farewell, my throne,
I'll blend my being with thine own,
Thou spirit of the Spring."

THORP CLOUD; OR, THE MONASTERY OF DOVE DALE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Whoever goes to Derbyshire, the Monts Dores of England, will find himself drawn, by its great reputation and popularity, to visit Dove Dale, the most celebrated of all the beautiful vallies of that part of the country, probably as much on account of its being the nearest and the first reached, as for its real merits; for Monsal Dale, near Bakewell, Darley Dale, near Chatsworth, and the fine dales of Hope and Castleton, as well as the magnificent gorges of the Peak, which more resemble it in its grandest aspect, may all vie with the banks of the Dove in attraction. Still Dove Dale has features of its own which cannot but render it a favourite haunt, and, like the vallies in the Pyrenees, it is a beauty with many rivals.

The vale of Matlock itself, from whence tourists generally start for this excursion, is, perhaps, the most striking of any, with its majestic Tors rising perpendicularly from the murmuring river Derwent, their huge masses clothed with thick and spreading trees, and wreaths of ivy hanging from their rugged summits. Immediately above the bath on each side rise these fine rocks, hemming in the valley and giving it the appearance of a fortified spot. The range of the Hag Tors, succeeded by those of the Wild Cat, peer from the clinging and clustering branches which partly conceal them, and seem to make signals to the answering heights of Masson opposite, while the dark, mysterious, Druid-like piles of the Dungeon Tors shroud themselves entirely in a thick, tangled wood near, as though they were jealous that modern eyes should gaze upon their dark ravines and high altars, where once solemn service was performed to a Deity whose attributes are now unknown, and the rights of whose awful worship are only guessed at.

It would seem as if the Bath of Matlock were destined to remain a secret, guarded as it has been for ages by mountains of stone of such gigantic size. That which is called the High Tor stands sentinel at one extremity, a huge square mass with buttresses and towers, and at the other it was necessary to hew a way through an enormous rock, in order to obtain a passage. The road now passes by both these subdued giants, but they still frown angrily on the intruders in their solitude. A huge mountain, opposite the cleft which man's hand has dared to make, looks fearfully menacing, as it raises its great height in front, as if still inclined to bar the way. Yet here, on the very spot most belonging to secret nature, where art and commerce seem least to find their place, the roaring of the impetuous stream, leaping over a barrier of rocks, announces a phenomenon; and a structure, as large as the mighty Tors themselves, lifts its broad form, transparent with many windows, and proclaims that trade has usurped, or, at least, divides the honour of the place which wanderers in search of health alone had sought in former days.

Richard Arkwright's cotton-mill stands close beside the giant Tors, and rivals them in magnitude, while *his Castle* of Willersley crowns the verdant hill above the gushing stream, and shows itself, amidst the surrounding forest, a memorial of the triumph of industry and ingenuity.

The stranger is startled when told by his guide that the beautiful valley he traverses for several miles on

his way to Dove Dale, is called by the high Roman name of Via Gellia: it is true that, thanks to Derbyshire simplicity, the classic sound is somewhat altered, and the puzzling appellation of Viajelly still more perplexes him. This Via is full of beauty, winding and turning in graceful uncertainty, and presenting its rocky eminences, its small lakes, and its deep woods to the admiring eye.

Then comes a sudden change;—wild moors, without a tree, stretch forth their barren bosoms, dotted with large dark stones here and there, and sometimes sinking down into witchlike glens, over which black discoloured heaps of rocks grimly preside, like the watch-towers of ogres, who lie in wait for stragglers from the happy valley beyond. These dismal tracts, many of which are now redeemed from barrenness, and richly cultivated, are placed immediately amongst the fine scenes to which they form so great a contrast; and between Via Gellia and Dove Dale occur several such. Here formerly stood many Druid altars and rocking-stones, which were accustomed, through long years, to awe the beholders; but "*stone hedges*" being the fashion in Derbyshire, one by one these temples have disappeared, and may be traced in their remnants alone.

Everywhere the road sparkles with sparry particles, and round Matlock up to the High Peak, the paths glitter as if the fairies had strewn them with diamonds; but as Dove Dale is approached, these indications of mines cease. At a certain spot where a humble way-side inn appears, the traveller quits his vehicle, and here those who are accredited guides are in waiting, to conduct the bewildered seeker after novelty. Not that any place can less need a guide than Dove Dale, as the path is sufficiently easy and straightforward.

On a first approach nothing but barren hills of uninviting aspect, without a solitary tree, are before the view,—no indications appear of the future beauty, and for nearly a mile no improvement takes place. All this time, as the walk continues, a strange object attracts the attention; it is an immensely high pyramidal mountain of several sides, all nearly flat and tapering to a point, where on the very summit is placed by nature a single pointed grey stone, forming the peak. This mountain is covered with short turf, but neither tree nor shrub break its monotony, and the shape, totally unlike any which surround it, gives it a remarkable and surprising effect. This is the celebrated Thorp Cloud, named as one of the curiosities of the country. It stands across the valley like a huge gate, and the river Dove runs round its foot. When the point is reached at which the river appears, the valley begins to show signs of beauty. Luxuriant foliage runs feathering up the steeps; grey, picturesque rocks come forth amongst the trees; and a hundred accidents of the ground render it interesting and curious.

The female explorer, whose strength is not equal to six miles' walking, is here recommended a remedy by the *female* guide, whose praises of the valley before it shows claims to admiration, somewhat disturb the tranquillity of enjoyment requisite on these occasions; but should her arguments avail, and a help, in the shape of a pretty quiet donkey, be accepted, she will make herself acquainted with an interesting boy of little more than seven years of age, who is the presiding genius of the scene, and who, as patient as his animal, plods on beside, leading it by the bridle over stony places, as if his fragile arm had power to support it, should the sure foot slip at the edge of a precipice.

In passing this road lately, the writer of this sketch made the acquaintance of little Tommy, of whose life his grandmother, the guide, recounted the few and sad events. After a long struggle through a rough road we rested beneath a shady tree, and the great heat having given a richer glow to the peach-like cheek of little Tommy, and his general appearance bespeaking his fatigue, we desired him to sit beside us and share our hermit meal. The sigh that accompanied his action as he threw himself prone on the turf, and the abandonment of his dimpled brown tiny hands to repose as he loosed the bridle, were touching in the extreme. His grandmother, while we paused, took out her knitting, and observing our attention much attracted to little Tommy, remarked—

"Ah! poor child, young as he is, he has had plenty of troubles, if he did but know them; and, no doubt, there are many more waiting for him. It's always unlucky to be born within sight of Thorp Cloud—his mother and he, too, had the misfortune of it."

"Indeed," said I; "is that said to be the case?"

"Oh, there's no doubt of it," was the answer. "I've had twelve children, and Martha was the only one born in my cottage, which you might see up there amongst the rocks on the other side of the river—just facing the great mountain that shuts the valley in. We were only lately come to live here then, and I never expected to stay so many years. As soon as I saw that strange big rocky hill, I had a sort of shudder come over me, and was sure it boded no good. My husband died when my Martha was only five years old, and she died in a decline, fretting after *her* husband; and I have had nothing since to live by but showing the valley to strangers. All my own children are in different parts, and little Tommy and I live together now alone, both father and mother dead; our donkey is the best in the valley, and never tires, nor my grandson neither in general; but the sun to-day is so hot, it is better not to think of going back for an hour till the shadows are a little longer."

We quite agreed with her, and encouraged her to tell us the traditions of the valley, which she did as follows:—The reason Thorp Cloud is unlucky is, because, in former times, there was a convent on the very top of the rock, where strange evil work went on amongst the monks. They possessed the right of fishing in the Dove, and had great possessions in this part of the country. Whoever passed through the valley was obliged to pay a toll, and they often exacted more than persons had any right to give. By degrees, as they were unresisted, they grew more and more insolent, until they were little less than robbers; for several of the stoutest used to post themselves at a small chapel under the arch of rocks which looks over the turn of the stream, and as they could see every one that approached, they would hasten down the steep, and stop the passenger, demanding his money to whatever amount they pleased.

No representations were of any avail, for they were

so rich that they could, at any time, bribe the great lords who had castles near, to help them and espouse their cause; and they could afford to subscribe such large sums to the church when they were applied to, that no superior ever took notice of the numerous complaints made by those whom they had injured.

The abbot of the convent was a young man and very handsome, and he did not live in any way like a churchman, nor observe any of the ordinances of his order. He would sometimes be absent for weeks together, and it was thought he went to the king's court, and lived in great luxury and splendour, and then disappeared as suddenly as he came, no one knowing who or what he was. It was suspected that he possessed a secret to renew his youth, for the oldest monk in the convent had never seen any change in his appearance.

At some distance from this valley, on one of the numerous heights, formerly stood a castle, which belonged to Sir Theobald Vernon, a brave old knight, who had two lovely daughters, Barbara and Alice, who were the pride of the whole country, and sought in marriage far and near: neither of them, however, seemed to wish to enter into the state of matrimony; and Alice, on the contrary, had a vocation for the church, which her father regretted, as he did not wish to part with either. The confessor of the castle was considered a very holy man; but he had formerly belonged to the convent of Thorp Cloud, and those who knew that community were suspicious of all who came from it. He, however, had quitted the brotherhood for some reason, and was permitted to reside in Sir Theobald's house, where he was almost wholly a recluse, and the fame of his sanctity was extreme. His learning was also very great, and the stars and heavens were to him an open book, in which he could read the destiny of others.

Late one winter evening, when the snow was falling, and the bleak wind howled over the rocky moors, a traveller rung at the castle bell, and entreated shelter for the night. He was admitted, and found to be a knight of graceful and prepossessing appearance, and evidently, by his bearing, of gentle birth.

He represented that he had been benighted on his way, and knew not whither he had strayed; but when Sir Theobald came to converse with him, it appeared that it was to his castle that he was on his journey, in order to deliver letters from his father, an old companion in arms of Sir Theobald.

The meeting was very cordial—the more so from being unexpected; and the young knight was detained as a visitor for several days, during which time he had opportunities of seeing the two ladies frequently, and it was evident that Barbara had made a deep impression on him; in fact he was not long before he demanded her in marriage of her father, who was pleased with the project, for he was a person of great wealth and condition. The fair object of his attachment was far from insensible to his attentions, and gave her free consent to the wishes of her father and lover. It was agreed that the young knight, who was called Sir Everard De Clare, should return with a proper retinue, in a short time, and claim his bride: certain arrangements were entered into and preliminaries settled, after which Sir Everard took his leave.

A few weeks only had elapsed, when he returned with a great many followers, splendidly attired: he brought letters from his father, regretting his illness, which prevented him from coming in person to be present at his son's marriage, but sending his blessing and a magnificent present.

Father Laurence, the confessor, performed the nuptial ceremony, and Sir Everard and his beautiful bride departed from the castle, followed by a numerous train, all brilliancy and gaiety.

They had been gone but twelve days, when Sir Theobald arose one morning very ill at ease, having had a dream of a strange nature, which greatly disturbed him. He thought he saw his daughter Barbara chained to the wall of a dungeon, and weeping bitterly, clasping her hands, and calling to him for help. He named this dream only to Alice, who endeavoured to reassure him, but in vain: he resolved to follow his daughter, and ascertain if any ill had befallen her.

Accordingly he quitted his castle, determined to go at once to the abode of Sir Everard, which was at a considerable distance. It was more than sixteen years since he had visited his old friend, who had been last to him about five years before, and at that time they had spoken of the alliance of their children: he had not seen young Everard since he was a boy till they had lately met, and the wishes of both fathers were accomplished in the manner related.

He travelled without attendants and in a gloomy mood, for he could not divest his mind of a certain terror respecting his daughter. When he came at length within sight of Thorp Cloud, at the entrance of the Valley of the Dove, suddenly his bridle was seized by no civil hand, and he was ordered to pay the accustomed toll; but, while he searched for his purse to comply with the demand, a voice near exclaimed, "It is the man we expected," and he was instantly dragged from his horse and carried off he knew not whither.

Meantime many days had elapsed, and the Lady Alice heard no news of her father; and still as time wore on he returned not, until her fears amounted to terror, and she imparted her alarm to Father Laurence, entreating his advice and assistance.

"Some evil, doubtless, has happened to your father," said he; "would that prayers might avert it! I will consult the stars, and endeavour to gain some clue to the mystery."

After some time the confessor informed the lady that he found by his art that danger hung over both Sir Theobald and his daughter Barbara, and that the only hope of their being rescued from it was for Alice to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Well, beneath the rocks of the Twelve Apostles, in Dove Dale, there to offer up her prayers and entreaties to be enlightened as to their fate. The holy man offered to accompany her on her expedition; and, impatient as she was to attempt the relief of those so dear to her, Alice immediately made ready for her journey.

The evening before their intended departure, just as she was preparing to retire to her chamber, a ring at the castle bell announced a visitor. On the portal being opened, a knight appeared, who desired that his name should be announced to Sir Theobald as Sir Everard de Clare. Alice received the announcement with an exclamation of delight, as she expected to hear news of her father; but great was her amaze-

ment when a stranger entered the hall, and bowing low, expressed his sorrow to find that her father was absent, and his apologies for intruding on her privacy.

Alice was amazed: "How!" said she; "did not my servants announce you as Sir Everard de Clare?—are you of the same name and lineage as my sister's husband?"

The young Knight smiled. "I am the only son of my father's house," said he; "and require him to present me, stranger as I am, to his old companion in arms; my father is on his way, and my impatience alone caused me to precede him. I hear the sound of his horse's feet even now in the court below: our ignorance of this country is the reason that we arrive at so unseasonable an hour."

Alice remained transfixed to the spot with amazement, while the doors flew open, and the father of Sir Everard appeared, and approaching her, repeated his son's regrets for Sir Theobald's absence.

"Alas!" said Alice, "what is the meaning of this?—what fatal mistake has occurred! It is but a month since my sister was married in this castle to Sir Everard de Clare, and is now departed with her husband to his domain. My father's anxious care for her, excited by a fearful dream, caused him to follow them;—what vision is this which so bewilders me?"

It soon became apparent to the unfortunate girl that they had been betrayed by some impostor, and that both her father and sister were the victims of a deep-laid plot for their injury. She feared to trust her new guests, for she had no means of ascertaining the truth, and they might be as false as the former strangers: her doubts were however dissipated on this head by the testimony of several of the servants who had seen the elder Sir Everard on his late visit to the castle.

What was now to be resolved on was the difficulty, for conjecture was but perplexing. "I will," said Alice, "put my project into execution, and visit the Holy Well—Heaven will, perhaps, direct what should be done."

Accordingly Father Laurence, who appeared to feel deeply for her distress, agreed that he would be her guide to the valley where the well was situated, and they set out.

Old Sir Everard, however, was uneasy that she had determined on the step: he was a soldier, had lived much in the world, and had little faith in the miracles which the church enjoined to be believed.

"My counsel is," said he to his son, "that we take a stout band with us, and follow the path of the lady—these are not times when monks and females can travel safely, when knights like Sir Theobald meet with dangers."

They resolved consequently to provide themselves with arms and men; and, without letting the object of their care know of their intent, to watch her journey and be ready in case she and her guide should be molested.

Alice and the monk set forth on foot, in humble guise, and took their way to the holy fountain of the Twelve Apostles, which they reached after much fatigue. The beautiful well of transparent water was surrounded with flowering shrubs, and situated in a sequestered nook, on a small promontory in the centre of the River Dove, which was there so shallow as to be easily forded. Alice knelt by the side of the water and offered up her prayers.

"Stay here, my child," said Father Laurence, "while I absent myself for a little space and offer my prayers at the chapel of Our Lady on yonder height. Remain you in meditation, imploring the Divine aid till I return."

The daughter of Sir Theobald obeyed his injunctions, and, with tears and sobs, uttered her entreaties to the Holy Apostles to enlighten her on the subject most interesting to her heart.

Suddenly she lifted up her head at a sound near her, and beheld, close at her side, the false Sir Everard who had married her sister.

"Be not alarmed, lovely Alice," said he calmly, as she faintly shrieked, "you are the victim of delusion—I know all—Barbara and myself, as well as our father, have been nearly sacrificed to a base plot, but we are all safe. Follow me, if you would behold those for whom your prayers have just arisen, and see them happy and in security."

Bewildered and amazed, Alice knew not what to believe, or how to act: the young man continued to assure her of his truth, and begged her to have confidence in him; and, taking her hand, drew her from the fountain. Hardly, however, had they crossed the little ford when, from a projecting rock, a party rushed down and seized the supposed Sir Everard, while he who had proclaimed himself the true one, appeared with his father at a little distance.

The false knight defended himself vigorously, and called loudly for assistance, at the same time the chapel bell above rung violently, making the valley echo with the sound; and while he was still resisting odds, a large party of the soldiers of the Convent of Thorp Cloud suddenly appeared, and hurrying forward, engaged with the men of the castle. They speedily rescued their friend and chief, for such the false Everard appeared to be; and, after a long struggle, their superior numbers were found too much for the supporters of Alice, and the latter, carrying the lady with them, were obliged to fly.

Arrived at the castle, they held consultation as to what had better be done: it was now evident to both father and son, that the impostor was no other than the redoubted Abbot of Thorp Cloud; and it seemed but too plain that the Lady Barbara and Sir Theobald had both fallen his victims. Father Laurence's disappearance also included him in their suspicion.

But though they were aware of all this, yet the difficulty was to know where to look for redress. The Abbot's wealth and power made him the terror of the country far and near, and his supporters were numerous and much more influential than Sir Everard or any of his friends. An appeal to royal justice was the only chance left them, and that they at length resolved on.

King John was then monarch of England, and though a prince without religion or morality, he was avaricious to a degree which caused him to stop at nothing likely to replenish his coffers; it was true that the Abbot's friendship might be useful in supplying him with treasure, but not to the amount that the confiscation of his monastery and the obtaining all the ill-gotten wealth of the community was sure to do.

The church, however, always ready to screen her sons, would doubtless step forward in the Abbot's defence; but all the nobles in the land would be likely to espouse their quarrel, as the outrage they complained of had been committed on one of the privileged class, and not merely on a peasant or yeoman, whose wrongs would scarcely have interested them.

It was a long and perilous journey to Eltham Palace, where King John then resided; but the father and son resolved to set out, the Lady Alice being in their company, as they felt her safety could not be secured if she were left behind.

* * * *

Some weeks had passed away, and the Valley of the Dove was restored to all its original tranquillity: the clear beautiful stream ran gushing along its rocky bed, now hiding itself beneath the overhanging trees, now spreading its shallow waves across the weedy expanse amongst flowers and grass, for at that time no dams kept it within bounds, and formed artificial cataracts, as now. Few travellers passed through, for the reputation of this quiet retreat had become suspected, and none but strangers ventured into its recesses,—enthusiasts alone, who believed in the miraculous power of the healing well, and the intercession of the Twelve Apostles, came to the spot, and the tyrants of Thorp Cloud found that their revenues were diminishing.

Enormous wealth, however, was theirs, and their power proportionably great. The Abbot was seated at his sumptuous board with several of his favourite friends of the monastery, and a churchman of high rank from a distant convent in the South, in whose honour a feast was held. Music, wine, and mirth prevailed, and nothing that could recall the gloom of the cloister was to be traced in their demeanour. At length a pause ensued: one by one the guests retired, and the Abbot and his friend were left alone to commune, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"It is true, then, that King John intends to take up the quarrel of this foolish knight, Sir Everard de Clare; and that he believes the wild ravings of this silly girl?"

"So true," replied his friend, "that by to-morrow's dawn the valley will be filled with his troops, and you will be summoned to give up the prisoners supposed to be in your custody, or your monastery will be besieged."

"Has the King weighed well the consequences of such an act?" said the Abbot. "I imagine not: he thinks to gain easy possession of all my wealth, but he knows not my resources. This paper will put him in possession of many facts he is not aware of, and will teach him better policy. Be it your care to present it to his Majesty, at the same time that you invite him, in my name, to visit my humble cell, where I will give him a royal reception, and show him such reasons as shall make him altogether change his intentions, or I have miscalculated his character. You see yonder tun, it is supposed to contain choice wine—open the lid, which is unfastened, and behold its quality."

The priest obeyed, and, with the Abbot's help, removed the cover of a huge barrel, which stood on one end in a corner of the apartment, and saw with astonishment that it was filled with broad gold pieces.

"This paper informs the King of what vintage this wine is," said the Abbot, smiling; "it is not the first time he has tasted it, and he will not resist it now. But for your timely warning, it might not have been prepared, and one of somewhat smaller dimensions shall forthwith be dispatched to your convent at Eltham, as a token of my gratitude."

The friends, after this conversation, returned to the table, and as the Abbot had a fine judgment in wine of all sorts, he assisted his friend in perfecting his own, which was little inferior, and it was nearly morning when they separated to their respective cells. By daybreak, however, every altar in the chapel of the monastery blazed with gems and gold and glittering lights—all the precious relics were displayed, and gorgeous preparation was made as for some important occasion. Scarcely had the sun risen, when, advancing from the further end of the valley, was seen a procession, escorted by a military guard, such as was always attached to religious establishments in those troublous times. The banners and ensigns which waved on high, proclaimed that the Abbot of the rich and important Abbey of Beauchief, and the Superior of the White Canons of Dale Abbey, near Derby, were on their way to the monastery of Thorp Cloud, on a friendly visit.

The procession had advanced to the foot of the pyramidal mountain, and was beginning its progress of ascent, when clarions were heard at a distance, and another party, numerous and well armed, appeared advancing in the opposite direction; these carried the royal flag of England, and foremost of them all rode a knight, who was easily recognized as the King. Their intent was evidently hostile; but, when they beheld the religious procession which preceded them, there was a pause, and a short parley between the leader and his immediate followers. At the same time a party of monks, headed by the priest, who had lately held converse with the Abbot of Thorp Cloud, were seen hastening down the hill, and in a short time reached the spot where King John stood. The monarch started on beholding him.

"How!" he exclaimed; "good Prior, this is, indeed, an unexpected meeting—I thought you safe in your cell at Eltham, and now I see you in my path."

"The church, Sire," said the Prior, "is always vigilant, and always prompt to serve its sovereign and its country. Be pleased to read this paper, and you will perceive that the Abbot of yonder monastery has your good in view: he was apprised of your intended visit to these parts, and has deputed me to entreat you will not pass his humble walls without partaking of the poor hospitality he can offer. Two prelates from neighbouring convents have, at his summons, arrived with the hope of being in time to offer their homage to your Majesty, and all is prepared to receive your visit, should you deign to honour this mean place with your presence."

The King smiled—took the paper, and as he read it his face flushed, and his eyes sparkled. He cast a hasty glance along the line of his followers, which, though numerous, were unequal to those his quick eye discerned upon the mountain-road above. He muttered to a knight near him, "I am fairly caught by this wily priest: he is supported by the whole clergy of the country, and I shall gain little but blows by at-

tacking his eagle's nest. It is best to put on a face of friendship—we must get rid of these peevish knights—be it your care to divert them, while I, with some stout followers, will repair to the monastery and partake of the repast that awaits me. This keen mountain air has awakened my appetite. A tun of gold!—to be renewed every year—the Abbot is not a friend with whom to be too severe."

* * * *

The King was feasted in the monastery that day in a manner worthy of the richest potentate of Europe, and frequently did he afterwards allude to the unrivalled cheer which he there enjoyed. When he departed, amongst other presents with which his followers were laden, an enormous tun of choice wine was with difficulty conveyed to the foot of the mountain by the domestics of the establishment, and placed in a wagon, prepared for it by the provident care of the Abbot.

King John went merrily away, followed by his train, and took the road to the South, while Sir Everard de Clare, his son, and the Lady Alice, returned mournfully to the castle of the former, at a considerable distance from the Valley of the Dove.

Nothing was ever heard more of Sir Theobald or his daughter Barbara, and, after a lapse of a short period, Lady Alice became the wife of the young Sir Everard. In the wars of the Barons, which ensued before many years had passed, both the father and son distinguished themselves in arms against the King, and became his most determined foes, affording great assistance to the patriotic knights who forced him to do that justice which his evil nature resisted.

But nothing seemed to shake the stability of the monastery of Thorp Cloud: its Abbot grew richer and more powerful, and derived enormous wealth from the fame of the Holy Well, where miracles increased to such a degree that it became a place of the greatest resort in the kingdom.

He was late one evening in summer returning from an expedition which had caused his absence several days from his monastic retreat, when as his horse entered the dreary pass which opens into the valley, he suddenly started and reared, and refused to go on. The Abbot gazed around him, but could perceive nothing to cause alarm, and urged the animal to advance, but in vain; he therefore dismounted and tried to lead him along, when, in the deep shade of a high pointed rock, he saw a tall figure standing motionless, just in his path. An unusual tremor took possession of him, and he paused, unable to conquer his alarm;—at length he said—

"Stranger, remove, I pray, from my path; you obstruct my way—let me pass."

The figure moved on without speaking, and continued to proceed the way he was going: the horse would not move, but trembled violently in every limb, and stood as if rooted to the spot. The Abbot, therefore, let go his bridle, and left him where he was, intending to send some of his people to lead him home, and he himself stepped onwards towards the monastery. The dark figure was still before him, though at moments he could not distinguish any person; and again the form, which was that of a knight in armour, covered with a large mantle, was clearly visible. It stalked on and the Abbot followed: it ascended the mountain; still he continued his way, though his nerves were shaken, and an unearthly dread made him shudder as he felt compelled to fix his eyes on the stranger. Just as he gained a turn in the precipitous road where the dark turrets of the monastery were visible crowning the steep, a low hollow roar of thunder swept along the air, and seemed to shake the ground beneath his feet.

It was then the figure turned, and with a menacing gesture pointed first to the Abbot, and then upwards to the convent;—it remained motionless, and the Abbot found that he must pass it before he could continue his way. He felt that his courage was hardly equal to the task, but he summoned all his resolution and advanced;—he reached the spot where the dark figure had halted;—he made a spring to avoid his vicinity, and hurried forward, when his waist was suddenly encompassed by a powerful arm, which compressed him as if he had been in the coil of a serpent—and he was hurled from the rock on which he stood into the chasm below. At the moment he fell, a shock as of an earthquake shivered the mountain;—lightnings fell on every pinnacle of the convent, and their forked darts pierced every recess, while the wind and thunder roared and howled louder than the human shrieks which the universal destruction smothered.

* * * *

On the top of Thorp Cloud, the single mass of stone which is so remarkable, is the sole vestige left of what was once the famous monastery of the robber Abbot destroyed by a sudden convulsion of nature; and beneath that wonderful pyramid all the ill-gotten treasures he and his band had amassed for years, lie buried.

There is a singular rock in the valley, just above the deepest part of the stream, which, at a distance, bears a strange resemblance to a female in the attitude of flight, as if she were about to precipitate herself from the height. It is called "The Lady's Rock." Further on there is one which imagination can easily shape into the semblance of a knight in armour, covered with a mantle; and in the lowest part of the valley, beneath the steepest side of Thorp Cloud, a mass of rocks bears some resemblance to a prostrate figure in robes, the head covered with a cowl. One of these is called "The Knight's," the other "The Monk's Rock."

When the mists are rising in the evening, these appearances are most striking; and there are times when the figures which the rocks assume, seem endowed with motion, until the whole valley is, as it were, peopled: as soon as the sun rises, all these delusions vanish, and beauty and tranquillity once more reign in the gay and cheerful retreat of Dove Dale.

DEAL, AND ITS BOATMEN.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

Reader, tarry with us awhile in this old sea-side town of Deal; it has its associations—and some of them are pleasing, if not instructive. According to ancient writers, it was once called Dola, and afterwards Dale, which by an easy corruption became Deal,—taking its name from its situation, a low open plain on the sea-shore.

After being repulsed by the Britons at Dover, Julius Cæsar here made his landing good,—a fact inferred from his Commentaries; and if further proof be needed, ntrenchments are still visible. A hoary old boatman points the spot to the inquiring visitor,—so old, he seems old enough to have witnessed the event.

The first objects which arrest the attention, are the well appointed boats ranged on the beach, and the skilful men who man them; and in proposing to pass a short time in reflecting on the hazardous vocation of the mariners, it will be necessary to describe the position of the neighbouring seas, the scene of their dangerous exploits.

The channel of the sea adjoining the shore is known as the Downs, noted as a safe and commodious roadstead, large enough for the navies of all the world. Though the anchorage here is considered good for shipping, yet in strong gales from the westward of south, it is the reverse—that wind blowing direct on the Goodwin Sands; and in one instance it happened most disastrous to the Royal Navy, when thirteen men-of-war were lost, together with their crews, with the exception of seventy men.

On the opposite side of this channel, in a parallel line with Deal, are the Goodwin Sands,—of the origin of which there are various opinions,—consisting of a softer, more spongy, and yet tenacious matter withal, than the neighbouring sands; they are consequently of a more voracious property, so that a ship of the largest size, striking on them, is swallowed up in a brief space of time: however, when the water is off them, they become exceedingly hard and firm, and parties in the summer land on them; but upon the rising of the tide, they become fluid, and float to and fro with the waves.

Since the peace, Deal has been deserted; the immense fleets of men-of-war, which used to rendezvous in the Downs, afforded occupation to the boatmen, but now grass grows in the streets. The Deal man may be said to live in strife, not of his own seeking, but strife brought to his doors by others. Calms are as fatal to his prosperity, as a long continued peace. There must be gales of wind, or bursts of war; without them he is nothing—and this from position alone.

It is no uncommon sight in Deal to see men who have saved fifty human lives—one individual counts a hundred—the majority taken from the Goodwin Sands, during violent gales of wind. Looking at the clusters of boats which here and there appear between the houses on the beach, I could but regard them as so many little arks; each, doubtless, had borne many freights of suffering humanity, snatching them from the deluge of waters, and landing them in safety.

From this rapid sketch of the town of Deal, and its position in respect to the Goodwin Sands, the nature of the Deal boatman's occupation will be readily understood; his calling is connected with the channel lying between them, in attending upon the wants of the shipping at anchor there, and assisting those whom accident has forced upon the dreaded Goodwins. In the performance of this duty, he faces the sea in its most terrible moods, and accomplishes some of the most daring feats that come within the scope of human action.

Here, frequently, may be seen the proudest of human triumphs—a triumph over the wild sea, when whipped into its maddest fury by the winds; and the

animating scene of launching a Deal boat under such circumstances must be seen to be appreciated. One such scene is so indelibly impressed on my memory, that no wear and tear of life can ever possibly destroy it. It happened thus:—

One cold November day, the wind blew somewhere about north-west, with squalls, and thin sleet, which seemed to feed the blast and increase its violence, and which, happening at the top of the spring tides, brought a vast accumulation of waters out of the North Sea,—so much so that the heavy breakers occasionally made clean sweeps through the houses on the beach, causing considerable devastation. This state of things had drawn together crowds of people to witness the heavy surges as they rolled in one after the other, rearing their monstrous curled heads as though they would destroy the town itself. The tide, which had not yet reached its height, was rapidly rising, and serious thoughts were entertained for the safety of some of the houses on the beach; when, in the midst of the confusion, the attention of all was diverted by the appearance of a faint light in the dark horizon, far, far away at sea.

"A ship on the Goodwin!" exclaimed a dozen voices at the same moment—some in tones of the wildest excitement, others in pity at the helpless situation of the mariners in that unlucky ship; but the boatmen flew to their respective boats, resolved to save her or her crew.

Every eye was strained in the direction where the flash appeared, in expectation of its repetition; soon it came, again, again in rapid succession, though the distance, and the roaring of the sea, prevented the booming sound of the gun being heard. Oh! the pity which rose in my heart at the forlorn condition of that ill-fated ship and her weary crew; what hope had they after striking on the fatal Goodwin, in such a sea as that? What hope had they, miles away as they were from human aid?

The needle is not truer to the pole than the Deal boatman to the Goodwin, if a ship be there: a dozen boats were already manned before the lost ship had fired as many guns. Silent, solemn, and stern, but firm as British oak, each steady mariner took his station in his boat, impressed by the wild excitement of the hour, and waited for what, in the expressive language of the beach, is termed "a smooth." This is caused by one gigantic wave apparently swallowing many others of lesser note, and from its accumulated weight falling with corresponding violence on the beach, spreading its huge bulk around, and causing a level, creamy smoothness for an instant. This is the moment so precious for launching the Deal man's boat, and at that nick of time the boat is released; and away with the speed of the gale itself down the sloping shingle over the surface of well-greased planks rushes the gallant boat, with every man at his appointed post ready to meet the serious business of the hour.

Then commences the furious struggle for mastery;—though the rapid descent of the boat would make it appear an easy task to pass the belt of surf, yet a few seconds are sufficient to dispel the illusion,—struck by the violence of the rolling breakers, the boat has already lost her headway, and, but for the contrivance of the haul-out rope, would speedily be driven on the beach, and destruction to men and boat would be the consequence. The haul-out rope is fastened to an anchor dropped in the sea beyond the troubled, broken water caused by the shore; and, as its name implies, is used to assist the crew in forcing the boat through the surf. Once clear, the boatman hoists his sail, and laughs at the rudest storm. Confident in his own resources, and the sea-going qualities of his boat, he faces seas which ships are made to shun. Such is the Deal boatman's fate, when every other vessel seeks the coast for safety, he boldly puts to sea, and in the moments of the greatest peril earns the scanty crust which furnishes his humble meal.

A long, deep, and breathing silence followed the launching of the boat; the receding vessel became confused and began to lessen on the eye, until it seemed no more than a dark and distant speck in the gloom, rising and falling with the flow of the heaving waters. All was hushed except the heavy beating of the sea upon the shore, and the incessant rattling of the live beach in its ceaseless action with the restless sea.

Night preternaturally closed in during the storm of that day, and the surrounding gloom soon buried every object in darkness. Flash after flash during the early hours of the night, told the watchers on the shore that the ship still held together, and that human beings still breathed in her, serving at the same time to direct the boats to her assistance.

What followed is soon told;—about midnight the boats returned, bringing the exhausted crew of a Norwegian barque, a dozen in number,—and the first nourishment received by the half-dead shipwrecked men was furnished to them by their humane salvors out of their scanty store; nothing was saved from the ship; indeed, in such a gale, to save the crew seemed a miracle; and the brave, humane Deal boatmen received as their only reward the thanks of the shipwrecked Norwegian mariners!

One more incident connected with these sands. A few years ago, in the prime of summer, a party of young men agreed to play a game of cricket on the Goodwin Sands. This at first may appear impossible; but it will be remembered, that during the time the sands are uncovered by the falling tide, they are hard enough to permit any kind of exercise upon them. The only difficulty is to ascertain the day when the tides will suit. Such a day soon came; and leaving the beach in a galley, away the party went, with bats, wickets, balls, provisions, and other knackeries to contest their skill upon the sands, the wide grave of many "a good tall ship."

The day commenced surpassingly beautiful; calm, mild, and genial, the bright sunshine was sleeping in a thousand places on every side of the hushed and silent sea; and impelled by the strong arms of six lusty rowers, the channel dividing Deal from the Sands was soon passed.

There is something bracing to the nerves when treading these sands on a fine sunny day,—a wildness, a charm, owing perhaps to their solitude and vastness; the sea birds assembled there seem different to those on shore,—they appear less difficult to approach, as though they had not been taught to dread the appearance of man.

All for a time went happily with our party, and shouts of merriment and laughter made the dull sands echo to their mirth; the day wore away, without a

thought bestowed on anything but pleasure; the provision basket was attacked with vigour, and a plentiful supply of liquors soon blinded the merry-makers to the approach of danger.

One old Deal boatman alone was with them, and he already had repeatedly urged the necessity of a return to the main land—but the young men treated his fears with laughter, and turned his urgent remonstrance into a joke: in vain he told them that the appearance of the weather to the southward was suspicious, and that the galley, although safe enough in smooth water, was quite unfit to contend with a troubled sea. For some time his experienced eye had noted the change in the appearance of the weather; but finding his advice treated with contempt, he had no alternative but to remain their pleasure and take his chance with them.

At length the weather put on a more serious aspect, and the whiffling sound of freshening breeze told the most inexperienced of the party that the time had arrived when it became necessary to return to a place of security; and with an alacrity quickened by an awakening sense of danger, all jumped into the boat, and began pulling for the land. The warning voice of the old man, which had been listened to with scorn, now began to work upon the revellers; they discovered, when too late, the alarming truth, that the boat was laden too heavily to contend with the sea. The change since the morning had been great; the sea, so smooth before, was now broken into waves—after shipping several of which, and being nearly swamped, they gave up rowing in direction of the town, and, dreadful as the alternative appeared, sought refuge on the sands they so recently had left.

Fear soon spread its influence over the party. The old boatman alone seemed possessed of energy, but his counsel of pulling along the edge of the sand for the Floating Light was met by the contradictory opinions of others, and the precious moments so requisite for action were wasted in a noisy squabble; some proposed leaving half of the party on the sand and pulling for the town with the other half; but as no one would consent to remain behind, this project was abandoned. Meanwhile the wind rose rapidly, and with it came the tide; and a fearful, angry, lurid-looking mist which had gathered to the southward came rushing down upon them with the speed of the wind; then a roaring rumbling sound was heard moaning along the sea, whose surface was covered with one sheet of white and spotless foam: a sudden gale of wind had arisen, and its full force fell upon the men in that forlorn situation.

Despair soon seized on all, on discovering the sand, lately so firm and hard, on which they had played their cricket match, was now alive, literally quivering beneath their feet, and with the rising tide would soon be covered, and float to and fro with the waves. The prospect of certain death stared them in the face; some cried, some laughed, and one yelled aloud in a delirium at the impossibility, as it seemed to him, of being so near destruction; the old man alone had nerve enough to look boldly at their desperate condition.

The return to land was acknowledged an impossibility, and the sands were rapidly becoming so soft, that standing on them became more and more difficult; and the wind blowing with great violence, the slumbering ocean had roused itself at its call, and was tumbling about in mad gambols, threatening the adventurers with instant death. The old Deal boatman noted these changes with an anxious eye, plainly telling how critical he deemed their situation; and not being able to devise any plan to relieve them, the whole party made another mad attempt to man the galley, though it should end in their speedy destruction.

While in the act of carrying this project into execution, one of the party shouted out, "What is that, there away to the westward—there, now it lifts again?"

Every one directed his attention to the spot pointed out, but nothing was seen; one, however, said he thought it was the wing of a gull dipping amongst the waves.

"It is a boat, a Deal boat too!" said a dozen voices, and again it rose driving on the glittering crest of a wave; and in an agony of despair, fearing they should not be seen, the men shouted.

The roaring of the sea was the only answer to their call; no human sound could reach so far, and the boat appeared to pass on its course without heeding them. The following minutes appeared like hours; and the strange boat rose, and as often disappeared as she struggled through the troughs of the sea. The quick eye of the veteran boatman, when directed to the stranger, soon discovered, from her motions, that she was in search of something—she had no decided course, but yawed about hither and thither. Suddenly she tacked and stood directly for the spot where the party had clustered together, attracted there by an oar held up to catch observation. They were seen, and deeming their deliverance certain, all bowed their heads in silent and secret thanksgivings.

The appearance of the Deal lugger is readily explained. When the galley with the cricketers left the beach in the morning, the boatmen on the shore remarked how much the vessel was overloaded, and knowing her destination to be the sands, they became anxious when the wind got up to see her return; but anxiety soon gave place to apprehension, and launching one of their large boats, they hastened to the sand, just in time to save the young men from destruction.

Although the praiseworthy exertions of these men ought to place them beyond the reach of want, yet such is not the case; many of them are starving: the reason is obvious,—who is it they save?—poor shipwrecked seamen, at the time greater objects of compassion than the Deal boatman himself, who frequently takes from his scanty store the first nourishment the saved mariner requires. I do not know if there be any bounty for saving life; but be that as it may, it is evidently inadequate to compensate for the risks the boatmen encounter. This is not as it should be. There are in almost every corporate town in England, comfortable resting-places for the aged poor; the terms of admission simply that they are poor and old—a reason good and all-sufficient. For the decayed mariner in the Queen's Navy, there is Greenwich Hospital, and fairly he is entitled to a refuge there; but it is a fair question whether any seaman has earned more claims to be looked to in his old age than the men whose lives are passed on this Deal beach, exposed to the worst kind of weather,—in short, it is in the very worst kind of

weather he earns his scanty crust. Surely there should be something done for the latter days of the old worn-out Deal boatman. One would imagine the great shipping interests, Lloyds, with the Marine Insurance Companies, would, from interested motives alone, erect some comfortable home to cheer the declining days of the old Deal boatman;—set the rate of admission at saving twenty human lives, say twenty,—and the old man would cry quits with them, and this would, if possible, act as an additional spur to his exertions.

I know these observations may be met by the cold and calculating. It may be said, if the Deal man was prudent and careful in his best days, he might lay by a store for his old age; but it is not so—it would not be true; but, however, let him follow this advice,—let him imitate the calculating policy of those who urge it, and what would be the result?—Simply this—he would pause and reflect at moments when his high-wrought and enthusiastic feelings should have unlimited sway,—he would fold his hands and complacently calculate the odds against his being paid if he attempted to save a ship or human life during the time of a gale,—he would say, "It is imprudent to launch my boat,—she will be damaged, or perhaps my life may be sacrificed, and who will then provide for my wife and children?" His life is a lottery,—his bread dependant on the most uncertain of things—the weather. He may earn £10 in an hour, and then for months not a stiver; he has no regular occupation—no plodding employment with its thrifty saws and money-getting axioms; for him it is almost necessary that he should not think, that he should be a creature of impulse, doing deeds at times that seem impossible, merely because he does not calculate the risk he runs, or the dangers which surround him. Surely, then, some permanent reward might be granted to the Old Deal Boatman.

A PASSAGE FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A BARRISTER.

THE STOLEN COLLAR.

BY J. MIDDLETON.

It was during the Spring assizes for the county of——, in the year 18—, that I gathered the incidents of the following little story: plain and simple as they are, I lay them before the reader, and should he feel one half the interest in their perusal that I did in their developement, his trouble will be well repaid. They form a dark and mournful chapter in the history of a woman's life.

Scarcely had I taken possession of my lodgings, on the evening of the commission-day, before my clerk ushered into my room a gentleman, whom he announced as Mr. Isleworth, solicitor. He was a middle-sized, macilent man, of about twenty-five or thirty years of age, with light auburn hair, florid complexion, and clear blue eyes, and his appearance was in every respect too feminine to merit the admiration of a stranger; but there was a manliness in his manner, a firmness in his step, and a deep and powerful intonation in his voice, that commanded respect and elicited attention. After the usual complimentary salutation, I handed him a chair, which he at once accepted. We were seated directly opposite each other, and in such a position that I had an opportunity of observing the slightest alteration in his countenance.

"I call upon you, Mr. ——," said the stranger, drawing from his pocket a packet of papers, "with a brief for the defence of an unfortunate prisoner."

"What is the charge?" inquired I, interrupting him.

"If I shall not be intruding too much upon your time," replied the stranger eagerly, "I will tell you the whole story—it is brief, very brief." I nodded assent.

"The prisoner," he exclaimed, "is a young lady of about twenty-three years of age, and the eldest of two daughters of a highly respectable widow lady, residing in this city; not a word—not a breath of suspicion was ever heard against any of the family until this unfortunate occurrence: and, oh! sir, I am sure there is not even now a pretence for this serious charge; yet such are the circumstances of the case that I know not how we are to meet it."

"It is unfortunate; but we must not despair;" exclaimed I, observing the increasing intensity of Mr. Isleworth's feelings.

"I would fain hope—but I dare not," replied he; "and I think, sir, you will say I have good reason to be afraid when I have related to you the facts." After a moment's pause, he continued his narrative; from which, together with an occasional glance at the statements in my brief, I was enabled to gather a pretty correct outline of the case.

Miss Marian Merton (the prisoner) was, as the solicitor stated, the eldest daughter of a respectable widow lady, then residing in ——, in good, if not affluent, circumstances, and mixing in the highest circle of society.

It appeared that a few weeks previous to this time, Miss M— had one day been engaged in making several purchases at one of the many fancy bazaars in the town. On leaving the bazaar, and proceeding towards her own home, scarcely had she arrived at the end of the first street before she was overtaken by the proprietor, and charged with having stolen a lace collar from the counter. She was immediately conducted back again to the bazaar—her bag was examined—and the collar found secreted therein. An assistant also spoke distinctly to having seen her take up the collar and place it in her bag. The proprietor was naturally a cold, calculating, mercenary man; and aggravated this time by repeated larcenies which had been almost daily committed in his establishment without detection, he had no regard to Miss Merton's protestations of innocence, respectability of character, heart-rending

supplications, or bitter tears—all were alike unavailing. The result was, that the unfortunate girl was taken before the magistrate; and there, being unable to account for the collar being found in her possession, she was committed for trial.

These were the plain and simple facts,—and how difficult were they to rebut. Would the jury believe the story of Miss Merton? Would they believe that she knew not how the collar had been placed in her bag? or, in fact, that she was not at all aware of its being there? These appeared to be the only questions worthy of consideration. I folded up the brief, placed it on the table, and for the first time since the commencement of the narrative, turned to look upon the face of the speaker. He was changed—strangely changed. His cheeks were deadly pale, his lips livid, his eyes wild and staring, and his whole frame appeared trembling under the influence of some strong internal emotion.

"This cannot be the effect of youthful sympathy," I muttered to myself almost involuntarily. "There is something more—it may be *friendship*, or perhaps"—but before I had time to finish the sentence, Mr. Isleworth, as though he had penetrated the nature of my thoughts, exclaimed—

"Pardon me, sir—have I made myself clearly understood? I am agitated; but the truth is, I have long been on terms of friendship with the family."

"Then I can readily account for your agitation; and sympathize with your distress, Mr. Isleworth."

"It is hard, sir, to see so young a girl—so amiable—so lovely—in such a position."

"There are few men, I apprehend, who would not feel as you do under such circumstances." A deep sigh was the only answer to my remark.

"And *you* have not the slightest doubt of the prisoner's innocence?" I again ventured to ask, after a few moments' pause.

"Doubt! Innocence! No, no—I would stake my life on her innocence; but," continued he, fixing his bright penetrating eyes on my face, "why do you ask? Can it be possible? Yes. You doubt."

"Pardon me, sir—I would not ask any thing that might in the slightest degree wound your feelings; but you are well aware, Mr. Isleworth, an every day experience at the bar soon teaches the most humane and generous man to doubt on matters of this kind. We there become sceptics, even in spite of our better reason. In this case, however, trusting to your word, I will believe my fair client, 'Not Guilty.'"

Mr. Isleworth departed.

The day on which the trial was to take place soon arrived. The prisoner was stirring early, and pacing to and fro within the cold walls of her narrow cell, (now dimly lighted by the first beams of the morning sun);—her appearance could not have failed to have won the admiration, nor her situation to have excited the sympathy, of all who beheld her.

Marian Merton was not, perhaps, what one would consider a decidedly pretty girl—her face was too round, and her features too strongly portrayed; but there was something so winning in the expression of her countenance, that charmed, without dazzling, the spectator—and, upon the whole, her *tout ensemble* might with justice be declared to be very pleasing. Her confinement had blanched her cheeks and brow, and there was a melancholy shade thrown over her features, which, notwithstanding her wonted calmness and placidity, too clearly showed the struggle that was going on in her heart.

Marian's first duty on the morning in question was to pour out her gentle spirit in prayer and supplication. It was a duty she had long been taught to observe—a duty now so peculiarly in accordance with her own lacerated feelings, that she turned to it, perhaps, more readily than ever. True it is, misfortunes sanctify our devotions—every thought, feeling, and desire, seems to undergo a strange refinement beneath their influence.

Scarcely had the Castle clock tolled the hour of eight, when the gaoler, accompanied by a couple of females, was heard approaching the prisoner's apartment. Marian instantly caught the sound—the sound of old familiar voices—voices she had listened to from her earliest childhood! This was too much for her to bear—a thousand tender memories rushed back upon her thoughts—and sinking down upon a chair, she wept bitterly.

"Marian, dear Marian!" said the mother, pressing her sorrowing daughter warmly to her heart, as the gaoler departed. "Why are you in tears?"

"Mother," replied Marian eagerly, "they are not the tears of guilt."

"No, my child, I know they are not."

"'Tis hard, mother, to be accused of crime—incarcerated in a dull, dreary prison-house—dragged forth before an assembled multitude—there to meet the scornful look, to hear the withering, half-suppressed taunt of an idle throng; and, perhaps, mother, after all to be convicted unjustly."

"Convicted! No, Marian. They will not, they cannot, convict you."

"Alas! my dear mother," replied Marian, with a deep sigh; "all do not know me as well as you. Marian Merton can have no claim on the sympathies of those who are this day to be her judges. Yet, mother, methinks I could bear all—even conviction—but—" and Marian again burst into tears.

"Well, my poor child."

"How will you bear it, mother? and you, my sweet sister? Oh! think—think, they will brand me as a *thief*—your daughter a *thief!*"

"Marian," exclaimed the widow, proudly raising her trembling form—"who shall dare to brand Marian Merton as a thief? No, no, I will not think it. Do not despair, my sweet child; but hope, Marian—hope. Mr. Isleworth—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Marian, suddenly interrupting her mother; "did *he* bid you tell me to hope—did *he* say there was *any* chance of my being acquitted?"

"Alas, no, Marian! but I am quite sure Mr. Isleworth cannot think you guilty."

"He does not; but then, mother, he has long been our friend. He and I were children together, companions, playmates, and—oh! he knows me too well to harbour even a suspicion of my guilt. Besides, he is so kind and tender-hearted—so—"

A warning from the gaoler, who had remained on the outside of the door, here reminded the widow that she must now retire. Again taking Marian in her arms, she pushed back her long dark ringlets, and imprinted a fervent kiss upon her cheek. "God bless you, my dear child!" exclaimed she, releasing herself from her daughter's embrace—"God bless you."

For a moment the sisters were clasped in each other's arms; their eyes met, their lips moved—but the grief of their young hearts was too deep for words.

The court was crowded with spectators, and every avenue approaching thereto was rendered almost impassable. The majority appeared drawn together for one purpose—to witness the trial of poor Marian Merton!

No sooner had I taken my place at the bar, than the unfortunate girl was led into the dock; there was a simultaneous pressing forward amongst the crowd, every one seeming anxious to catch a sight of the prisoner. Not a word—scarcely a breath could be heard, while the clerk of the court read over the indictment. Marian, in a calm, subdued voice, pleaded Not Guilty.

The case for the prosecution was opened by one of my most valued friends of the long robe; and it is but justice to him to state, that the clear and impartial manner in which he detailed the circumstances to the jury was alike creditable to his head and heart. There was no attempt, on his part, at any exaggeration of facts—no speculation on motives—no clothing of trifles "light and insignificant" with an air of serious and grave importance. The first witness called was the owner of the property alleged to have been stolen. He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, with small ferret-like eyes—long black hair, which fell in profusion of curls upon his shoulders—and the general expression of his features was that of careless indifference to every thing but the one object he had in view. There was scarcely an eye in court, save his own, that did not look with something like pity on the unfortunate girl; and, more than this, we will venture to say, there was scarcely a heart that did not secretly wish she might be acquitted. His evidence was delivered in a firm, determined manner, every little fact and circumstance being spoken to with a degree of certainty which at once rendered futile every attempt at cross-examination. Each important particular was strongly corroborated by his expectant assistant, who appeared even determined to outdo his master in *violent swearing*. I had but one hope—one resource—I went at once to the jury, and after a long and laboured address, was in the act of closing up my brief almost in despair, intending as a last effort to call the witnesses to character, when Mr. Isleworth, who had been seated close behind me from the commencement of the trial, pushed a small note into my hand. It was to this effect, that he had just received a letter from a gentleman in court, who had arrived in the city only that morning, stating that he would be able to give such evidence as would in all probability exculpate the prisoner.

I hesitated not a moment. He was almost instantly in the box; it was a bold and dangerous step, and one that could only be justified by the pressing extremity of the case. My witness, it appeared on the examination, was a commercial traveller who had long been in the habit of transacting business with the prosecutor. He distinctly remembered having been in the bazaar on the afternoon when the robbery was alleged to have taken place—he spoke also to having seen the prisoner in the bazaar at the same time,—and what was the most important of all, that he had noticed the assistant, who had given evidence against her, himself place the collar in her bag during the time she was engaged in the examination of other articles. The effect which this startling information created may readily be imagined by any one at all accustomed to the excitement of a court of justice. The visible alteration in the countenances of the jurymen at once convinced me that it was unnecessary to carry the case further. Contented, therefore, with the impression already created, I left the prisoner in their hands. The result proved I was right in doing so. Marian Merton was acquitted.

Four months passed away, and I was again in the good old city of —— for the Summer assizes. I had another brief from my friend Mr. Isleworth, but it was not for the defence of another unfortunate woman. It was now for the prosecution of that wicked assistant, who, in attempting to shield himself, cruelly sought to fix his own crimes on a young, virtuous, and unsuspecting girl. Circumstances had lately transpired which left no doubt as to who had long been the real thief in the bazaar—and the time for retribution was at hand. The assistant was tried—convicted—and sentenced to seven years transportation.

And where now was the persecuted Marian Merton?

I wished, and yet I almost feared to ask. Mr. Isleworth had never named her—he was dispirited, careworn, and evidently struggling under deep internal suffering;—could it be on her account? My heart told it must be so.

It was the last day of the assizes. Mr. Isleworth had called upon me at my apartments for his papers. Curiosity was too powerful longer to be coerced by the sober dictates of reason.

"Pray, sir," said I, "have you seen Miss Merton lately?"

"Alas! have you not heard?" and the tears started to his upraised eyes,—"she is—"

"Not dead!" I exclaimed, suddenly interrupting him, and observing for the first time that he was habited in deep mourning.

"No, sir, not dead!" he replied, bitterly—and then, as though some sudden thought had flashed across his mind, he continued, "but—but—perhaps you would like to see her."

Almost mechanically taking up my hat, I seized his arm, and we rushed into the street. We proceeded for some distance in perfect silence. On arriving at the outskirts of the city, we took the path of a pretty little garden adjoining the highway, and belonging to one of the neatest little villas in the neighbourhood.

We immediately entered the house; and following the directions of Mr. Isleworth, I walked at once into the dining room;—there sat Mrs. Merton and her two daughters—but how changed!—Poor Marian! She, who had been all calmness and resignation in the hour of misfortune and difficulty, had fallen to the ground in the very moment of her triumph. Overcome by conflicting emotions—oppressed by contending hopes and fears—reason had deserted its throne, and the once lovely and philosophic girl was now a maniac! She who was the light and life of Isleworth's heart—she who had long been destined to be the wife of his bosom, the brightest object of every hope and expectation—there—there, she sat, heedless of every thing and every one—almost motionless as a statue!

"Look," said Mr. Isleworth, seizing me by the arm,

"she is there—poor girl! I loved her in her beauty—the glory of her womanhood—I love her still—wrecked, ruined as she is." And then placing his arm fondly round her neck, and looking into her wandering eyes, which flashed at this moment with an almost unearthly light, he continued, "Poor, dear Marian, I will love none other!"

I could bear no more—I saw before me the broken-hearted and the maniac! The result of one bad man's wickedness.

THE BRAVO HUSBAND.

A TALE OF ITALY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Ludovico Salvati was the captain of a troop of bandits infesting the Lower Alps. Of lofty stature, muscular frame, and undaunted temperament, he seemed especially fitted for the desperate post in which his evil stars had placed him. We say his evil stars, for Salvati was the cadet of a noble family, of which honourable mention is made in the archives of Florence. He was a man of cultivated intellect and high aspirations: one who was never destined to tread the obscure path of mindless mediocrity, but maddened by disappointment and despair. The miseries of Salvati would have made a maniac of a less desperate nature; they made *him* a robber. His name was the by-word of terror to travellers and merchants, and the sound of fear by which the matrons of the Alpine hamlets soothed their wayward nurselings into submission; "Hark! Salvati!" sufficed alike to silence the most turbulent, and to subdue the most refractory.

Meanwhile, Salvati himself knew no happiness on earth, save in the consciousness that his name could thus strike terror to the hearts of those who in early youth had taught his own to quail. He had been injured, deeply injured; and he had vowed vengeance—nor was he one to breathe such a vow lightly.

In his first manhood, Ludovico had loved; not as worldlings love, but with deep devotedness. By day he walked through the marble halls of the Salvati Palace, musing on the idol of his soul; by night he closed his eyes only to dream of her. Beatrice Monti was a Florentine, with eyes like midnight when it is

bright with stars, and a voice like that of the bird which loves the darkness; the brow of a Madonna, high, and calm, and pale, looking as though earthly passion could never overshadow it; and a smile which shed sunshine where it rested. She was so young and gentle that it seemed as if she were scarce fitted to contend with the cares of life, and so light-hearted that she appeared never to have had one dream of sorrow. Such was she when she listened to Salvati's tale of love, as they sat together beneath the boughs of a pomegranate tree, from which he pilfered the rich red blossoms to twine them in her hair; while the sound of minstrelsy came faintly from the distant palace, swelling and dying as the wind rose and fell among the orange trees. What recks it what he said, or how he said it, beneath the moonlighted sky, amid breeze and blossom: enough that she heard it without a frown—that she answered with a smile; and that, as Salvati pressed her to his heart, he called her his, —*his own!* his love—his world! 'Twas a sweet dream; and they walked hand in hand, his arm around her, and her rich warm cheek resting upon his shoulder—slowly, pausingly, under the delicious night-wind; and they told each other the history of their secret affection—how it had grown and strengthened since they first met; and if Beatrice blushed at the confession, he kissed away her blushes, and she did not repent her confidence. Ludovico told a less embarrassed tale, and she pressed her small hand upon his lips to stay their utterance; but the lover heeded not the gentle hindrance, and he showed her how long and how ardently he had loved her—for days are centuries in a lover's calendar; and the moon had risen high in heaven, and the orange-buds were shedding the perfumed dew from their snowy cups, ere they remembered that the world was peopled by others beside themselves, and prepared again to mingle with its denizens.

A fearful year followed that blissful evening. A rival's blood crimsoned the blade of Salvati; but the stab was deeper at his own heart's core! Could it be that Beatrice loved the smooth-lipped stranger? His own Beatrice? He would not think that it was thus: and yet, she wept over the corse—such tears as women weep only for those whom they have enshrined in their souls. But Beatrice Monti—the beautiful, the fond, the timid Beatrice? No, no; it could not be; and Salvati held her to his heart, and loathed himself that he had dared to doubt her.

He became a husband. Not a word, not a look of his young bride, but was to him as light and music. All that tenderness which woman loves so well, he lavished upon her with a prodigality which proved that his whole heart was in the homage; and yet, she was not happy. The smile fled from her lip, her step became less buoyant, and her voice more sad. Ludovico mourned, wondered, yet never doubted; and when Beatrice placed in his arms her infant girl, he forgot all sorrow in the contemplation of its cherub face.

One day he led his fair wife forth into the sunshine, and the child slumbered upon his bosom. He talked to Beatrice of all which that child might one day be to them, gifted as she seemed with her mother's beauty—that mother who was to him fairer than aught else on earth. He was answered only with tears. Suddenly a messenger approached them, who was the bearer of strange tidings,—he was a kinsman of Salvati, and he came, with joy in his heart, to tell him that the rival whom he had smitten he had nevertheless not slain; that he yet lived, though his friends had borne him across the sea, when they rescued him from death—there was no blood upon the soul of the young husband.

Ludovico smiled scornfully in doubt, but the doubt was vain. The stranger had been seen since his return to Florence: he still bore the trace of Salvati's blade, but he lived.

Then, indeed, light returned to the eyes of Beatrice, though she uttered not a word, as Ludovico gloomily led the way back to their splendid home.

One more short month, and the infant of the Count Salvati was motherless. Beatrice had fled! The father and the child were alike deserted. The wretched and bereaved man caught up the weeping girl—weeping it knew not wherefore,—and, in his turn, abandoned the home which to him was now desolate. He wandered, he cared not whither, for many weary days; the peasants whom he encountered in his way shared with him, and with his motherless infant, their simple, and often scanty, meal; and he slept with the child nestled in his bosom, under the bright clear sky, or beneath a cotter's roof. It was thus the bandits found him. He was a reckless man. They urged him to become their chief; and he started at once from his lethargy of sorrow. By their means he might yet taste *revenge!* The very thought was cabalistic. He told them all his wrongs, and they talked of vengeance; that was enough: he was thenceforward theirs—body and soul. He girt the pistols and the dagger in his belt; he pressed the plumed hat upon his brow; and he placed his little Beatrice in the arms of the gentlest of the bandit's wives. It is true that he shuddered as he gave her into such rude keeping, but he was anticipating vengeance; and he turned away with a smile upon his lip.

He watched and watched for years, and yet his longing was unappeased; and, meanwhile, his child grew healthfully among the Alpine breezes, with all the loveliness and grace of her mother floating about her like an atmosphere of light, and all the hardihood of a young mountaineer.

Salvati's revenge had been so long delayed, that the thirst for its indulgence became demoniacal, when he heard that his enemy was at length within his grasp —and Beatrice, too! She who had won his heart only to break it!—she who was once the wife of his bosom—the mother of his infant girl! She was even now with the man upon whom his curse rested—to whom it had clung for years—upon whom it was now so soon to fall. . . . . The seducer and the seduced were there, within arrow flight; and they breathed the same air with the outlaw and his child. Salvati writhed with agony: the fair-browed lover had been watched into a palace at the foot of the very mountain within whose fastnesses were bivouacked the band of Ludovico. The false one and her guilty companion could sun themselves boldly beneath the blue sky of heaven, while the bereaved husband and his innocent babe were hidden from the gaze of men, lest the arm of justice should overtake them. The reflection was maddening; and excited by this bitter thought, engendering memories still more wretched, Ludovico took his deserted daughter by the hand, just as a glorious sunset had flashed and faded into those sober tints which steep the world in twilight, and tried

to find comfort in the sweet looks and tones of the only being who loved him; but he could not support even the converse of the light-hearted child; and casting himself gloomily down, with his rifle in his hand, in a chasm of the rock, he bade Beatrice go forth, and gambol in the soft air. For awhile the girl stood pensively beside him, her hands folded upon her breast, and her large dark eyes rivetted on his countenance; but after a time she looked forth over the ledge of rock against which she leant, and watched the wild birds as they winged their joyous way to their nightly resting places.

Suddenly, Ludovico was startled by her scream, and he hurriedly sprang from the earth; in another instant he heard the report of a rifle, and Beatrice sank down beside him,—the ball had entered her heart,—she was dead! Salvati laid her gently down again upon the earth from which in his first terror he had lifted her; and then fiercely gazing down into the valley from a point whence he could not be perceived from beneath, he discerned two human figures. The foremost was that of a tall cavalier, the other was a lady, and farther in the distance the bandit distinguished a party of attendants. He saw the truth at once—the cavalier was engaged in shooting with his rifle at the birds which were flying homeward to their eyries in the rock, and the lady was witnessing his prowess. The little Beatrice had attracted their attention by her movements, and the sportsman, believing it to be some mountain eagle watching in fancied security the destruction of its feathered associates, and anxious to exhibit to his fair companion a proof of his skill as a marksman, had but too fatally taken his aim. But Ludovico, in another instant, learnt still more than this,—it was not enough that the sweet spirit which had so long and so lovingly ministered to his own, when all else had forsaken him, lay quenched at his feet—it was not enough that the pure and beautiful image in which that spirit had been enshrined, was now a ghastly, senseless, gory heap—destiny had not yet done with him. A light laugh came on his ear—a laugh of mirth as a requiem for his dead infant—he could not be mistaken—he had heard such laughter in bygone years ere the blight of misery had withered him—it was the voice of Beatrice—of his false wife! He turned, and looked at his lost child, bent over her for an instant, as if to convince himself that there was indeed no hope, and then seizing his rifle, he took a steady aim, and again the sharp quick sound reverberated among the heights—another peal of laughter rang out as its echo, but this time it was the laugh of Ludovico. The cavalier, the murderer of his little one, fell as that horrible mirth swelled on the evening breeze. As quick as thought the rifle of the bandit was reloaded; and he looked for a second with a glad and gloating look upon the affrighted party who cowered round the fallen man; then he once more raised his weapon; but this time his hand was unsteady, and his frame shook—the strong man quivered like a leaf! Again he glanced back on the dead object of all his hope, and of all his tenderness; and that look sufficed. In the next instant a shout of horror rang upwards from the plain: mother and child were alike lifeless. Salvati had taken no coward aim.

* * * *
* * * *

A few months subsequently, Florence was thronged by curious crowds, who came to witness the execution of Ludovico, the bandit chief. He had surrendered himself to justice; he had avowed the murder of his wife; the pillage of travellers; the control of a fierce band which had long been the terror of the country. No voice was raised in mercy; it was a forgotten word in Florence; while all cried aloud for justice. Men do not judge by the racked heart and the wrung spirit, but by the peril and the spoil;—what to them were the anguish and the despair which had wrought the ruin? their pity had been unchallenged, for Salvati had borne a haughty brow before his accusers—he had himself supplied them with both the charge and the culprit; and the morning at length arrived—too slowly for those who were to be merely the lookers on at the legal tragedy—when all might see if his high courage would still uphold him—what marvel then that they panted for the trial? But they knew not Ludovico Salvati! he had done with the world, and the world with him. A busy throng entered his dungeon to summon him to the death-scene; his chains were lying on the earth beside him, for he had wrenched them asunder, though his tortured limbs had suffered in the effort: he was no longer to be a gaze for the Florentines—his dagger had freed him.

GALILEO, THE MARTYR OF TRUTH.

BY WM. H. DIXON.

Respectfully inscribed to Frank P. Roark, Esq.

I.

Brightness above, and fear upon the earth,
Fear which is awed into sublimity!
Three of the wrath-engender'd sons of God,*
Are burning like sepulchral lamps in heaven,
And all their kindred stars have veil'd their brows,
And the night-queen hath bowed her silent head
In their o'erpow'ring presence. On the earth
Are breathless watchers; and apart—alone—
Is one old man with silvery locks, whose *life*
Is a continual combat with the *Time*.
His soul would solve the mystery of the stars;
Unveil the God-head in external things,
And break the barriers ignorance has raised
'Twixt man and heaven. Even from his boyhood,

* In the year 1618, much interest and consternation were caused by the appearance of three fine comets.

His heart yearn'd upwards to the clear blue sky,
And from his lonely watch-tower thro' the night
His eye had traversed all its mystic spheres;
And often in his lofty musings flasht
Bright glimpses of the truth upon his mind,
Which dazzled and made drunk, and then were gone;
And so it came, and went, and came, and went,
But no abiding place could find on earth;
The time was not yet ripe: for Ignorance,
Not knowing its own ignorance, conceived
It had all knowledge; and thus his manhood past away.
But still the spirit of the old man slept not;
And tho' eluded still, his eye is raised,
Earnest and watchful, with a quicken'd sense.
And now the heavens have found a voice. The Truth
Has leapt upon him from those burning orbs;
His heart bounds up within him—his brain reels—
The heavy thought has weighed his eyelids down—
The glowing cheek, and trembling hand, and hurried
pulse,
Tell the upheavings of the mind within.
And now those fierce emotions calm to rest:
The thought consolidates, but still 'tis Truth.
The heavens are open'd to the eyes of men;
The ponderous cycles and crystal spheres are gone;
And man's horizon in the realms of space
Has widen'd to the Everlasting's throne.

II.

The *Age* has sat in judgment on the *Truth*,
And deemed it heresy. The Church has call'd
Her councils, and in that high conclave sits,
The embodiment of the Spirit of the Time,
And at the bar, the unabashed old man,
Charged with the propagation of a lie.
And there he stands, with heaven upon his brow,
That new-found knowledge shining from his face,
His bright eye thoughtful, and his mien unmoved,
And on his placid countenance a smile
So heavenly soft and full of gentlest pity!
And bowing with a lofty meekness speaks:—
"It is not in the Word of God *alone*
The truth exists, but likewise in His works;
From man the Immortal and the Heir of heaven,
To the minutest particle of earth,
There dwells an innate witness of His power,
That girds with glory all created things,—
The touch of Deity has hallow'd them for ever.
Truth is eternal, tho' man's sense may err.
The finite mind leaps not to the result,
But through a long progression of effects;
From sense, to feeling, and from thence, to thought;
Garners the primitive sensations up,
The elements of knowledge: grasping higher truths,
Till from the earth man's soul may reach the stars.
Ye cannot judge the truths which I have taught.
Truth must be tested by a kindred truth;
The which in the high knowledge of the heavens,
Ye have not. Nor can ye leap the gulf,
Where lie the deep philosophies between
The wisdom which can compass heaven and earth,
And that which we inherit. But a time—
When the Incarnate Truth for his great ends
Unveils His glory to dispel the cloud—
A time will come when *all* shall recognize,
In its august and grand simplicity,
A truth which will not pass away with time."

III.

In vain! The Age has triumphed! Poor old man!
In the November of thy life! Alas!
The fresh, free vigour of thy youth is spent
In baffled searchings for that hidden knowledge.
The iron will that should have nerved thee now,
To smile when fortune racks thee—that is gone.
When the step totters and the pulse grows faint,
The flesh rebels against the spirit's mandate;
And thou, oh thou hast fallen! Poor old man!

'Tis a lone chapel, at the midnight hour—
The lights are burning dim upon the altar,
And groups of witnesses are ranged around;
And on his bare, and bended knees, the man,
Whose mind had charter'd earth. His locks,
That should have won him reverence, seem alive,
So works his brain with agony. He kneels,—
But oh, the heavings of the soul within!
His life rolls at a glance before his mind,
His boyhood with its yearning to the stars—
The fever'd dream that lit his manhood up,
With glory flashing from *the time to come*—
The watchings and the toil of his old age—
The consecration of his life to man—
And this is his reward! Oh! Hush! Listen!
The recantation's read—his lip obeys;
The scroll is traced—his hand obeys the sign.
'Tis hand, lip, tongue; the spirit's far away,
It hath no part in this; 'tis earth that falls.
The lie hath sunk no deeper than the lip—
And there but for the moment; in the next,
His brow again was girded with the light,
The truth again broke from his quivering tongue;*
And they condemn'd him. Alas! alas! poor things!
Father, forgive them, they knew not what they did.
And so confinement circled all his days:
But still his spirit kept its high estate,
And bore it with a proud and patient spirit,
Nor stooped from its supremacy.
At length he died—a martyr to the truth.
Oh! had he borne—but let not man be judge.
For He who holds the destinies of men,
Errs not in choice of mortal instruments
To work His solemn ends.

* *E pur se muove*, exclaimed Galileo, immediately after swearing his belief in the immobility of the earth.

The Duchess of Richmond.

Whoever has been to Hampton Court, must of necessity remember the *fourteen* portraits representing the *Beauties* of the Court of King Charles II., painted by Lely and Wissing, for Anne Hyde, Duchess of York. There is no forgetting this room-full of "Windsor Beauties," as they were called, to distinguish them from the room-full of "Hampton-Court Beauties," painted for the Duchess's daughter, Mary, the Queen of William III. As there is no forgetting this room, no more is there a possibility of forgetting the portrait of Frances Stewart, "La belle Stewart," the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, whose loveliness of look, and cold uncertainty of conduct and manner, gave to King Charles II. many an uneasy pang, and to the Duchess of Cleveland, the imperious mistress of that monarch, hours and days of fretful, unconfirmed, and uncertain jealousy.

Lely has painted the Duchess of Richmond in the character of Diana. One hand carries a bow, while with the other she holds her dress up from the morning dew, over which she is represented tripping with an air of buoyant lightness and beauty. The features are fine and uniformly regular, but deficient in expression,—we have the *sweet eye* described by Pepys, but we want *the little Roman nose* dilated upon by that delightful diarist.

It is not generally known, but the circumstance well merits a more general circulation, that the first coin of this country with the figure of Britannia upon it, was struck in the reign of Charles II., and that the fea-

tures of Britannia were copied by Roetier, who sunk the dye from the lovely face of Frances Stewart. The compliment was well carried out, for the likeness is perfectly exact.

The lovely Frances Terese Stewart was the daughter of Captain Walter Stewart, son of Lord Blantyre, a Scottish nobleman. The year of her birth has not been ascertained, nor is it certain in what year, or in what capacity, she made her first appearance at the court of King Charles II. If we may believe the biographer of De Grammont, who is generally correct in what he asserts, Miss Stewart was taken into favour at court by the Countess of Castlemaine. "The King," says Hamilton, "who rarely omitted a visit to the Countess before she rose, seldom failed to find Mrs. Stewart in bed with her." The King became at once enamoured of the fair Frances, for his heart was composed of stuff like tinder, that is set on fire by every fresh spark or flame that chance or design brings near it. "She was genteel," says Hamilton, "danced well, and spoke French better than her mother-tongue; well-bred withal, and had, to a nicety, that air of dress so much admired, and which is not to be hit exactly, unless one has taken it very young in France."

There is said to have been something petite and childish about all Mrs. Stewart ever did. That she was fond of blind-man's-buff and of Lacy's humorous acting—that she built castles with cards at her own lodgings, while the King and the Duchess of Cleveland played seriously for money;—these are no proofs, to our thinking, of a childish disposition or of a weak mind; they exhibit the buoyancy of her nature, and, in some respects, the innocence of her heart. Her quarrel with the King and with the Duchess of Cleveland, who should ride round the Ring in Hyde Park, for the first time, in the new French chariot presented to the King by the Chevalier de Grammont, is a little trait in the female character, in which the bold and strong-minded Barbara Villiers must bear her share of imputed childishness. Mrs. Stewart carried the day, but at the expense, it was whispered maliciously about, of at least some of her virtue.

Mrs. Jameson has entered minutely into the story of "La belle Stewart." "Her character, as a woman," she says, "is neither elevated nor interesting; and the passion which the King long entertained for her, and the liberties in which she indulged him, either through weakness or a spirit of coquetry, exposed her at one period to very disgraceful imputations. On a review of her whole conduct, as far as it can now be known and judged from the information of cotemporary writers, the testimonies in favour of her virtue appear to preponderate; yet it must be confessed that we are left to choose between two alternatives, and it is hard to tell which is the worst: if 'La belle Stewart' was not the most cold and artful coquette that ever perplexed the wits of man, she was certainly the most cunning piece of frailty that ever wore the form of woman." A woman's heart dissected by a woman!

Pope has rendered an injustice to the memory of "La belle Stewart," attributing the origin of a happy couplet in his poem "On the Use of Riches," to a bequest made in her will by the lovely Duchess "of considerable annuities and legacies *to her cats*."

> "But thousands die without or this or that—
> Die, and endow a college or a cat."

"A delicate way," says Sir David Dalrymple, in the Duchess's defence, "of providing for poor and probably proud gentlewomen, without making them feel that they owed their livelihood to her mere liberality." But it so turns out that there is no such bequest in the will of our lovely Duchess, Malone having examined the will of "La belle Stewart," for the express purpose of arriving at *a fact*. But in enabling us to reject one erroneous piece of information, Malone, at the same time, brought the curious circumstance to light, that the Duchess had directed, by a codicil to her will, that her "effigies as well done in wax as could be, and dressed in her coronation robes and coronet, should be placed in a case, with clear crown glass before it, and should be set up in Westminster Abbey." This was carried out by her executors, and the Duchess was one of the "Ragged Regiment," exhibited in Westminster Abbey, when the doors of the *ragged-closet* were last open to the public.

Miss Stewart, or Mrs. Stewart, to speak in the language of her time, seems to have been naturally of a very cold and vain disposition. It was her frigidity of manner, rather than her sense of virtue, that made her resist the frequent importunities of the King. His passion daily increasing, he is said to have consulted Archbishop Sheldon on the subject of a divorce, urging as his plea the sterility of the queen. While the archbishop was considering the matter over at Lambeth, "La belle Stewart" decamped with Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond, took boat at London Bridge, made their way by night into Kent, and married immediately. The archbishop was suspected of revealing the King's secret to Lord Clarendon, who, aware of the duke's passion for Mrs. Stewart, alarmed the lovers, brought the match to a conclusion, and put all idea of a divorce, for a time, if not for ever, at an end. Clarendon denied, in the presence of the King, and denied by letter, his having any previous knowledge of the duke's intended marriage with Mrs. Stewart. The King believed the rumour, and this belief hastened the fall of the great Lord Clarendon.

The Duke of Richmond died in 1672, five years after his marriage with "La belle Stewart." His duchess survived him thirty years, dying in 1702, without ever having married again. Nat. Lee dedicates his play of "Theodosius" to our lovely duchess —"the fair Armida," moreover, be it known, of "glorious John Dryden."

"If Mrs. Stewart had been in Danaë's place, she would," says Waller, "have resisted Jove as she resisted Charles II."

The Duchess of Devonshire.

Who has not heard of Georgiana Spencer, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Spencer's eldest daughter, the gayest of the gay—the loveliest where all were lovely? Yet how little is now known about her. No "Diary" like that left by the entertaining Pepys, has yet been published to perpetuate her influence, and preserve her sayings and her doings; and the lively Walpole, when the lovely duchess was in the full blossom of her popularity, had become tired of describing the little events and traits of fashionable existence,—

"Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last.—"

The balls at Devonshire House in Piccadilly, the fêtes at Chiswick, and the fashionable parties at Chatsworth, the common and correct court topics of the day, are now known but by reputation and hearsay; while the blue-stocking assemblies of Mrs. Montague, or the less select and still larger assemblies of the old Dowager Countess of Cork, have been described with much minute exactness by the Boswells and the Burneys who were invited to them.

A ball at Devonshire House, when the beautiful duchess was in the full season of her fashionable existence, described as Pepys or Walpole would have described it, would indeed be a treat. How Mr. Pepys would have dilated on the dresses and the dances, the prepossessing appearance of the Prince of Wales, and the unsurpassed graces of the Duchess of Devonshire—"that, Lord! I do really now think that the Countess of Castlemaine cannot come near her, nor yet Mrs. Stewart; and then to see how she threw such glances all around, and danced in a minuet with the Prince so divinely, that Creed and I have done nothing but talk about her. The rooms infinite full. There was a Mr. Selwyn with whom Ned Pickering talked—that, Lord! I really do think he doth equal T. Killigrew or Sir Charles Sedley. I listened, and he doth say such mighty wicked things, that I think none but H. Walpole, Sir Robert's youngest son, could well surpass him. A more pleasant rencontre I never heard."

Of this beautiful duchess it is told, that she interested herself so much in the return to Parliament of

Mr. Fox for the city of Westminster, at a very severely contested election, that she went about from square to street, and from lane to alley, to solicit the votes of the electors for that illustrious statesman. Her winning manners won many votes, while her lively address, and the charming novelty of so fair a canvasser, turned the full tide of the election in favour of Mr. Fox. It is confidently told, that a young and good-looking butcher in Clare Market declined to accede to the duchess's request without a bribe—he did not want money, he said, but he wanted something else. "Well, name your want," said the lovely Duchess of Devonshire. "Why," replied the butcher with a blush, "a kiss would carry the day."—"If that's all," said the duchess—the butcher kissed her, gave a plumper for Mr. Fox, and dragged all Clare Market at his heels.

The duchess sat to Reynolds and to Gainsborough. The portrait of Reynolds is well known, but Gainsborough gave up her likeness in despair. She was then in the full bloom of her youth, and her charms and conversation took away that readiness of hand and happiness of touch which belonged to the painter in his ordinary moments. The portrait was so little to his satisfaction that he refused to send it to Chatsworth. Drawing his wet pencil across a mouth, which all who saw it thought exquisitely lovely, he said, "Her grace is too hard for me!" And this is the mouth which the butcher kissed! The picture was, we believe, destroyed. Garrick perplexed the pencil of Gainsborough in a different way. That versatile actor assumed fifty different characters in five minutes. But Garrick created a difficulty by contortion and skill, while the duchess brought Nature, in the shape of a mouth which no epithet can compliment sufficiently, to defy Art in her own stronghold.

Quitting Italy in August, 1793, the Duchess of Devonshire passed into Switzerland over Mount St. Gothard. The scenery she saw gave rise to a poem, written in heroics, with alternate rhymes, descriptive of the surrounding grandeur of Mount St. Gothard, and the feelings awakened by so sublime a region.

"No haunt of man the weary traveller greets,
No vegetation smiles upon the moor,
Save where the flow'ret breathes uncultur'd sweets,
Save where the patient monk receives the poor.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
And simple food and wholesome lore bestows,
Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows."

This seems common enough; but the verse that follows is not only the best in the poem, but one perfectly pretty in its way:—

"But though no more amidst those scenes I roam,
My fancy long each image shall retain,—
The flock returning to its welcome home,
And the wild carol of the cowherd's strain."

"The Passage of Mount St. Gothard" was published in her grace's lifetime, with a translation into French, printed page for page with the original. This translation is believed to be by the duchess as well.

This fascinating lady was born on the 9th of June, 1757; was married on the 6th of June, 1774; and died at Devonshire House on the 30th of April, 1806, of an abscess on the liver, first perceived about three months before she died. Her only son, the present Duke of Devonshire, who inherits a love of poetry from his mother, was born at Paris in 1790. When the Prince of Wales was informed of her death, he said, with perfect justice, "Then we have lost the most amiable and best bred woman in England."

Devonshire House, Piccadilly, was built by William Kent, for the third Duke of Devonshire. It stands on the site of Berkeley House, (so called from the Lord Berkeley of Stratton, who built it,) and is said to have cost the sum of 20,000*l.*, exclusive of 1,000*l.* presented to the architect by the duke. It is a good, plain, well-proportioned brick building, with a fine saloon, and a very noble suite of apartments. The duke has several fine pictures in this house, and here it is that the *Kemble Plays* are kept,—a matchless collection of old English plays, formed by John Philip Kemble, and bought at his death by the present duke, who has added largely to the collection, and annotated the whole with his own hand.

The first Duke of Devonshire, of the Cavendish family, died at Berkeley House, in the year 1707. The last Earl of Devonshire lived in a large house in Bishopgate-street, where Devonshire-square now stands. The family lived there in great repute for their hospitality. Fancy the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire issuing out her cards for a grand ball at Devonshire House, in *Bishopgate-street!*—the inquiries in the polite world where such a region lay, and the Prince of Wales sending for the Lord Mayor to know what the city constables can possibly mean by directing that all carriages setting down company at the Duchess of Devonshire's, on Tuesday, the 5th of May, must have their horses' heads turned towards *Norton Folgate!*

THE WORLD.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT; AUTHOR OF "THE PRICE OF FAME," &c.

Oh! I love the world—'tis a happy place!
Full of beings gentle and fond:
Flowers on the earth—birds in the air—
Joy in this life, and rest beyond!
Sorrow but makes us love the purer;
Trials but to try our faith are given,
And the wept-for dead removed for a time,
Lest we should prize it more than Heaven!

Oh! I love the world—'tis a blessed place!
Full of beings joyous and bright,
Merry and glad in life's young spring,
Tender and true in sorrow's night.
And what tho' tears should follow smiles,
And weeds spring up amid its flowers?
For the brightest vision of fairy-land
I would not exchange this world of ours!

TOM HOULAGHAN'S GUARDIAN SPRITE.

BY THE LATE JOHN L'ESTRANGE.

Any body who knows Kilkenny should also know the black quarry, where all the black marble comes from, for which the once magnificent, but now poor old ruined city, is so famous. And any body who knows the black quarry, should also know Tom Houlaghan; *ould* Tom, blind Tom, shooting Tom, lame Tom, queer Tom, Tom the Fisherman—for under all these titles was he known. Tom was one of the most odd, whimsical, drunken and notorious characters, for many miles around. He wore a curiously cut coat, after a pattern of his own, a calf-skin waistcoat, with the dappled hair outside, made by himself, half boots, like a pair of Indian snow shoes, and a hat with a cock in it unlike any thing that ever covered the head of mortal man—add to this *outre* appearance, that he is blind of one eye, and lame of one leg. He is now over seventy years of age, and can drive, ride, shoot, or fish, with any man in Ireland—aye, fishing is his study, the delight of his heart; and I have fished in many waters, both in Leinster and Connaught, and never yet met a sportsman, high or low, who could handle a rod, or fix a fly, in competition with "ould Tom."

On a fine morning in September, I accompanied Tom on an excursion. About mid-day we threw ourselves on the grass near the rock of Mounteagle, opposite the "wild wood," with the river flowing brown and beautiful at our feet. The "Quest" sent his deep hoarse coo over the waters, from the woody dell—the falling oak—for "the woods were cutting"—crashed in its interior, eliciting sounds strangely and awfully beautiful. "What an indescribable sublimity," thought I, "there is in the music of the woods—it speaks to the soul in the words and the voice of Ossian!"

"How purty that distillery of O'Donnell's looks at the top of the sthrame!" remarked Tom, interrupting my high-flying cogitations.

We had been more than usually successful, and in triumph basked our naked limbs in the sun. The bee hummed joyously along through the meadow flowers, the trees whispered gladness among their leaves, the birds vied with each other in melody, the brooks and streams sung and played in their own subdued music, and the fishes jumped—in our baskets. I was becoming dreamy amidst the luxuries of nature.

"Oh! then to be sure, the power of fine whiskey there's med there from morn 'till night," remarked Tom, following up his meditations on O'Donnell's distillery, with one hand in the provision basket all the time, and now and then throwing scraps to his two fierce dogs, that lay with erect ears and watchful eyes, at a respectful distance, while he occasionally helped himself to a little of the undiluted, poured into an empty pot that once contained "Warren's Jet."

"Ah! Tom," said I, "your thoughts are ever running in the one channel—whiskey, whiskey, for ever."

"Ah! then, for all that I sometime *takes the wather*," he replied, with a twinkle of his one eye; and I never yet saw such meaning in any eye, as in the single glance of Tom's lonely optic, especially when employed in giving expression to what he considered a knowing thing; "maybe you didn't hear I was swimmin' yesterday, sur?" he asked.

"Swimming!" I answered, "what devil's angel put such madness into your head—the old *spirit* I suppose?"

"No, in throth now, sur," he replied, "You're always goin' an'—I done it in spite of meself—but betther do that than worse—an' only *my friend the fairy*, gev me the *warnin' wink*, sore and sorry for it I'd be."

"Your friend the fairy?" said I. "Come, Tom, that day is gone by—I'm not so soft as that yet."

"Augh, aye, sur; smile, and talk away, and shake your head; but as sure as I hooked that big trout on the tail fly, and as sure as the robbers hung 'Glory' for the murder of the archbishop, I'm not telling you a pin's worth of a lie,—there now."

"Well, Tom, while we're resting and settling our affairs, let me hear it all."

"Well, then, sur, it was about eight years ago, that at the dusk, one evenin', I slipped up as far as Peery Dunne's, (there at the foot of Rannal's moat, one of the most hauntedest places on earth,) just to get a few feathers for the green dhrake, out ov the ould paycock Well. When I got the feathers, like a decent neighbour as Peery always was, he axed me to sit down and rest, an' afore I could draw my stool to an anchor, he sent his *gossoon* Larry for a dhrop down the road, 'just,' sez he, 'to take the smell of the smoke of us.' We talked and gosthered over ould times, and then we had another dhrop, and, maybe, another afther, 'till it was all hours. I then thought it was high time to be movin', so up I got and shuck my giblets. 'Give us the half of tin, Peery,' sez I, shakin' hands with him, and biddin' him good night. So I canthered down the lane as straight as an arrow, as I thought; but, after a while, I found that I couldn't get on at all, good or bad; every step cost me five minutes hard labor, just for all the world as if I was walkin' up the roof of a house, or goin' to the gallows against my will. At last I found meself thrippin' through long grass, and nettles, and thistles, and *boughlawns*, and tazed and tarmented every step I took. 'Be me safe conscience, Tom Houlaghan,' sez I to myself, 'you're not at home, be no manner o' means, nor is it likely you'll be there to night;' so down I sat quite tired ontirely. In a minit, my darlint, I was surrounded by a whole throop of the quarest and the funniest lookin' little chaps that I ever saw in my life. They began caperin', and shoutin', and huzzain' about me like mad. At last one of them spies my hat beside me, and seizin' it, he rises it into the air with a kick. 'Oh! Gawlies, boys,' sez he, 'there's a hat;' so they handed it round, and they all began laughin' at it as if they'd burst. 'Why, then, by the Gonnies, my chap,' sez I, 'you needn't boast

out of your own *bereadh* (cap); shew it here 'till I cock it for you.' I whipt it off his head, and settin' it tasty like, I took one o' the eyes of the paycock's tail, and stuck it into it, quite rakish. 'Hould over your dumplin,' sez I, 'till I put it on you;' faith, an' it was quite an improvement, and all the rest of the little chaps began dancin' as pleased as Punch about him—faith, he was quite a dandy among them. 'Well, Tom Houlaghan, my gay good fellow,' sez he, I'll prove your friend for this yet, never you fear;' so turning to the rest of the little chaps, 'Come away, boys,' sez he, 'and let poor Tom take his nap in quiet.' When I awoke, I found meself undher a crooked three, in the very heart of the moat, and a big stone grindin' the side out o' me. That was the very first time I saw *my friend the fairy*.

"The second time I saw him was in the big wood of Kilfera. I was down as far as *Feoghoraugh* (the streams of the fishes) layin' down the throut nets, and was comin' home about two in the mornin', when just as I enthered a narrow path where the big threes met abow my head, I saw my friend peepin' from behind a thrunk. I knew him at once by the feather in his cap;—he gave me a knowin' wink, and pointed with his finger up the path before me. I looked along;—and that I may never taste a dhrop worse than this, (another swig,) if the branches of the threes worn't actually breakin' down with wild cats. There they were on every bough and branch—here and there—over and undher, up and down, and they all watchin' me; but the devil a *mew* out of their heads. 'Oh ye villians o' the world,' sez I to myself, 'is this the dirty threachrous revinge you're goin' to take ov me?' I looked at my friend the fairy, and he put his finger to his mouth to imitate whistlin', and vanished. I took the hint,—'you're right,' sez I, '*ma Bouchelleen bawn*,' (my fair son,) for perfect fear took the memory out ov me; so I put my finger to my mouth, and med the woods screech with the father of a whistle. In two minits I had *Devil-skin*, *Firetail*, and *Rosy*, the little terrier crether at my side, (for I left them at Jem Walsh's furninst (opposite) to where the ould mill was over against Collis's stone yard). 'Hulloo the cats, my good dogs,' sez I; and before I could turn my head, there wasn't a wild cat in the seven counties, I think, but was on the top of my poor dogs. You may be shure I didn't wait to see how the battle went, but med the best of my way up the hill, home, as fast as the ould shanks could carry me. The poor anymals kem home in the mornin' without a whole inch of hide on one of them; my heart was as full as a bed-tick when I saw them. *Devil-skin* you see is blind of the off eye ever since; and *Firetail* is in want of a nosthril.

"You see, sur," added Tom, parenthetically, after a grin, filling and emptying the *warren*, "it was all out of revinge of the cats—they lay in ambush to kill me; for I killed more wild cats than any other tin min in all Ireland."

"Aye, or tame cats either, Tom," I replied; for Tom was a general furrier; and no animal that ever wore a skin, no matter how mean, but he could find use for it. There was not an old woman within a circle of ten miles' diameter, keeping his own house as a centre, but was in his debt for a weasel-skin purse.

"Well, the next time I saw my friend the fairy," continued Tom, "was as I'll tell you—and may this be holy wather to coax me to mass, (another pull at the '*warren*,') but he stood my friend this time in earnest. You see the poor pig's house wanted a coverin' very badly, be reason I couldn't spare time to tatch it; but as I was comin' home one evenin' by Jerry Finnegan's, the tithe procthur, may the grass never grow on the sod that covers his corp—I saw a mighty nate, smooth, purty bit of flag lyin' in the yard, that with the first measure of my eye I knew would just shoot the poor pig to a hair. 'By the crass of my shtick,' sez I, 'if God spares me life, health and strinth, I'll stale you this very night.—It's a mortial sin to see you standin' idle in the murdherin' tithe procthur's way, in danger of breakin' the blackguard's nick, and the could rain comin' down on my poor baste of a pig.' About twelve o'clock that night I hopped across the fields to the procthur's, and over the stile with me into the yard. I laid hould of my brave bit of a flag, and had it just riz to my shouldher, when I spied my poor friend the fairy: he winked at me, shook his head, and med signs for me to be off. I wheeled the flag round before my face that I might look over my shouldher to see where the danger lay, when, before I could take a blink, whizh!—crack! a gun was fired, and smack! a bullet flattened on the flag, right furninst my head. That procthur was a murdherin' purty shot, sur! 'May that be your Christmas dinner, you bloody minded thief!' sez I, throwin' down the flag, and smashin' it, though it went to my heart; and boundin' over the stile, I was far away before he could load again, and take another crack at my poor ould sconce. But isn't it a mighty curious thing entirely, sur, that the procthur was shot in the stomach, at a tithe battle in the Barony of Gowran, the Christmas-eve afther?"

"So, then, you aspire to the spirit of prophecy, Tom, amongst the rest of your qualifications?" said I.

"Augh, any sort of sperrits at all, sometimes, sur; though, by my song, it's seldom I taste the likes ov this"—and another *pot-full* joined its fellows in Tom's interior. "Don't you think, sur, but the weather's mighty swelthry (sultry) for the season?" he added, drawing a long breath; "I'd recommend a thrifle of it to yourself, sur; it 'ill purvent the sun from preyin' on your complexion."

"Time enough, Tom; finish your story."

"Why then, sur, I'll do that same," setting himself once more in his attitude of narration. "It was just yestherday evenin', by way of thinkin' o' nothin', I got a lift in O'Donnell's cart to see how affairs wer' goin' on down here in regard of the big, speckled throut undher the Sally, (sallow willow,) beyand—the big blackguard, you know, sur, that refused all the timptin' morsels I offered him, the last day we wer' out. Ned Flood advised me to thry him with the natheral fly; so I took a couple of blue-bottles in my pouch, detarmined on coaxin' his fancy. I crassed below at the shallows, and up wid me to the ould spot, where I soon spied my gay *ogawney* (loiterer), in a study stand seemin'ly as innocent as the calf that eat the wig for a wisp o' grass—but all the time as big a rogue as *Pethereen Caum* (little Crooked Peter) that stole the goold ov the priest's vestments, while hearin' mass. I dropped the fly quite sly about a yard above him, lettin' it gradually float down, wid a few twitches now and then to make him believe it was workin' in convulsions, and dyin' saft. 'Now, my bully boy,' sez I to meself;

you're cottenin' to it.' It was too great a temptation for his weak mind. I thought I'd gasp when I saw the way I was *flakin'* him; and I roared or laughed in a way that struck my body like an aspen; but the robber o' the world twiggin' me turned tail, and thought to be off. I riz my hand, and struck at him, and that I may die dhrinkin'—your health agin, sur—if I didn't dhrive the hook beyand the beard into the thick fin of his tail. 'Don't be in a hurry, young man,' sez I, 'wait for your change, avick'—and givin' him the heel of the rod, I riz him above the wather to see what sort of stuff he was med of. I thought he was a young whale, and turnin' round for the net, detarmined to land him by main force, who should I see but my ould friend the fairy, as busy as a devil's-needle, knottin' the grass acrass the path in the meadow? He beckoned to me, and pointed to the top of the hill, behind me, givin' at the same time a knowin' nod at a sign boord nailed to a three above my head. Be gogsty, I never noticed it before—here it was—

"'Take Notice, (in big letthers,) any person foun' fishin' on these *lands*, (as if a body could fish in a field,) or threspassin' on these promises shall be persecuted as the law directs.' I hadn't my eye well off this, when I spies a big ogre of a fellow makin' down the hill like mad, and shakin' a murdherin' big alpeen at myself. It was the deepest part of the river, right furnint me, an' the throut was leapin' the hoight o' the house every minit out o' the wather. 'Ho! you poachin' rascal,' roared the fellow, '*ma corp san duoul*, but I'll smash every bone in your skin and send you to gaol afther;' the words were hardly out of his mouth when he went head over heels across one of the knots that my little friend med for him. 'Now or never, Tom,' sez I to myself, seizin' the tail of a cow that was grazin' at my side. I gave another look over my shouldher to see how my inimee was gettin' on, and there he was tumblin' about and cursin' like a madman. 'Hullups,' sez I to the baste, givin' her a keen prod wid the spear of the rod that med her jump. 'Hullups, my hearty,' and another prod med her kick up her heels and plunge into the wather like a wild animal. I still held on by the tail, and away we swam for the bare life. 'Bring back the cow, you thief,' shouted my purshuer, 'bring back the honest man's cow.' I looked back and there was my little friend on the ditch o' the wood, and a score more along with him leapin' and laughin' and throwin' their caps into the air, and pointin' at me and my 'steam packet' every minit. When got tother side, I riz the rod to see was my bould throut gone. Oh! no, there he was as tired as myself, and I hawled him up like a horse's head to a bonefire, before the fellow's face. 'Turn back the cow, you schemin' ruffin',' sez he. 'I'd be very much obleeged to you to fling over the ould nit I left afther me,' sez I. 'No, nor the *duoul* a bit,' sez he, 'but turn over the cow, or I'll have the law o' you.' 'The sorra *cush*,' (foot) sez I, 'but tell me whether you'll give the nit civil or no?' All this time I was puttin' the monster of a fish two-double in the basket. 'You ould blind *bocagh* (cripple) of a thief,' sez he, 'if I was over with you I'd give you a decent jaunt to the other world.' 'Why then by the mortial fly,' sez I, 'I'll give you a decent jaunt in this world,' sez I, seizin' the cow by the tail, and dhrivin' her on towards home, 'I'll take the worth o' the ould nit out o' your *threheens*, you indecent bosthoon,' so off I dhrove her, and left him swearin' and cursin' afther me, and it's a fine jaunt he had—his four long miles into Kilkenny. So, sur, don't you think but I have reason to be thankful to *my friend the fairy?*"

"Indeed you have, Tom, but now as we're in trim for the road, and that your fairy tale is ended, I think you may as well handle the creels, and let us be jogging."

"Wira yes, sur, the moment I dhrink your health, and the good fairy's health once more, an' here's an ould man's blessin' on you both."

OUR EARLIEST SORROW.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

Our earliest sorrow! the grief of our youth,
The latest remembered, the sternest we prove,
The one that first staggered our sweet faith in truth,
Our sorrow of sorrows, the heart's blighted love!
O who will deny that it ofttimes doth throw
The die of our future, for weal or for wo?

When the heart hath been chilled, when the one we loved best
Hath taught us a lesson may ne'er be untaught,
Distrust of fair seeming, dark words of unrest!
O these are the moments with destiny fraught;
As the spirit shall rise, or shall sink in the blast,
Shall its future be troubled or calm to the last.

The flowers that twined round the temples of yore,
From the height of the column looked down to the ground;
But lo! when the faith of the pagan was o'er,
And his shrine of false worship was scattered around,
Although from the wreck, they might never be riven
From earth's lowly bosom, they looked up to heaven.

And though it be vain, O how vain, that we are told
To loose from the past our fond clinging regret,
Albeit as false as the temples of old
Was the shrine of our love and our worship; O, yet
Though we cling to the heart's ruined fane to the last,
Let the eye of our faith be to heaven upcast.

A TALE OF A TEA KETTLE.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

Epoch I.

On a winter's evening, nearly an hundred years ago, the tea-board was laid out, and the window curtains closely drawn, in the humble parlour of a small house in the town of Greenock. A tidy active matron was bustling about, slicing the bread and butter, and carefully measuring out the due modicum of the Chinese leaf, probably upon the good old principle of "A spoonful per head and one for the pot." A blazing fire gleamed and roared in the grate and curled round the black sides of the kettle which reposed in the midst of it, like waves lashing the sides of a ship at sea; and the fire crackled, and the water boiled with a faintly heard *poppling* sound; and a stream of white vapour came whizzing out of the spout of the kettle with a shrill cheery hiss. Now the matron aforesaid saw nothing particular in all this—the fire was burning, the kettle was boiling, and that was all—and the fire burned and the kettle boiled, just that tea might be made, and for no other purpose or end whatsoever. There was nothing wonderful either in the one fact or the other. Kettles had boiled and fires had burned from the beginning and would probably do so until the end of the chapter. But the requisite number of spoonfuls had been transferred from the caddy to the pot, and as the matron stooped to place it upon the hob, her eye fell upon a little urchin seated upon a stool of stunted dimensions, in the full glare of the blaze, who, propping his furzy head upon his hands, and supporting both upon his knees, by reclining an elbow against each, was intently gazing at the fire, and the kettle, and the steam, swallowing them with his eyes, and as much absorbed in fact as the Peri might be supposed to have been in her momentary glance of heaven. The boy looked at the fire and the mother looked at the boy. "Was there ever sick na idle neer-do-weel in this warld as our Jamie?"—was the question which, almost unconsciously, she proposed to herself. As it rose in her mind, her hand (none of the lightest, probably) rose in the air; and the next second would have seen it descend with no contemptible force on the shoulders of the luckless urchin, when the door opened, and a neighbour gossip, who had perhaps been invited to tea, entered. The blow hung, like Mahomet's coffin, sus-

pended in mid air; and the tongue was used instead of the fist. Turning to the visitor, Jamie's mother said,

"Noo, Mistress Balderstone, did ye ever see the likes o' that?"

"The likes o' what, Mistress Watt?"

"O, our Jamie;—look till the callan;—there he'll sit, woman, glowring at the kettle and the blaze till ye would think his very een would come out o' his head. 'Deed I ken'na what's in the bairn—whiles I think there's something unlucky in that glower. I hope nae limmer has been throwing cantrips at him; but and 'deed its mair nor likely."

"Hout, tout, woman, the bairn's only warmin' itsel'," replied the worthy Mrs. Balderstone, in a soothing tone.

"Warmin' itsel'!" reiterated her friend; "look till that glower o' his, and tell me if ye dinna think it's something bye ordinar'."

And truth to tell there was something peculiar in the glance of the boy's eye;—there was mind, active, speaking mind, looking through it. He seemed as one who gazed upon a wondrous vision, and whose every sense was bound up in the display of gorgeous pageantry floating before him. He had sat watching the escaping steam, until the thin, vaporous column had appeared to cast itself upwards in fantastic-changing shapes. Sometimes the subtle fluid gathering in force and quantity would gently raise one side of the lid of the kettle, emit a white puff, and then let the metal fall with a low clanking sound. There was power—strength in that watery cloud. But still the spout poured forth its regular volume of white vapour—shooting over the ribs of the grate, and curling and rolling in outlines as varying and quaint as those of a rising mist.

Suddenly, to the eye of the half dreaming boy, the steam appeared, instead of escaping up the chimney, to spread itself out in a dense volume before the fireplace. He gazed intently at the phenomenon—indistinct outlines, like the wavy robes of spectres, showed themselves—floated dimly for an instant—then melted into the shapeless cloud. Again they re-appeared, and more distinctly than before; and the spell-bound boy saw faces, some terrible, and others gentle and mild, forming, and vanishing, and again re-appearing in that wonderful steam-cloud. He gazed, and gazed. To the faces, fanciful forms, woven from the vapour, attached themselves and clung. There was something about them awfully undefined; but they were undefined rather to the mind than the eye. The latter could see them, but the former could not grasp or form an accurate idea of their strange, shadowy proportions. Some were dimly terrible, others calm and serene—back and fore they floated, not passing, but blending with—gliding through—each other, and waving their misty wings with a slow undulating motion. Gradually the fair and gentle steam spirits seemed as it were to coalesce, to glide together and become one, instinct with mild intellectual grandeur; and round it gathered a threatening phalanx of the dark and gloomy spirits, their forms changing to hideous, undefined, grotesque things, and their faces fearful to look upon. But the mild spirit gazed calmly on them, as if in reliance on its innate power; and raising its white arms it waved the evil spirits back, and as they retired undefinedly, they covered their gloomy foreheads with their wings, for a pale halo of light beamed around the long fair curls of the master phantom. But again they rallied and rushed, dark, evil-minded, like an undefined horror, and wrestled with the fair, good form. Here, there, anywhere, their demon faces, lowered and moped and mowed round the god-moulded face; and with their pointed claws and swooping wings they sought to tear the good spirit down, and to exult over its fall, with looks of bitter, jeering hatred. But they could not—the spiritual light, flickering in long pencils from the forehead and the eye of the mild spirit, seemed, although it was so pale, and apparently so heatless, to scorch the wings and shrivel up the limbs of the assailant spirits; and at length, drawing up its grand form, it threw its arms abroad, and with the motion, as though at the waving of a wand, the mist demons shrunk and shrivelled and writhed in impotent malice at the feet of their conqueror, who stood over them—an angel trampling upon fiends!

And as the dreaming boy saw this, an unbidden thought came upon his mind, and he knew that the fierce struggle was symbolical of

INTELLECT WARRING WITH THE ELEMENTS.

And still he gazed—and lo, the discomfited demons, who lay at the feet of Intellect, overpowered by its might, faded, and resolved themselves and their writhing motions, into the waves of a mighty, heaving sea. And Intellect in all its glorious proportions grew dim, very dim, and its semblance changed; and lo, it was a ship without a sail, battling with the fierce seas which came rolling on one after another, throwing their foaming crests high and higher. But gallantly rode that lone ship. Against the fierce wind, against the rolling waves, against the rushing tide, it battled sternly. Wind and waves and tide did their utmost; but on, on, with a fearful innate power moved the mystic ship, dashing aside the white sparkling spray, and tearing through wave after wave, till the powers of the elements felt themselves conquered, and the wind abated, the waves sunk, the tide ceased to roll, and the low murmur of the settling storm proclaimed the triumph of the Ship of Intellect!

"Jamie, Jamie, what is't ye're thinkin' o'?" said a shrill voice.

The vision vanished; the waves, the ship, melted away; the steam-cloud dissolved; the old-fashioned mantelpiece, with quaint carvings and blue painted tiles, appeared where it had been, and on the fire was the kettle still hissing away, and on the hob sat the teapot simmering.

"Ye idle gawky," said the skrill voice again—"if ever I fin' ye sittin' glowering at the fire when ye micht be doing something useful, de'il's in it if I don't gar ye feel the wicht o' my han'. Sit in till ye'r tea, ye graceless loon, and shak han's with Mistress Balderstone here."

The boy rose meekly, and did as he was told.

His name was James Watt.

EPOCH II.*

About the year 1815, some seventy years after the vision of the tea kettle, a large dinner party was assembled at the house of an opulent Glasgow merchant.

* The anecdote told in this "Epoch" is literally fact.

It was the dreary half hour between the arrival of the guests and the announcement of dinner. The usual meteorological points had been duly discussed and settled, and an uncomfortably dead silence ensued. A few attempts to revive conversation died away in half-stifled remarks.

The host looked out of sorts—the fair hostess was evidently in the fidgets,—and still the minutes slipped by, and no word of dinner—people turned over the leaves of Albums and Scrap-books, and inspected the pattern of the carpet with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. In fact, some unlucky wight was late; and the lady of the house, in communicating the direful intelligence to her nearest female neighbour, added in dismal tones her moral conviction that dinner was spoiling. At length the host plucked up courage and "drew a dial from his poke."

"Really I think," he said, "we must have dinner, and let Mr. Norris reap the fruits, or rather the no-fruits, of his dilatoriness. More than half an hour late, positively."

This was a relief. A few inward curses were invoked upon the late Mr. Norris—the company filed off—and the all important matter of dinner commenced. It was over before any one dreamt of bestowing another thought upon the culprit.

"By the way, no word of Norris, yet. Where *can* the man have got to?"

"Heaven knows!" quoth the host. "Norris is such a strange fellow—always doing something out of the way. However, I dare say we shall have him here sometime before the evening is out."

And so the conversation passed away to some other topic. The worthy landlord was right: just as his better half was in the act of exchanging a complicated series of telegraphic looks and nods with a lady at the foot of the table, preparatory to a general flight to the drawing room, the door was hurriedly thrown open, and the missing Mr. Norris appeared in a high state of hurry and confusion.

"Hillo, Norris!" said the host, "where have you been hiding yourself?"

"Mr. Norris, Mr. Norris, come up here and be scolded," added his good lady, holding up a fore-finger threateningly.

"Positively," rejoined the criminal, "I hardly know what apology to make. I'm afraid I've been very much to blame."

"Yes, you have," muttered a stout old gentleman, who had just cut his finger when slicing an orange, and who was in consequence delighted to have a decent pretext for grumbling.

"Come, come," said the founder of the feast—"a glass of wine with you, Norris, and then an explanation, as they say in parliament."

"Well, then," said Mr. Norris—"although I know you will all laugh at me. You are aware that I had to come up from Greenock to-day,—but positively I am so angry with myself at my own credulity that——"

"Nonsense—nonsense. Go on," interrupted the landlord.

"Then here goes," said the late gentleman, desperately. "Perhaps you know Millar, of Dalswinton?"

"A crackbrained schemer," said he of the cut finger.

"You may well say so," quoth a Dr. and Cr. sort of looking personage; "he has a notion that he can drive ships through the water by steam. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the company in chorus.

"A likely project," remarked a matter-of-fact West India merchant: "I would as soon believe that you could——that you could——" and the matter-of-fact man hesitated for a simile.

"Light Glasgow with smoke instead of oil," prompted a dapper gentleman near him.

"Ha! ha! ha! very good notion, that," chuckled the cut finger.

"Or turn the Sun into a portrait painter, and make him draw miniatures in thirty seconds each!" added another gentleman of lively imagination.

"Ha! ha! ha!" quoth the company at large, again.

"Ha! ha!" re-echoed the host; "what an odd fancy to be sure! But I beg your pardon, Norris—go on with your confession."

"I have had a foretaste of how you will treat it," replied that gentleman. "Never mind—I ought to be laughed at. Well, Millar has a boat of this new construction at Greenock, or rather he had one there, this morning, worse luck. He was quite confident it would do—talked, in fact, of six miles an hour, with all the coolness in life. Well, would you believe it? he seduced me into embarking with him at Greenock, promising most faithfully to run me up the river and land me at the Broomielaw by four o'clock. Well, off we set—the pier was crowded with people laughing at us."

"Sensible people too," said the matter-of-fact man.

"And I must acknowledge they had something to laugh at," resumed the steamboat voyager. "We did move at first; I will say that for Millar, we did move at first; but we hadn't gone one hundred yards when the machinery broke."

"Of course," said the cut-finger man.

"Well, then we had half an hour's hammering and screwing, with a fleet of boats round us, laughing at us all the time. One fellow in particular kept asking us, with such an infernal grin, if we didn't think a steamboat could cross the Atlantic in ten days?"

"Knowing fellow, that," said the host.

"At last we moved on—but it was only to break down again; and so we paddled and stopped and hammered, and then paddled and stopped and hammered again, until it began to be very clear to me, that if I remained in my friend Millar's precious steamboat until it reached the Broomielaw, I was likely to have a week of it at least; so after three or four hours of vexation, I got put ashore, about three miles on this side of Greenock, had to walk another three to the road, and stop there, tired and cold, till a stage took me up—and, here I am."

"Served you right, for listening to such fellows as Millar, with their schemes, and their nonsense," remarked the surly gentleman with the cut finger.

"But I say, Norris, surely Millar sees the absurdity of the thing himself, now, at all events?" inquired the landlord.

"Not a bit," replied Norris; "he is more confident than ever."

"The infatuation of some men exceeds belief," re-

marked the matter-of-fact personage, with an air of mixed profundity and pity.

"But, Mr. Norris, how could you venture yourself into such a thing as that steamboat?" asked the pretty hostess, with a slight shiver of horror.

"Never mind—never mind," quoth her lord and master; "he is out of it now, at all events; but he must have some dinner: ah, here it comes—don't be modest, Norris; 'twasn't your fault, you know—come, make up for lost time, and never mind Millar and his steamboats."

"Very good," said the matter-of-fact man. "Let us give up steam and steamboats, and talk of something rational."

Epoch III.

Years have rolled away, and the vision of the tea kettle is realized. The "infatuation" of Mr. Millar, of Dalswinton, has produced its results. The stout old gentleman with the cut finger is probably sleeping soundly in some quiet Glasgow churchyard, but his ghost ought to be doomed to drear penance for its presumptuous incredulity and scoffing.

Talk of political revolutions; they are nothing to the revolutions of science. Amid the roar of a conflict which shook Europe, the ancient dynasty of France fell prostrate, crumbled with the ruins of its own Bastile. And now are new bastiles being created—new forts erected—the tools with which tyranny will play a future game, where tyranny played its game of yore; the chains are again clanking on the people who once so nobly burst them. But there is no such re-action in the revolutions of science. The echo of the cheery hiss of the old tea kettle, when the boy, Watt, sat dreamingly listening to it, is to be heard in the loud roar of the steam-pipe, rising often above the din of wind and waters, and proclaiming to both that a mighty power is battling with their fierceness.

Steam has made this old world of ours a new one. It makes ocean voyages, pleasure trips; it binds cities together, literally with iron bands; it brings kingdoms into as close contiguity as parishes. What does it not do for man?—Services the most mighty and the most trivial. It hurries him across the Atlantic in ten days, and grinds coffee in grocers' shops; it has power enough to pump up volumes of water from the bowels of the earth, and delicacy enough to drive a shuttle and weave fine linen. Mighty as is its strength, the childhood of intellect can guide it. Up and down fly the huge beams and cylinders with a force that hundreds of horses would in vain crack sinew and muscle to control; and yet, let there be but the touch of a guiding lever—the stopping of a valve—demanding no more than a child's strength, and the vast moving fabric at once becomes motionless and passive—only so many tons of wrought and hammered metal.

And what a change has steam made in the outward and visible appearance of our country—its coasts, its roads, its cities, and its rivers? Railroads, we admit, are, in an artistic point of view, no great beautifiers of landscape; but if any one can see a steam-engine, dragging after it its huge train of matter, animate and inanimate—whirling over the earth, like a meteor over the heaven—conveying its hundreds of men, women, and children—and almost setting time and space at defiance by its fiery rapidity and power,—if any one can see this, and not recognize in his breast a higher, more sublime emotion, than the richest landscape can afford, he is only fit for trimming over-grown hedges, or laying out cabbage gardens. Fancy an old gentleman of the Addisonian school, finical, precise, and little-minded, taking an airing out of his grave, and looking for the lumbering coach, which an hundred years ago transported him in something like a week from London to York; or the sober denizen of the metropolis of a later date, walking quietly to the water-side to secure a berth on board a Margate hoy. Would the worthy individuals in question recognize the world as the one they had been accustomed to, and its steam-whirled people as akin to the race of sober plodders which once peopled it? Animal produces mental activity. Rapidity of locomotion—power over the elements of nature—re-acts upon us, and make us more morally bold, more quick in thought and prompt in action. So steam has revolutionized mental as well as physical things—has invaded the realms of mind as well as those of matter.

There is, to our thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam-engine. Stand amid its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful!—the machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons, touching solemn things; but to him who thinks, an engine-room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—"intellect battling with the elements." And how exquisitely complete is every detail!—how subordinate every part towards the one great end!—how every little bar and screw fit and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but the tenth part of an inch too long or too short, and the whole fabric is disorganized. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam-engine—more of the poetry of motion than in the bound of an antelope, more of the poetry of power than in the dash of a cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complex fabric—this triumph of art and science—was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once only the waking phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat and in seeming idleness watched a little column of vapour rise from the spout of a Tea Kettle?

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN LIFE.—No. II.

"THE COQUETTE," OR "FEMME A LA MODE."

BY MRS. POSTANS.

We have noted the "Grisette,"—that creature of carelessness and animation, so faulty, yet so good; so poor, yet so kind; so laborious, yet so gay; so hardly used, yet so forgiving; depending so entirely on circumstances, yet defying them so laughingly. We have seen her fresh cheek, her simple costume; we have beheld her working in her solitary garret; we have smiled at her gay steps at her festival balls; and we now, though with pleasant thoughts, leave her, to sketch one the most opposed to her, the "Femme à la mode,"—the woman of taste, whom Paris, whatever her birthplace may be, refines and polishes into its principal ornament.

I found it difficult to entitle this graceful and fascinating being, so charming, so peculiar, so essentially of the capital; for though she may be a Russian, a German, or an Italian, yet is she more essentially Parisian than all who are born within the barriers: I have therefore adopted her character, rather than her class, and describe her as "The Coquette." We cannot give her a locality, as we have done the Grisette; for as she claims not a country, neither does she a time nor a "quartier." She has lived in the age of Louis Quatorze, as well as in that of Louis Philippe, and may inhabit the Faubourg St. Denis, the Faubourg St. Germain, or an hotel in one of the streets of Notre Dame de Lorette.

Generally speaking, our coquette is not a native of Paris, but has sprung among the quiet shades of provincial life; yet she is not perhaps the worse for that: for, if there be any who object to simplicity of thought, or a rustic manner, they may be assured that the great crucible of Parisian life will leave little of the original stamp upon the ore; so that whether the coquette may have been a turbaned grisette of Bordeaux, a waltzer from Wiesbaden, or the fair daughter of a vine-

grower of Italy, the French capital gives her that art of dress, that art of conversation, and that art of carriage, which completely, and for ever, obscures her origin, whatever it may have been.

The coquette is certainly one of the most remarkable features wrought into the canvas of French society; and yet, as we have said, it is not necessary that she should by birthright be a Frenchwoman. A native of Paris is born, like the natives of other cities, in a certain class, and trained to certain habits and engagements; but this includes not the coquette, for Paris moulds this character ofttimes out of the roughest and most alien materials; yet when the work is done, nothing we can meet with in the capital is more characteristically *French*.

Nevertheless, it is excessively difficult to discover, when we search for it, this fascinating item. In entering the gardens of the Tuileries, we meet the Norman "Bonne," with her tall spotless cap, her large round rosy face, her long gold ear-rings, and her lips and eye beaming forth smiles upon her infant charge.

We meet the wife of the shopkeeper, with her long shawl of French cashmere, her little white crêpe bonnet standing over her face, and a good-natured servant girl chatting by her side; the milliner or dressmaker, seated on a hired chair, reading a novel of Mons. Balzac's or Alexandre Dumas', and holding meanwhile her little spaniel in a string;—all these labour and work in their vocation, although all labour is so light in Paris, that abundant time is left for recreation; whilst the coquette absolutely does nothing, and the femme à la mode would shudder at the idea of such collision as she would meet with in the gardens of the Tuileries.

One may stroll up the Rue de la Paix on a Sunday, feeling sure, as the dense mass of human beings fall upon the eye, who promenade it on either side, that here we must certainly meet with the femme à la mode. But, as we proceed, we encounter tasteless costumes, ill-draped robes, bonnets decorated with the artificial flowers of a season long passed, wives with their husbands, mothers with their children; we may even see a few Parisian women elegantly attired with a costume eminently harmonious in colour, tissue, and form with the complexion of the wearer, the aspect of the weather, the hour of the day; for even the most delicate shades of differences are studied by the ladies of Paris; yet, as they pass, some act not wholly graceful, some expression of anxiety on the countenance, a thread glove, or an ill-fitting boot, disappoint one with the fact that neither *here* can we see the true Parisian coquette.

It is, as we have proved, difficult to encounter this ephemeral and fascinating creature; but if, in seeking the Bois de Bologne by the Champs Elysées, we see a graceful, elegant woman, every ribbon and every feather governed in its flutterings by the will and address of its wearer, who passes along undulating rather than walking, seeing all, yet apparently unnoticing any—her costume fresh rather than rich, her robe of the softest material, and her scarf draped over her shoulders like the raiment of an antique statue, every fold shading but not obscuring the graceful form beneath it, her glove and boot fitting with the most perfect exactness, and an air (hardly perceptible, however) of mingled dignity and indifference, we may say, *Here*, then, is the object of our search—the femme à la mode, the Parisian coquette.

The coquette thinks less, perhaps, of beauty than any other woman in the world. She knows its caprices, and the difficulty of its detention; she studies grace, therefore, in its stead. She well knows that beauty is less of feature than of harmony—harmony not only in its own parts, and in all that refers to them, but also with the thoughts of the observers; she studies, therefore, *expression*—sure of its effects.

In this, then, is the secret spirit of coquetry, and the art of life, of the femme à la mode. It beams from her eye, gives grace to her steps, and governs the arrangement of her dress, even to the tie of her bonnet. Her object is to please—and she does so most effectually. Other women may do so by chance,—the Parisian coquette does so on principle, and is, consequently, as sure of her results as an experimentalist is in physics.

The coquette finds all she can desire in Paris,—but this is not enough; she wishes to travel, and may be sometimes encountered at the Spas of both France and Germany. Wherever she moves, however, her distinctive characteristics stamp her as she is; the simplest countryman, who marks the fall of her robe as she descends from her carriage at the retired baths of Vichy, recognizes the femme à la mode of Paris, and long after recollects her polished boot and her assured but graceful step.

The coquette soon, however, wearies of provincial baths: she glides for a short space among the crowds of bathing water-drinkers, who lounge about with their splendid Bohemian glasses full of nauseous liquid; and then she flies back to Paris—having lost, perhaps, a slight yet scarcely perceptible portion of her exquisite art and polish.

The coquette never willingly leaves Paris until her mirror warns her that the time has arrived for her becoming a devotee; and then she retires to a château in the provinces, as her predecessors of the Augustan age did to the bosom of a convent. Here she again plays her part—becomes the wonder and admiration of the officials of the "arrondissement," and of old justices of the peace—and finds again the colour of her scarf, the form of her bonnet, and the fit of her robe, subject of conversation in the provincial drawing-room.

In costume, the lady of the province chooses rich silks, ornaments of heavy metals, and a sumptuous shawl of French cashmere; still, she *clothes* herself, but does not *dress*.

The Parisian coquette wears a robe of simplest colour; but, the French say, every fold falls softly as a verse in poetry; her bonnet is adorned with the simplest flowers of the season—her shawl is from the richest looms of India. She wears no ornaments, but her apartment is filled with bijoux, all that taste and luxury can possibly unite. The coquette lives but in superfluity; yet she does not acknowledge it as such. Her fans, her rich scent bottles, her sumptuous scarfs, her perfumes and her gloves, her beautiful bouquets of rare exotics, her diamonds and cashmeres, her minute spaniel, her rare embroideries, are as necessary to her as flowers are to butterflies—for, without them, she would still be a Parisian woman, but must cease to exist as a femme à la mode.

All that forms the character of a Parisian coquette, is rendered, by the circumstances of life, eminently superficial. Her sentiment seems to have the peculiarity of the glacier, which casts to its surface all that would disturb its depths. She finds conscience wearying, affection antiquated; she talks of her mind, but never of her heart. She is loved rather for her faults than her virtues, but seldom herself is agitated by feelings of any kind. She feels weariness, but never regret; she attempts not to range in the high regions of sentiment; is witty, but never tender. Her husband is heard of, but not seen; and for her children, they are never even imagined. The coquette is full of self-interest, self-love; she forgets kindness, as the grisette forgives wrong. The grisette cherishes a faded flower, the coquette forgets that she ever received one; her taste is unexceptionable, but of sentiment she has none.

The Parisian coquette is always capricious, always changing, and always whimsical, whether in habits or costume.

Sometimes she rises at eleven, and, extended on her sofa, reads a new novel and receives her visitors, drives in her carriage to the Bois de Boulogne, and in the evening to the Opera. Sometimes she rides on horseback—her habit fitting as exquisitely as her dress; sometimes she may be detected in a theatre on the Boulevards, with an antique fan, and a large circular bouquet of roses and violets; sometimes even she may be found on a fourth stage in the Rue St. Honoré, with a dog and a paroquet, embroidering rich satins; for the coquette is of no rank and no "quartier" exclusively, but rather of all. While as a femme à la mode, her boudoir (that little free state of a Frenchwoman) is lined with blue velvet, and decorated with ormolu.

The Parisian coquette is, in short, to be found in every part of Paris, belonging to none; in all classes, yet forming no combination with any: this alone is sufficient to explain the difficulty of definition. Whatever the Parisian coquette wears, she wears with grace and with good taste,—it is the same with the manners and usages of society; during all the changes of the French constitution the femme à la mode has been their type, and her influence unbounded. There is no place in the world, perhaps, where women take so eminent and influential a position as in Paris. The circumstance is easily explained. The boudoir and the salon share her cares. The exercise of the court upon the monarchy in olden times, the constant intercourse of artists and men of letters in modern days, the constant desire for excitement and conversation that is ever observed by a restless and talented people, combined with that love of pleasing inherent in a Frenchwoman, tend naturally to render her more intelligent, ready in wit, and comprehensive in ideas, than where business on the one hand, and domestic cares on the other, as with us in England, tend to sever the general interests of society. That we meet in Parisian women with originality, grace, and good taste, is undoubted; and that their freedom often leads to most pernicious results is also certain—but this may be the fault of their moral training, as well as of the social habits of their country.

We generally think of the Parisian coquette as unmarried, but it is often otherwise. She may be a widow, and is often rich; and then, instead of devoteeism and a château, bestows her hand, her forty years' experience, and her 600,000 francs, upon some eligible partner of rank and position: thus the Parisian coquette is still happy, and still retains many of her fascinations. She is still a belle, still smiles on the mayor to show her white teeth—plays with her fan to show her well-turned hand, or walks much to exhibit her pretty foot; she speaks a little English acquired in the society of the capital, and compares Walter Scott to Alexander Dumas. If, however, the fortune is wanting, the lady must perforce become a devotee by necessity, even if not so by *complexion*, as it is said; for the French will not allow that reason or conscience has anything to do with the matter. The coquette, whatever her age may be, dreads a life of calm, tranquil peace, however calculated its materials may be for happiness. Thus, she loves the mingled talent of Bouffé, whom she flies to see at the Gymnase, weeping and laughing by turns over his refined humour and his deep pathos; she loves the melodramatic and highly wrought novels of Eugène Sue, and receives a fresh volume of "Les Mystères" with as much joy as the advent of a new admirer; and so it is that, as a wife, she would rather be ill-used by her husband, than spend her life in the calm interchange of quiet affection; while, if single, the excitements of devoteeism are to her better than the still approval of a good conscience, and she can find something like joy even in the expiatory chapel.

As far as we have followed her, however, we have seen the Parisian coquette but in the rank of a femme à la mode, having her bonnets and her dresses from the first "modistes" in Paris, her boudoir lined with blue velvet and French china, her carriage and its appointments the most elegant in the world, her bijoux of the most undoubted taste, her flowers of the rarest kind; we have seen her as an enshrined goddess, worshipped by vanity and folly—feeling and affection having been long since immolated on the altar of fashion and interest: but the Parisian coquette is to be found in other ranks, where she yet remains distinct; yes! even in the "Quartier Latin," as in the Faubourg St. Germain; but she is no longer a femme à la mode, neither does she more resemble her neighbour the grisette. She is better dressed, but more ignorant; she considers the rank and wealth of her admirer, which the grisette never does; and she is always idle and extravagant. She cannot write, possibly not read; but she wears a satin dress, often torn and soiled, which she is at no trouble to repair; she does not laugh and sing and work, but is surrounded by disorder, and if she does any thing, plays probably a game of dominos or piquet. The apartment is a positive menagerie of dogs and birds; for she dreads thought,—it brings with it the idea of sickness, of death, the hospital, perhaps the Seine. It is very sad, yet is it full of truth, this picture,—and where is there so much pathos as in truth? We will give an example of this now. In the Rue Richelieu, daily, by an open doorway, sits a trembling, aged woman, blind and poor; she holds a little tray of matches on her lap, and, as the sunlight falls on her withered cheek, the traces of tears are to be seen there in channels too clearly to be noted. Men of fashion, differing little in

age with the poor match-seller, remember this aged woman as one of the most beautiful and captivating grisettes of Paris; but though she laughed and smiled and sung, age and poverty (that cruel pair) claimed her as their own. Then read the "Journal of the Tribunals,"—a journal more full perhaps of strange eventful tragedy than any other in the world, because the society of whom it treats is more unthinking, more strongly passioned, more wilful, and more capricious; and there we may often note the fate of those hapless ones, who, in their little chamber, by the drugged draught, or the suffocating vapour, or in the cold waters of the moonlit river, end a life that misery of mind or body has rendered insupportable.

In addition to the classes of Parisian coquettes already mentioned, there are those who affect poetry, music, literature and sculpture; who smoke a cigar with an air of the utmost sentimentality, and in all they do or say affect an eccentric style. Thus, if they lead a little dog in a string, it is of a kind long out of fashion—for dogs *have* their epochs of fashion in Paris, as have the modes, which change every six weeks. Thus, at the market of dogs on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, no one will look at the little curly black-eyed thing, once known as the "Carlin" in every boudoir in Paris; a spaniel in our day, as in King Charles's time, being the only favourite of a Parisian belle. The eccentric coquette, however, chooses the carlin purposely to accompany her in the Diligence of the chemin-de-fer, to swing with her on the hammock she prefers to a bed, or to walk by her side on the Boulevards, where she usually appears attired wholly in one colour, black, white, or tartan; the tartan being a peculiar favourite.

There is one point in the outdoor appearance of a Parisian coquette which is notable, and forms part of her characteristics; whatever may be the condition of the asphalte pavement, or the still worse round stone sideways, of Paris streets,—whatever may be the aspect of the sky, or the distance to be trodden,—our coquette is never to be seen with either clogs or an umbrella; she cares for her figure, her walk, and for the general grace of effect, but never for her health. But health resents the slight, and perhaps more women die young in Paris than elsewhere,—a fact with which the toilette is said to have much to do.

A woman's position in Paris is very remarkable. I speak of the city rather than the country, because the circumstances that render it so are more powerful in the capital than in the provinces; and the position is remarkable, because in no other part of the world are such opposing influences found in action upon the character of woman—in no other country is there such a combination of extreme seclusion and undue liberty.

As a girl, the young unmarried Frenchwoman is unseen, unheard of, unknown. She may choose between a cloister or a convent school, but here her freedom ends. At about the age of 16 she is married, without her consent, to a rich husband, considered eligible from the years he has spent in amassing a fortune; and all the young fiancée thinks of the matter is, that she will receive a marriage present, in which embroidered handkerchiefs, cashmere shawls, and diamonds, must form a considerable part. She marries. No more obliged to study painting, music and embroidery from a snuff-taking nun or a crabbed abbé, nor to endure the rigid fast-days of a convent, and to go to church accompanied only by her watchful nurse, madame has now her hotel and her boudoir,—which last is closed at pleasure, even against her mother and her husband. She has her own friends, her box at the "Italiens," her hours of reception, a carriage and servants, exclusively hers. A party dines at her house; the lady orders her footman to be in readiness with her carriage, while the husband and his friends issue forth in an opposite direction; for, were the Parisian lady to be seen leaning on her husband's arm, her character for fashion, style, and taste would be from the moment lost.

If she desires a confidante, she finds one in her femme de chambre; if a friend, in her château, and her 500,000 francs of "rente."

All, it is true, have not carriages, hotels, cashmeres, diamonds, and "rente;" nor do all enter their opera box, sure of the admiration of all the fashionable "lions" of Paris. Yet, the same social condition which forms the femme à la mode, has moulded the character of all her sisterhood; that is, vanity, love of pleasure, and independence of family ties, laxity of moral discipline, and a climate tending to elasticity of spirits, with indifference to all but the present; and thus, though we have the femme à la mode, the Parisian coquette, the grisette, and the frétillon, (as given us by Beranger,) we may note, in the character of all, the working of the same influences, although slight differences always must appear; and the educated woman of high life, and the hard working little grisette,—the one with heart and sensibility, the other with reputation and position,—have both perhaps more that is good and pleasant in character, than we can claim, I fear, for our coquette, who is nevertheless one of the characteristics of Parisian life, and as such highly noticeable.

In England, woman's mission would seem to be to correct, to comfort, and to refine; in France, she appears born to polish and to please. The Englishwoman thinks of life as prose, the Frenchwoman as poetry. The Englishwoman thinks of affection as a necessity, the Frenchwoman demands superfluity in all things. The Englishwoman looks on her husband as her natural support in society, the Frenchwoman as an imposition, any acknowledgment of which is in bad taste. The Englishwoman regards dress as a propriety, the Frenchwoman as that for which she lives. The Englishwoman seeks her home for happiness, the Frenchwoman leaves it for amusement. The Englishwoman feels remorse, the Frenchwoman the lack of excitement. The Englishwoman calculates for the future, the Frenchwoman cares only for the agreeableness of the present. The Englishwoman cares for the well-ordering of her household, the Frenchwoman for the improvement of her wit, taste, and address.

There are certainly not in England any classes of women so characteristically marked as there are in France, and yet there is more individual variety; but we have done, and must avoid all chance of proving tiresome, as an evil quite out of character with aught that concerns a Parisian "Coquette."

EMMA'S WELL

A RING of trees, lifting their mossy stems at frequent intervals from a soft green bank of thymy grass, and, in the midst a bubbling spring welling up for ever with the same low murmur, and thence issuing into the broad and open marsh, through which it leads its slender current till it mingles with the Lea. Above this spring, the tangled branches of the encircling trees weave, in the summer time, a roof of subtle foliage, through which the sun drops here and there some scattered flakes of vari-coloured light —purple, and gold, and amethyst—and on the cold and swelling surface of the waters sheds, prodigally, a shower of starry, quivering sparkles. A flight of steps, mossy and damp withal, gives access to the spring; and thither, morning and evening, tend the village children for supplies; but when the westering sun no longer tips its branchy dome with slant and crimson beams, and a green twilight broods above that gurgling spring, the loiterer may list in vain to hear the plash of jug or pitcher in its bubbling depths, and strain his eyes in vain to catch the fleeting outline of a village child emerging from the copse that girds it in.

Tradition, the sponsor of many a way-side nook that else were nameless, has conferred upon the spring the title of "Emma's Well;" and the same tradition, the

chronicler of unimportant histories, which else had been forgotten, has preserved for it the reputation of a haunted spot.

A few disjointed fragments garnered within the memory of garrulous old age, accepted with a pliant faith by credulous and wonder-loving youth, and so transmitted from the grandsire to the grandchild, aided in part by written testimony, have thus preserved and still continue to preserve the outline (for it is little more) of the occurrence which gave to Emma's Well its name and ghostly reputation.

Ages since (tradition is a negligent chronologist) there stood upon a gentle slope, whose summit overlooks the village, a structure that in its outward features partook of the prominent characteristics of the age, and had a half-warlike, half-monastic look. Not a vestige of the edifice, however, now remains. The broken surface of the ground, swelling and sinking, and defining where a moat and mound had been, alone points out its site. It had devolved by heritage upon two orphans, brother and sister, on whom but little else devolved beside.

During their nonage, the guardianship of the maiden and the youth had been confided by the father's will to Gwillim Bengehoo, an ancient comrade, who, relinquishing the corselet for the cowl, had abandoned the profession of arms, and sunk the product of the spoils he had acquired in purchasing a permanent asylum in the monastery founded by Margaret de Quincy, at the neighbouring town of Ware. Whether old habits were relinquished with the same facility as he had flung aside his military vestments, we will not tarry to inquire. We may be pardoned if we doubt it; for certainly his demeanour was still more soldier-like than monkish—his aspect more hilarious than austere—his voice more fitting to rebuke marauding *lanz-knects* than to patter aves—and his eyes more apt to sparkle and dilate at the sight of maiden coming to confession, than in the contemplation of emblazoned missal, rood, or relic. Scoffers there were, who did not scruple to affirm that in his spiritual colloquies with the daughter of his departed comrade, he sometimes mingled lighter matter than beseemed the priestly gravity of his character or the maiden purity of hers. With the brother, on the contrary, his converse was exclusively of former days—the camp, the battle-field, the siege, the sortie, the joust, the tournament, the pageantry of peace, the stirring scenes, the "pomp and glorious circumstance of war." Such recitals, clothed in the vivid diction of one who had been himself an actor in the scenes described, did not fall dead upon the ears of Ernest Bertweolf, but wrought within the youth a fierce desire to emulate the deeds he heard so mightily extolled. The wily Benedictine failed not to feed the flame he had excited, with all the incentives which a subtle fancy could devise; albeit there was little need to stimulate an imagination that from childhood had been filled with images suggested by the presence of memorials connected with the tilt-yard and the battle-field. As soon as the attainment of his majority had left young Bertweolf free to carve out his own career, and independent of control, he naturally chose a military calling. That there were usurers in those days we may infer from the circumstance of the future soldier somewhere finding funds to purchase horse and arms, and join a company of free-lances just on the eve of setting out for Burgundy. To follow out his history, we may add that sickness or the sword—it is uncertain which—arrested him in his career, and that his ashes found their latest resting-place within a foreign grave.

Thus far contemporary records travel with tradition, and then a hazy indistinctness gathers upon, and partially obscures, the narrative. It seems that with the absence of the brother, and more especially with his premature decease, the sole impediment that hindered Gwillim Bengehoo in the prosecution of a cherished and a deeply laid design, was effectually removed. An antiquated gentlewoman, half familiar, half dependent, grown grey in household duties, and fast relapsing into second childhood, by whom the maiden had been educated, and to whom she looked with somewhat of a daughter's fondness, offered but little hindrance to the crafty churchman's plot. Indeed, by matron and by maiden, he was regarded with a reverence that beseemed the sanctity he simulated with most consummate skill. His visits to the latter increased in frequency and were prolonged in their duration. Anon he affected to expound the philosophy of Plato to her inquiring mind; broaching, with cautious reserve, doctrines that were gleaned from a widely different source; withdrawing with ready tact his countenance from such unguarded expressions as called up terror or suspicion in the maiden's mind. In fact—at once to tear aside the flimsy veil which masked his purpose—the soldier-monk, forgetful of his vows, had conceived a strong and uncontrollable passion for his ward, and day by day was weaving complicated toils around her—slender and imperceptible at first as spider's webs, but strengthening and thickening with a steady, slow progression; making his approaches with a cat-like stealth, and awaiting with keen watchfulness an opportunity for hazarding the final spring.

Hard by the spot from which the spring, elsewhere described, now issues, at that time stood a statue of the Virgin, with a narrow oratory beside it. Thither it was the custom of Gwillim Bengehoo and Emma Bertweolf to repair; devotion, the actual object of the one, and the ostensible purpose of the other. The privacy and isolation of the spot—hemmed in by trees, withdrawn a little space from human ken, and quiet as the grave—rendered it a fitting theatre for cunning villany to play its part in.

Late in a summer evening (that crime could ever choose an hour so full of Sabbath calm!) both entered that small oratory and tarried there a weary space. What chanced, nor record, nor tradition have preserved. A woman's wail, breaking the solemn stillness of the soft and odour-laden air, heard by but one belated peasant as he crossed the marsh, and by him mistaken for a heron's scream, was all that indicated the dark and fearful nature of the event. We err: a villager recalled to mind that in the self-same night a spade, left carelessly beside his door, had vanished by the morning; by whom abstracted he was afterwards to learn.

It were a waste of words to lengthen out the narrative. Wrong issued in murder—violent but unpremeditated murder—and punishment must follow bloodshed, if no concealment intervened. The grave would tell no tales, but hide and hush up all; stoutly and strenuously toiled the monk, delving with might and main, flinging aside the soil with bare and sinewy arms, —no labourer in the trench could well put forth such

might and energy. Each foot of earth removed, removed a corresponding load from off his heart. It should be deep—broad and very deep. The stiffening corpse lay prone upon the dewy earth—the lips that had upbraided and threatened him with just exposure to the world, were still compressed as though with mortal agony—the glassy half-shut eyes seemed still to glare upon him with impotent menace; and so he delved and delved, and ever and anon would pause and hush his breath if sound or murmur smote upon his ear. At times the booming of a bell, striking the hours, would wander up the valley; at times the wind would make a melancholy music in the trees; sometimes a burst of song from nightingales in Easney Wood, at others a sudden rustling in the grass, a bird stirring within its nest, nay, the very flitting of an insect's wing, would startle and involuntarily cause him to suspend his task; but promptly was it renewed again—and thus he toiled and dug with feverish head and reeking limbs, until his shoulders came almost upon a level with the surface of the earth. A little deeper and then—ho! what seething roaring sound was that?—what tremulous heaving of the ground beneath his feet? Water!—the soil crumbles into fragments, sinks, and bears him sinking with it. The cold and icy spring rushes impetuously up, foaming and frothing, whirling and eddying, and roaring like a peal of thunder in his ears. It is as though a whirlpool spun around him. He clutches at the sides, but gains no hold. There seems no sky above, no footing underneath. He is stunned, blinded, overwhelmed; and as he sinks, life seems ebbing from the extremities, and concentrating its fast-failing functions in the heart. Anon a freer, fuller gush of volumed water, and the enfranchised spring, with one strong effort, vomits from its depths a swollen livid corpse.

By dawn of day the spring had worked a little channel in the soil, and flowing southward, found an outlet in a gully terminating in the sea. Upon the margin lay the rigid corpses of the murderer and the murdered, —the victim and the man of blood—in close companionship. You may imagine what a mighty stir ensued, when these things came to light. There were a few who had the hardihood to avouch that foul wrong and cruel murder had been done—and certainly there was an ominous black ring around the neck of Emma Bertweolf; but the Superior of the Benedictines, and indeed the brethren, one and all, proved to demonstration, that a wondrous miracle had been effected, and that the spirits of the maiden and the monk had both been rapt from earth while kneeling at the feet of Mary Mother. Nay, they defined with marvellous minuteness the motive and the method of the miracle; and registered the circumstance with infinite verbosity and marginal illuminations in the records of the Priory, whither we would refer the curious for a more detailed and ample explanation.

From that time until now, as superstition testifies, that spring-side has been haunted through the watches of the night, by the unquiet spirits of Gwillim Bengehoo and Emma Bertweolf. Sometimes is heard a stifled wail —sometimes the flutter of a garment seen; and though the oratory has long since crumbled to the earth, and the Virgin's statue has been utterly destroyed, tradition still preserves the memory of the event; and the very village which has since sprung up around the spring, derives its title from the spirit-haunted "Emma's Well."*

J. S.

* Emma's Well—Emmewell—Amwell.

CANZONET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

"The highest ground
Hath aye the chillest air,—
The diamond's richest gems are found
In mines of darkest night;—
Ambition—Fame—that dazzle so the sight,
A hidden peril bear!

"I would not climb
The haughty mountain's peak,
To look for fragrant beds of thyme,
Which at the foot may grow;—
Ambition, mount!—and meet the chilling snow
Where spring-flowers thou would'st seek

"I would not woo
The restless flash of gems
'Mid swarthy caves, where hid from view
Couch dense and sickly damps;—
Give me moon, stars, and dews—night's natural lamps—
Fame! Keep thy diadems!"

So sang a youth,
Fame's fever at his heart!
Ne'er weeting that no word of truth
Coiled in the careful song:—
So mix we, all, deceit life's thoughts among,
Nor know our art *is* art!

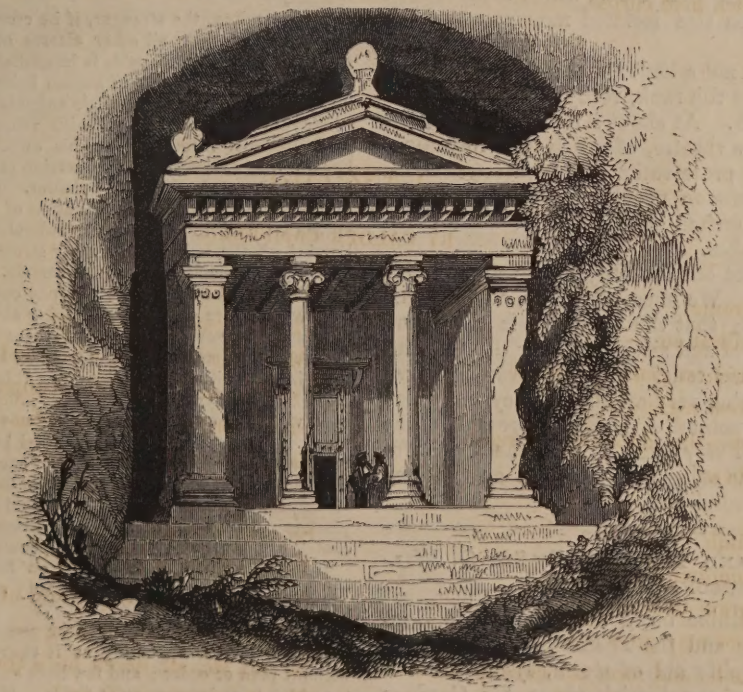
A Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean, including Malta, Dalmatia, Turkey, Asia Minor, Grecian Archipelago, Egypt, Nubia, Greece, Ionian Islands, Sicily, Italy, and Spain. By John H. Allan, Member of the Athenian Archæological Society, and of the Egyptian Society of Cairo. *Longman and Co.*

Exceptions and rules are rapidly changing places; what was formerly a rule, is now an exception. In the good old times of George the Third, when hanging was a favourite pastime, a man who had even accidentally strayed from his own parish was a traveller, while he who had scaled the Pyramids was considered a marvel; but, alas, every thing is so easy now, that the heroic has gone "clean out;" there is not one lineal descendant of a known hero left! Steam, thou hast much to answer for! Truly wonderful as thou art, thou hast in many things banished the wonderful! The rarity now is, a man who has not travelled, still rarer one who reaches the legal age without perpetrating a book.

Our readers must not infer, from these remarks on the decay of the heroic age, that we have any love for heroes; on the contrary, considering them as the pests of society, we have a mortal aversion to them; we are, therefore, reconciled to their total extinction! We hope to see the time when the remains of that species of animal will excite as much curiosity, as the discovery of the bones of the ichthyosaurus.

We were led into this train of reflection (as the "Rambler" would say) by the perusal of Mr. Allan's travels. It appears he went to repair the wastage of an illness by a change of climate. He wandered from Liverpool to Malta, thence to Turkey; after calling upon Asia Minor, he left his card at the Sphinx, made polite inquiries at the Pyramids concerning the health of the inmates, and, being so far on his way, paid a visit to Thebes and the cataracts in Nubia. On his return, he dropped in upon the Morea and Italy, and from thence drove home by the way of Spain. Truly, thou Hadji, this would, in the olden days, have given thee a right to tell the toughest stories that ever disturbed the digestive apparatus of a listening ostrich! The chief sympathy, however, that we have with this work, applies to the number of its "illuminations," —which are above a hundred. The book therefore deserves some notice at our hands. We shall confine ourselves chiefly to Mr. Allan's visit to Asia Minor, the spot least explored by our travellers, and which derives additional interest from the fact of the government thinking its antiquities worthy of an expedition, under the guidance of Mr. Fellows, with orders to ransack the country of its finest sepulchral architecture.

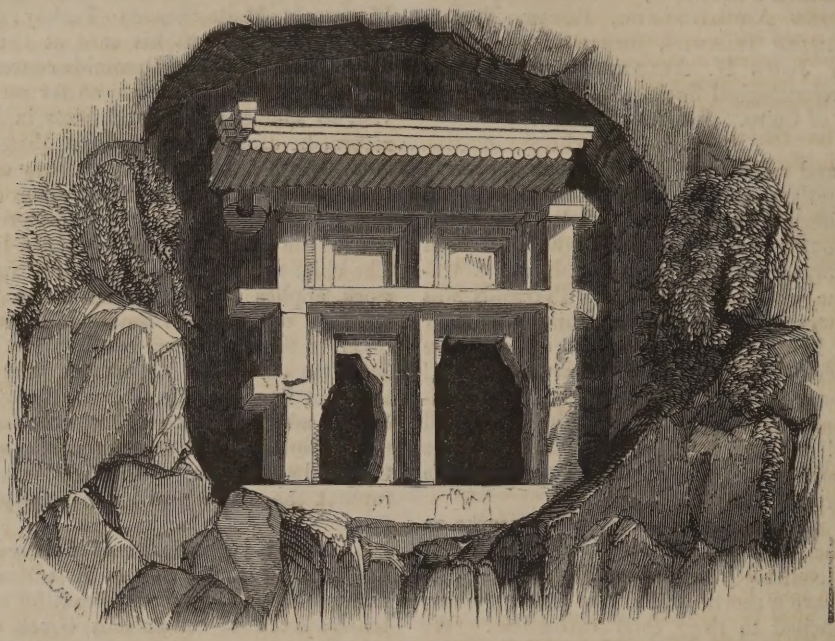
Lycia is the principal seat of these Elgin-like depredations; for in this part of Asia Minor are found the finest remains of the most beautiful and, perhaps, extensive cities of the ancient Greek colonists. If we take Telmessus, we have there specimens of architecture and sculpture, which, although above 2000 years old, are still in tolerable preservation. We avail ourselves of the representation of one of the finest of the excavated tombs in the Necropolis of that city.



It is in the Ionic style, cut in the mountain side, and commands, in common with many others, at a considerable elevation, a fine view of the modern harbour of Macri, and also of the marshy valley leading to the ancient cities of Tlos and Pinara. Many of the tombs, although opened, are not so easily explored, as their original tenants have given place to swarms of hornets, wasps, and "doleful creatures." A leading characteristic of the tombs found in the hill sides, is a total absence of all bas relief, which, however, are

frequently found in the monolithics. These present a peculiar appearance, from their roof being shaped like an inverted boat, the sides of the keel being decorated with sculptured ornaments.

The smaller excavated sepulchres bear a striking resemblance to the mullioned windows of the Elizabethan age. Our readers will more readily conceive their appearance from the accompanying engraving.



We were very much struck with the fine, picturesque appearance of one of these solitary sepulchres. It stands in the sea, at a short distance from the land, in a vast amphitheatre, the hills rising magnificently studded with the excavated tombs, which seem to look on like spectators on this isolated monument of the past!

Its appearance is not a little enhanced by the strong contrast it affords to the rank, reedy vegetation of the neighbouring marsh. At about a mile from this spot are the remains of a theatre, of which the proscenium is still in tolerable preservation; the openings to the diazoma for the common people, in the upper part, still preserve their arched ways, but have been much shaken by earthquakes.

We have to regret our inability to devote a larger space to this work. We must, therefore, content ourselves by observing, that the narrative is clear, and describes in a natural and simple manner the different places visited in this tour. The lithographic drawings strike us as being very artistic. They are taken from well selected points of view, and present to the untravelled reader a very good idea of the wonderful architectural remains of antiquity, found on that sea whose shores were empires!

MODERN EGYPT AND THEBES. By SIR G. WILKINSON. *Murray.*

FRANCE and the Rhine being now familiar to Englishmen as London and the Thames, and Egypt and Thebes, by the mighty aid of steam, lying within a few days' passage of the British shore, Sir Gardner Wilkinson has grafted on his former work all "the information requisite for travellers," in the land of Osiris. He has thought no details too trifling to touch upon, if at all involving the time and comfort of the traveller; hence, we have a complete guide book added to the solid and enduring knowledge of the former work. The traveller, on his landing at Alexandria, will find himself as much an object of pillage, as though he had stepped ashore at Calais or Boulogne:—

"On landing, the stranger, if he escapes the rapacity of the boatmen, who, like all other classes at Alexandria, are never satisfied, however well paid, is immediately pressed on all sides by the most importunate of human beings, in the shape of donkey drivers. Their active little animals may be called the cabs of Egypt; and each driver, with vehement vociferations and gesticulations, recommending his own, in broken English or bad Italian, strives to take possession of the unfortunate traveller, and almost forces him to mount. Having quickly selected one, in order to avoid a continuation of this, to a sufferer disagreeable, and to a bystander ridiculous, scene, away he is hurried off through narrow dirty streets, leaving his servants to bring the luggage on asses or camels.

"For a donkey he ought to pay one piastre to the Frank quarter, a native or a resident giving about half that sum; and although five would not content these people, he should not, for the sake of saving himself trouble, have the folly to yield to their importunities. It is by doing this that the English lately travelling in Egypt have entailed so much trouble on those who now visit the country, increasing not only the expense, but numerous annoyances: and the hotel keepers are not the least to blame for their encouragement of such impositions, of which they themselves now begin to feel the bad effects.

"For a camel to the hotel he should not give more than five piastres; though, if there are numerous passengers, and many camels are in requisition, ten must sometimes be paid.

"If he does not dislike going on foot, (provided it is dry weather,) a walk of fifteen or twenty minutes will take him to the hotel.

"The streets through which he passes are narrow and irregular, the houses appearing as if thrown together by chance, without plan or order; and few have even that Oriental character which is so interesting at Cairo. Here and there, however, the lattice-work of the windows and a few Saracenic arches give the streets a picturesque appearance; and if he happens to take the longer, but more interesting, road through the bazaars, the stranger will be struck with many a novel and Eastern scene. But he had better visit them, after he has secured and arranged his rooms at the hotel.

"On emerging from the dingy streets of the Turkish quarter, he will be surprised by their contrast with the clean white-washed houses of the Europeans, where he will readily distinguish the houses of the consuls by the flag-staffs rising from their flat roofs. In the western harbour he will also have observed some buildings, of a superior style, as the Pasha's palace, and some public buildings, which bear the stamp of Constantinople or of Frank taste; and even before landing, he will have perceived considerable activity in the port, from which he may form some idea of the improvements that have there taken place under the rule of Mohammed Ali."

Sir Gardner has the following brief chapter on the mode of living in Egypt, and the diseases of the country:—

"In winter, it is unnecessary to make any change in the mode of living from that usually adopted in Europe; and most persons, unless they commit excesses, may eat whatever they are accustomed to in other countries. In the summer months it is, however, better to avoid much wine or spirits, as they tend to heat the blood; and cause the hot weather to be more sensibly felt; and some (though I may say, very few) will find that fish (chiefly those without scales), eggs, and unboiled milk, do not always agree with them. Bathing in the Nile is by no means prejudicial. Fruit and vegetables are wholesome and cooling, and mutton is better than beef.

"The diseases of Egypt are few. Fevers are very rare, except about Alexandria, Damietta, and other places on the coast; and almost the only complaints, to which strangers are subject in the interior, are diarrhœa, dysentery, and ophthalmia."

"The cause of ophthalmia has frequently been assigned to the sand of the desert; but, in order to show the error of this conjecture, I need only observe, that ophthalmia is unknown there, unless taken from the Nile; and I have always cured myself and others, after two or three days, by a visit to the interior of this dry tract. I do not, however, mean to affirm, that sand blown into the eye, or a great glare from the sand, will not produce it; dust and the glare of snow will cause it in other countries, but still they are not *the* causes of ophthalmia, generally speaking. Among the latter are a blow, dust or sand, glare of the sun, a draught of wind and other things; but the former must be looked for in a fixed and specific agent, peculiar to Egypt. This, I am persuaded, after many years' experience, and frequent attacks of ophthalmia, arises in the transition from excessive dryness to damp; and though Egypt is, perhaps, the driest climate in the world, the difference between the generally dry atmosphere and the damp exhalations on the river, or in the streets of Cairo and other towns (which are not only narrow, but are watered to keep them cool), is so great, that the eye is readily affected by it; particularly when in that susceptible state, caused by the sensible and insensible perspiration, to which the skin is there subject. Hence it is, that during the inundation, when the exhalations are the greatest, ophthalmia is most prevalent. The facts of its non-existence, and its speedy cure, in the desert, sufficiently substantiate this opinion; and this is further confirmed by the comparatively comfortable sensation there imparted to the eye, by the dryness of the air.

"It is always advisable to avoid sitting in a draught, particularly of damp air; and if obliged to go out at night from a warm room, or the cabin of a boat, to wash the eyes and forehead with a little cold water; by which means the perspiration is not checked on going out, and the eye is prepared for the change to a cooler temperature. They must, however, be wiped dry before leaving the room."

It would seem that the tailor is quite as essential to the "respectability" of man in Cairo as in London:—

"If the traveller inquires whether the Turkish dress be necessary, I answer, for a voyage in Upper Egypt, it is by no means so; for Cairo it is convenient from not attracting notice either of dogs or men; and for a journey in the desert, as to the Oasis or Berenice, it is requisite, though not so on the Suez and Kossayr roads. One remark, however, I must be allowed to make on dress in that country—that a person is never respected who is badly dressed, of whatever kind the costume may be, and nowhere is exterior appearance so much thought of as in Egypt."

The subjoined horrible anecdote will illustrate the social misery of the great mass of the Egyptians:—

"Mohammed Bey Defterdár, or, as he is called by Europeans, the Defterdár Bey, was the son-in-law of Mohammed Ali, whose daughter, Názleh Hánem, he married. He was well known for his savage disposition, and the many cruelties he perpetrated, both in Cairo, and when commanding in Sennár and Kordofan; and his death in 1833 was hailed, as might be expected, with universal satisfaction. He was a man of some talent, and was more accomplished than the generality of the Turks; but this superiority only served to add to his condemnation for the cruelties he delighted in committing, which could not be palliated by the excuse of ignorance. It would neither be desirable nor agreeable to enumerate all the follies and cruelties of this man, many of which were done for the pleasure of sustaining the fame he had acquired for madness, as well as from real savageness of disposition: a single example will suffice. On one occasion a black slave of his had bought some milk from a poor woman, and after drinking it had refused the payment of five paras, which was the price of the quantity he had taken. The woman, finding who he was, complained to his master. The boy was sent for, but denied the accusation. The Defterdár inquired of the woman if she was positive he had drunk the milk; and on her answering in the affirmative, he said, 'I will soon discover the truth, but if you have accused him falsely I will treat you in the same manner I now treat him.' Upon this he ordered his stomach to be cut open, and on discovering the milk threw her the five paras; with the exulting feeling that no one should dare to deceive him, or forget his power."

To those who seek houses, and would, in the pursuit, avoid the sanguinary attacks of fleas, the subjoined advice of a humane Turk may be found invaluable:—

"It is the uncomfortable state of houses at Cairo that prevents many invalids going from Europe to that excellent climate for the winter; and, unless a friend prepared one beforehand, in vain would they hope to find many Cairo houses fit for a winter's residence. When no friend could be found to perform this charitable office, the best plan would be to go to an hotel at Cairo, and after having fixed upon a house, to request some one to overlook the repairs and alterations, and then go into Upper Egypt (if not inclined to stay at the hotel) while they were going on. The best houses are in the Frank and Copt quarters.

"That Cairo is well adapted for those who require a mild climate is certain, and many English medical men would send patients to Egypt, as did those of ancient Rome, provided houses could be found ready for their reception. Unfortunately the natives are too poor to fit them up; and the Europeans settled there are so prone to impose on strangers, that houses would soon be made as expensive as in Europe, without half the comforts; they having already taught servants to ask higher wages than in Italy or Malta; so that if a man wishes to be comfortable, and not to be cheated, he had better go and arrange matters for himself.

"In hiring houses one thing should be remembered, of which European strangers are seldom aware; that a house at Cairo lets much below the average rent, if without the advantage of a well, or a court yard; and one which would let with a well at 40 piastres would not be taken by a native for more than 30; and that of 100 piastres would not fetch more than 75 or 80. The cost of making a well is very little, not being more than 500 to 700 piastres, according to the depth.

"In looking at empty houses, the most disagreeable result is being covered with fleas, which it is next to impossible to avoid. A Turk, in mentioning the subject, recommended that three or four *fellâhs* should be first sent through the rooms, to carry off the *hundreds* that lay in wait for the first comers; by these means one could venture in, with the hopes of being attacked only by the *dozens*, which might be more patiently endured."

Bathing in the Nile:—

"Many persons ask if bathing in the Nile is advisable. Nothing is more conducive to health and comfort; and I have frequently bathed three times every day, when in Upper Egypt and Nubia, without any bad effects. I should not, however, recommend it more than once or twice, very early in the morning, and about sun-set. The crocodile is not so much dreaded by bathers as might be expected; but it is as well to avoid sand-banks, which are his favourite resort; and the vicinity of

the boat, or a strong stream under a steep bank, or above all, the rocks about Philæ and the cataracts, are the most secure from the intrusion of *aboogóodee* (the nickname given to the crocodile by the felláhs)."

With the subjoined picture of an Egyptian slave-market we must conclude our extracts :—

"The slave market, Okálet e' Geláb, is a revolting spectacle, even to the most curious visitor; owing rather to the dirty habits of its inmates, than to their mode of treatment, which has been sometimes represented as particularly cruel. But it must be confessed, that the remarks of some travellers, who mention the chaining together of these unfortunate people, and similar exaggerations, are proofs of great want of consideration in their authors. Every liberal mind must feel for those whose misfortune it is to be deprived of liberty, torn from their country and homes, and reduced to the condition of a slave; but it is a poor compliment to any one to suppose the necessity of inventing a tale to excite his sympathy, or to the author of it to make any extraordinary effort to prove his own. The slave-dealers, however hard-hearted they may be, are, of course, too much afraid of lessening the value of a slave, to dream of such measures as the fancy of those persons has suggested; and a moment's consideration would have pointed out their improbability. Some have talked of their sufferings, naked in the *sun*, though it is the very place, of all others, they delight to sit in; and even their merriment has been considered a proof of bad treatment. It is not their treatment *in* Egypt that calls for complaint; but their being carried off as slaves. Once arrived at Cairo, their condition becomes better than in their own country; and to the honour of Orientals be it said, that slaves are far better treated than by Europeans. They are not only better off than the free labourers of the country to which they are brought, but they become second only to their masters, having the command over, and superintendence of, the servants of the house; and if liberated by their master, they inherit *by right* their due portion of his property. Owing to the judicious representations of Dr. Bowring, the cruel slave hunts formerly sanctioned by Mohammed Ali, in the Soodán, have been fortunately abolished; and it is no small source of gratification to feel that England, which has made such laudable efforts to suppress the odious traffic in slaves, and set so disinterested an example to the world in her humane conduct in the West, should have the merit of bringing about this desirable result in the East."

How few years have elapsed, when an author would in vain have looked for a publisher of a "*Guide to Egypt!*" The tradesman would as soon have bought "*A Guide to the Dog-Star.*" Steam, however, has *changé tout cela;* and by its influence we know not how soon we may have "*A Guide to China,*" with minute details of the doings and charges of vintners, lodging-house keepers, and all other folk necessary to travellers, in Pekin, Nankin,—nay, throughout the whole "flowery country."

Fifty Days on Board a Slave Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in 1843. By The Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill. *Murray.*

Mr. Hill was chaplain to the *Cleopatra,* during her cruize in the Mozambique Channel, in quest of slaves. His book is a simple, unvarnished narrative of circumstances which came under his immediate observation,—of appalling scenes, in which he was frequently a benevolent actor. It is impossible for any words of ours to set off, or recommend to the earnest attention of the reader, the horrors of the slave traffic as described by the reverend author; we shall, therefore, merely indicate those passages of his work which bear most strongly on the subject. In the following extract the chase of a slaver is vividly described; and the miserable victims of the accursed traffic graphically brought before us.

"*Wednesday, April* 12.—At day-break this morning, being again off Fogo, on return to Quilimane, the look-out at the top-mast-head perceived a vessel on the lee-quarter, at such a distance as to be scarcely visible; but, her locality being pronounced very suspicious, the order was given to 'bear up for her.' Our breeze was light, and, falling still lighter, at 9 A.M. the boats were ordered out, and, in a few minutes, the barge and the first gig, manned and armed, were pulling away in the direction of the stranger. So variable, however, is the weather at this season, that, before the boats had rowed a mile from the ship, a squall gathered on our beam, and a thick haze surrounded us, hiding the chase from sight: rain fell in torrents, and we were going seven knots through the water, not waiting to hoist in the barge. The fog clearing away, the sun broke forth, and the rakish-looking brigantine, as we now perceived her to be, appeared to have carried on all sail during the squall. A steady breeze succeeded, and we began to feel pretty confident as to the issue of the race. On mounting a few steps up the rigging, we could see, under her sails, the low, black hull, pitching up and down; and, being now within range of our shot, one of the forecastle guns was cleared away for a bow-chaser. The British ensign had been for some time flying at our peak,—at length answered by the green and yellow Brazilian flag. Orders were given to 'man the foremost quarters on the main-deck,' and the due elevation given to the guns, when, suddenly, the brigantine dropt her peak, shortened sail, and rounded to, as to wait for our coming up. Her pursuer, in consequence, also shortened sail, immediately on which she again made sail and was off, in a different direction, across our bows. No time was lost in bracing our yards in pursuit, and sending back the hands to their quarters at the guns. As soon as it was brought to bear, the foremost gun was fired; and, after an eager watch of a few seconds, the ball ploughed the waters just across the bows of the chase. Another and another followed in quick succession, equally unregarded by the brigantine; and fifteen to twenty shot were fired, some ahead, some astern, some over, till, as we were evidently gaining on her every minute, and the chance of escape became desperate, she at length shortened sail, and lay-to in good earnest. We now ranged up alongside, and eager eyes were turned on every part of the vessel. Dark, naked forms passing across her deck removed the least remaining doubt as to her character, and showed us that she had her human cargo aboard. A cutter being hoisted out, an officer was sent to take possession, and the British ensign displaced the Brazilian. Capt. Wyvill, whom I accompanied, then followed, taking with him the surgeon, to inspect the state of health on board the prize. It was a strange scene which presented itself to us when we mounted her side. The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number, as stated in her papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having revolted, before our arrival, against their late masters; who, on their part, also showed strong excitement, from feelings, it may be supposed, of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized everything to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with hands full of 'farinha,' the powdered root of the mandroe or cassava; others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks; and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw. Many were busily dipping rags, fastened to bits of string, into the water-casks; and, unhappily, there were some who, by a like method, got at the contents of a cask of 'aguardiente,' fiery Brazilian rum, of which they drank to excess. The addition of our boats' crews to this crowd left hardly room to move on the deck. The shrill hubbub of noises, which I cannot attempt to describe, expressive, however, of the wildest joy, thrilled on the ear, mingled with the clank of the iron, as they were knocking off their fetters on every side. It seemed that, from the moment the first ball was fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves, in which our men were not slow in lending their assistance. I counted but thirty shackled together in pairs; but many more pairs of shackles were found below. We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us. They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves, as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they sent up a long, universal shout of triumph and delight.

"Account was now taken of the number of the negroes, amounting to 447. Of these were 189 men, few, however, if any, exceeding 20 years of age; 45 women; 213 boys."

An interpreter being needed to communicate with the Spaniards, concerning the care and management of the negroes, our author, by the consent of Captain Wyvill, took upon himself the task, and in a brief time was on board the *Progresso*, under sail for the Cape. It is impossible to read, without a thrill of horror, the brief and simple record of the events of the first night.

"During the first watch, our breeze was light and variable, the water smooth, the recently liberated negroes sleeping, or lying in quietness about the deck. Their slender supple limbs entwine in a surprisingly small compass; and they resembled, in the moonlight, confused piles of arms and legs, rather than distinct human forms. They were, however, apparently at ease, and all seemed going on as fairly as could be desired. But the scene was soon to undergo a great and terrible change. About one hour after midnight the sky began to gather clouds, and a haze overspread the horizon to windward. A squall approached, of which I and others, who had lain down on the deck, received warning by a few heavy drops of rain. Then ensued a scene the horrors of which it is impossible to depict. The hands having to shorten sail suddenly, uncertain as to the force of the squall, found the poor helpless creatures lying about the deck an obstruction to getting at the ropes and doing what was required. This caused the order to send them all below, which was immediately obeyed. The night, however, being intensely hot and close, 400 wretched beings thus crammed into a hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only 3½ feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore-part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and, perhaps, panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures, in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and, in some instances, succeeded. The cries, the heat,—I may say, without exaggeration, 'the smoke of their torment,'—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be 'many deaths.'—'Manana habrà muchos muertos.'"

The Spaniard's prediction was most terribly fulfilled:—

"Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave-deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were emaciated from disease; many, bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one,—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth,—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning, 'Ya se lo dixè anoche.' He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of 'farinha,' and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing, their throats, doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night."

The immense profits arising from the slave trade are among the greatest obstacles to its suppression; whilst every facility is afforded to the traffic in Brazil, by her "many secluded creeks." The flesh-buyers were particularly communicative on the subject:—

"*Wednesday, April 19th.*—Antonio gave me to-day an account of his escape off Quilimane, and subsequent capture, on our second chase. The slavers supposed the 'Cleopatra,' ying at anchor, to be an American whaler. When undeceived on this point, and pursued by the frigate to the south, taking advantage of the darkness of the night, they hauled round, and, running back in an opposite direction, anchored between Quilimane and Fogo. Here they commenced the embarkation of their cargo, which occupied ten days. 'And had we not been detained,' he added, 'a day or two, waiting for provisions, we should have escaped you altogether. On the same night that we left the coast, we saw the lights of a ship, and tried to get out of her way, but there was little wind, and, at day-break, I mounted to the topmast-head, and—'descubrimas la fragata.' The negroes forming their cargo are affirmed by the Spaniards to have been in a very sickly state—'mala esclavitud,'—when embarked; having waited on the coast two or three months in expectation of a vessel. Some of them had come from far in the interior, and were received in wretched condition, and fifty were rejected as unfit to take. The vessel they say, is capable of carrying five hundred, 'bien arreglados y acomodados.' Though little confidence may be due to the reports of slave-traders, I questioned them whether they considered the traffick likely to be abolished. Antonio, lifting his fore-finger to his eye, silently shook his head. Sebastian gave me his opinion that in Brazil, where many secluded creeks afforded facility for contraband adventure, there would be great difficulty in suppressing the trade, though the authority of the Government, if hearty in the cause, might do much. At Havanna, he remarked, where for many years he had been engaged in it, and, at former periods, had seen twenty 'negreros' lying in harbour at a time, and two or three go in or out during a day; now, owing to the zealous efforts of the Governor, not one was seen to enter. At Quilimane, by his account, eight or nine vessels take in their cargo yearly, averaging, at the lowest, five hundred in each. 'But, now,' he added, 'none escape:'—'es una carrera de hombres perdidos:'—'it is a service of desperate men.' Two vessels, as before mentioned, having been taken, and another driven ashore by the 'Lily;' the 'Progresso' makes the fourth capture this year. One, however, they say, escaped a few weeks since from that coast; and it may be doubted whether its profits will not compensate for the loss of the other four. On the east coast of Africa negroes are usually paid for in money, sometimes in 'fazendas,' coarse cottons, at a cost of about eighteen dollars for men, twelve for boys. At Rio Janeiro, their value may be estimated at 500 milreis, or 52*l.* for men; 400 milreis, or 41*l.* 10*s.* for women; 300 milreis, or 31*l.* for boys. Thus on a cargo of five hundred, at the mean price, the profit will exceed 19,000*l.*'"

The kindness, the "conscience, and tender heart" manifested by the wretched negroes to one another, is in touching contrast to the ruthless brutality of the white robber who steals them:—

"*Thursday, May* 18.—There is a natural good-breeding frequently to be remarked among the negroes, which one might little expect. They sometimes come aft, on seeing us first appear on deck in the morning, and bend the knee by way of salutation. Their manner of returning thanks for any little present of food or water, is by a stamp on the deck, and a scrape of the foot backwards, and they seldom fail, however weak, to make this acknowledgment, though it cost them an effort to rise for the purpose. The women make a curtsey, bowing their knees forwards so as nearly to touch the ground. In the partition of the small pieces of beef in their tubs of farinha, the most perfect fair-dealing is always observed. One of each little party takes the whole into his hands, and distributes two or three bits, as the number allows, to each, and, should there be any remainder after the division, pulls it into yet smaller pieces, and hands them round with equal impartiality. After a meal, they express general satisfaction by a clapping of hands; a mode also used by some among them of asking a favour, or begging pardon for a fault."

The heart sickens at the horror so fearfully depicted in the following:—

"*Wednesday, May* 24.—The breeze, light and variable during the day, has been, these two last nights, succeeded by a dead calm; the mainsail being lowered, to save it from the wear occasioned by the roll of the vessel, the other sails flapping heavily against the mast. It is now that we suffer great annoyance from the foul air produced by so many pent-up sick and wretched creatures. At the outset of our voyage, it was comparatively trifling, and I suffered little inconvenience from venturing down on the slave-deck, to see what the matter was,

when any extraordinary noise or outcries occurred. It is superfluous now to make this descent, in order to inhale its atmosphere, which pervades every part of the vessel, and in our after-cabin is almost intolerable. *Gold lace and silver articles, though kept in drawers or japanned cases, have turned quite black, through this state of the air.* In the middle of last night I left my great coat and grass mat, which have, in sailor's phrase, done duty for a bed since I came on board, and went on deck to seek a little relief, but in vain. There was not a breath of wind; nothing in apparent motion in sea or air, or the heaven, except the huge albatros, with wings extending sixteen feet, wheeling round and round, sometimes sweeping so close as almost to touch the taffrail, on which I was seated. I returned below, and, heaping the cover of a large tea-pot with tobacco, ignited and blew away at it, till the poor sick man whom we have taken into our cabin complained that I was 'stifling' him. Disorder, I think, in every sense, is on the increase among the unhappy blacks. During the late fine weather they have spent the sunny hours of the day on deck, but when below their cries are incessant day and night. Thinned as their numbers are by death, there is no longer narrowness of room, but increasing sickness and misery make the survivors more hard and unfeeling, and they fight and bruise one another more than formerly. Little Catùla, the finest among them, who received a bite in the leg about six weeks since, getting continual blows and knocks, the wound has now become a deep spreading ulcer. Another fine intelligent lad has been lately severely bitten in the head. Others have the heel, the great toe, the ankle-joint, nearly bitten through; and worse injuries than these, too savage to mention, have been inflicted. Madness, the distraction of despair, seems to possess them."

Mr. Hill clearly shows that in too many instances our capture of the slaver brings misery and death to the slave, from our ignorance of the habits of the black, and from the want of men to work the prize. The work adds another melancholy proof to the allowed many, that, however great the national sacrifice for the suppression of the abominable slave traffic, much—very much—yet remains to be done, ere its blot can be erased from the catalogue of human sins.

TRAGEDIES, to which are added a few SONNETS and VERSES. By T. N. TALFOURD, Serjeant-at-Law. *Moxon.*

MOST welcome is this exquisite edition (a pocket friend) of the dramatic and poetic works of one whose name is associated with ennobling thoughts—with ceaseless efforts to vindicate the prerogative of literature in all its elevating influences. Mr. Talfourd supplies a new preface, in which he thus touches upon the present condition of the stage:—

"The demands of Dramatists have been granted—the legal monopoly is entirely overthrown; every theatre within the Bills of Mortality may obtain the right of representing the legitimate drama; but what is the result? Alas! it has only been the annihilating the distinction between the two classes of Dramatists, for the benefit of neither; for all our Drama is *unacted* now! And thus it must continue, until the art of acting shall revive, and the Dramatist shall possess not only a right to 'a free stage,' but obtain actors to render it vital.

"In the meantime I rejoice in the conviction that the genius of our country has assumed a dramatic form, and has been developed in tragedies of a high order; some of which have been acted; others are incapable of being acted; and others will be acted, when actors of true passion shall be found, but not with real success till then. Excluding from consideration the noble dramatic poems of Taylor and Darley, which are written in express repudiation of an actual stage, and those of Smith, Troughton, and Marston, which have been embodied upon it, there remain noble tragedies in print which would do honour to the stage, and which yet I should regret to see acted in a small sphere, with poor accompaniments, and by frigid, illiterate, or ungraceful performers. I would not—to cite one of the noblest instances which our Drama presents—desire to see 'Cosmo de Medici,' with its images of gay and princely life, and of colossal sorrow, disfigured by the vapid imbecility of its youths and the mouthing inanity of its great and mournful father. Whether the impulse given to dramatic poetry will long survive the annihilation of the stage, I fear to conjecture; and I am not sanguine for the cause of Dramatic Authors, unless a race of actors shall arise to help them. Mr. Horne has already turned to the Epic, and consoled us by the noble music and classic imagery, and intense feeling, and starry destiny of his 'Orion,' for the absence of a presentment of dramatic passion and suffering. If the Stage, in spite of its emancipation, shall fall to decay, I shall deplore it—if it be only for what we shall lose in him, and in the younger genius of Robert Browning—a genius only yet dimly perceived, but deeply felt, and which requires and deserves the noble discipline of dramatic conditions. Happy, indeed, shall I be to find the hopes and the struggles of those who have achieved the emancipation of the Stage not lost in the destruction of that for the freedom of which they have fought and conquered!"

With all of this we cordially agree. Perhaps there never was a time when there were so few good actors, and, consequently, so many bad ones extravagantly paid. We must not omit to thank Mr. Moxon for adding to his many popular offerings this cheap and elegant edition of the enduring poetry of Serjeant Talfourd.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. A Dramatic Romance. By HENRY TAYLOR. *Moxon.*

A POCKET reprint of Mr. Taylor's noble dramatic poems; and, to the honour of the age, be it said, a third edition,—an edition, in which "the author thinks that much improvement has been effected by the removal of blemishes that lay on the surface. One or two short scenes have been introduced, also, where they seemed to be wanted for purposes either of connection or separation."

POEMS ON MAN, IN HIS VARIOUS ASPECTS UNDER THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. *Harper & Co. New York; Wiley & Putnam, London.*

As we propose in an early number to consider the "Various Writings" of Mr. Mathews, we shall in the present instance do little more than call the attention of the reader to the *Poems on Man*, which, with some faults of ruggedness of versification, have very considerable merit. There is great energy, much imagination, in the work. Mr. Mathews is the servile imitator of no school, but writes from his heart, freely, eloquently. There is a nationality in him which we admire, and it will give us much pleasure to make his merits known, as they ought to be, to the English reader. For the present, however, we must be content with letting the subjoined verses speak for themselves. Our first extract is from the poem, entitled "*The Child*":—

"See! through the white skin beats the ruddy tide!
The pulses of thine heart, that come and go,
Like the great circles of the ocean-flow,
And dash a continent at either side,
Thou wield'st a hopeful Empire, large and fair,
With sceptred strength: about thy brow is set
A fresh glad crown, with dewy morning wet,
And noon-day lingers in thy flaxen hair!

"Kingdom, authority, and power to thee
Belong: the hand that frees, the chain that thralls—
Each attribute on various man that falls,
Strides he the globe, or canvas-tents the sea:
The sword, the staff, the judge's cap of death,
The ruler's robe, the treasurer's key of gold,
All growths the world-wide scope of life may hold,
Are formed in thee and people in thy breath.

"Be stirred or still, as prompts thy beating heart!
Out of thy slumbering calmness there shall climb
Spirits serene and true, against the Time
That trumpets men to an heroic part;

And motion shall confirm thee, rough or mild,
For the full sway that unto thee belongs,
In the still house or 'mid the massy throngs
Of life—thou gentle and thou sovereign Child!"

"The Farmer":—

"Full master of the liberal soil he treads,
With none to tithe, to crop, to third his beds
Of ripely-glowing fruit or yellow grain—
He knows what freedom is; undulled of pain
Looks on the sun and on the wheat-field looks,
Each glad and golden in the other's view;
Or, on the meadow listening to the sky
That bids its grasses thrive with starry dew.

"To him there come in such still places,
Undimmed, majestical, and fresh as life,
The elder forms, the antique mighty faces
Which shone in council, stood aloft in strife—
When went the battle, billowy, past;
When high the standard to the sky was raised;
When rushed the horseman with the rushing blast,
And the red sword through shrowded valleys blazed.

"When Cities rising shake th' Atlantic shore—
Thou mighty Inland, calm with plenteous peace,
Oh temper and assuage the wild uproar,
And bring the sick, vexed masses balmy ease.
On their red vision like an angel gleam,
And angel-like be heard amid their cries
Till they are stilled as is the summer's stream,
Majestical and still as summer skies.

"When cloud-like whirling through the stormy State
Fierce Revolutions rush in wild-orbed haste,
On the still highway stay their darkling course,
And soothe with gentle airs their fiery breast;
Slaking the anger of their chariot-wheels
In the cool flowings of the mountain brook,
While from the cloud the heavenward prophet casts
His mantle's peace, and shines his better look.

"Better to watch the live-long day
The clouds that come and go,
Wearying the heaven they idle through,
And fretting out its everlasting blue—
Than prowl through streets and sleep in hungry dens,
The beast should own, though known and named as men's;
Though sadness on the woods may often lie,
And wither to a waste the meadowy land—
Pure blows the air—and purer shines the sky,
For nearer always to Heaven's gate ye stand!"

We doubt not, that the above extracts will most favourably predispose the reader towards Mr. Mathews, of whose collected writings,—for the gentleman is poet, novelist, essayist, and dramatist, too,—we shall, if possible, speak at length in our April Number.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S LIBRARY. No. 1.—THE PRIMER. *Edited by* H. MAYHEW. *Embellished by* J. GILBERT. *Engraved by* E. LANDELLS. *Printed by* W. STEVENS.

THE importance of first impressions is recognized in the popular adage, which tells us that they are "everything." But of all first impressions, none are more effectually operative for good or for evil, than those which are made upon the infant mind. Our dispositions, our habits, our affections, are, in a great measure, determined by influences to which we have been subjected in our childhood. We know that there is no surer and safer guarantee for the perpetuity of religious or moral convictions than their early inculcation. Nay more; it is certain that the errors and prejudices of deepest root are those which have been planted in the spring of life. The lessons of superstition itself, that are last forgotten, are those which are learned in the nursery.

The first impressions of a child with respect to learning, are of peculiar consequence. It is highly necessary that they should be favourable; but this is a requisition by no means easy to fulfil. The acquisition of natural knowledge is the gratification of an instinct—an appetite: as such, it is pleasing,—that of the rudiments of artificial language is a task. An acquaintance with external objects is formed by the child involuntarily; and its formation is, at each step, productive of wonder and delight. But, to acquire the elements of literature, there is need of an exertion of the will. Attention must be directed, as it were, by main force, to their study; memory must be exerted in their retention. The ideas in which they consist are mere intellectual conceptions, and these, too, arbitrary; they are contemplated without interest, and contracted without pleasure. Were the mind of an infant, indeed, in such a state as to be capable of being made to comprehend the advantages of learning, the hope of prospective reward might supply the place of present recompense; but thus to labour on principle requires a mature intellect. The great difficulty, then, in teaching children to read and spell, consists in supplying them with an adequate motive for exertion. For this purpose, the two great persuasives of bribery and punishment are resorted to; and the alternation of barley-sugar and birch subserves the inculcation of the alphabet. Thus the earliest literary associations of many are connected with floggings; this, we know, is principally the case with dunces; but, then, the question is, how far the flogging may have contributed to form the dunce, no less than how far the dunce may have required the flogging. On the other hand, it may be asked, whether the cultivation of a taste for sweetmeats is likely to induce an appetite for learning; or whether it is not rather the very thing to hinder its development?

Undoubtedly, the elements of language are drugs; and require to be sweetened. But though honey and currant jelly are appropriate qualifications of rhubarb or grey powder, the condiment of mental physic should be mental. How is this object to be attained? How is the simple fact that A is A, or that B is B, to be agreeably impressed upon the mind? This question, as it appears to us, is very satisfactorily answered in the little volume before us. We do not say that its solution has never before been attempted; but the attempt has never, as far as we know, been efficiently carried out. Primers have been constructed on erroneous principles. It is true that they have been illustrated and embellished; it is true that the jingle of rhyme and a few other expedients have been resorted to for the purpose of facilitating the reception of knowledge by the child; but the embellishments and illustrations have been only remotely conducive to that end; and the doggrel has been but indirectly instructive. The comparison of the alphabet, in Mr. Mayhew's Primer, with those in the Primer in ordinary use, will illustrate both of these assertions. Every one remembers the alphabetical poem, commencing with "A was an archer, and shot at a frog," with the accompanying representation of the individual and action described. Now, the connection between A and the archer is not that sought to be established; the object is to make the child connect the sound A with the figure to which it corresponds. This end is answered in the little book now in question. We have a wood-cut representing a pair of steps open, and

underneath it is the line, "A's like the steps opened wide as this pair." The form of the letter is represented by a black back-ground, on which the object referred to is delineated in white. Similarly, B is typified by a cutter, with its sails bagging in the wind; and a subjoined verse informs us, that "B's like a mast with two sails full of air." Thus, all the advantages of metre and rhyme are preserved, with this additional advantage, that an appeal is at once made to the eye, and a direct connection between an arbitrary sign and a natural object is established. The whole alphabet is illustrated, in like manner, with a descriptive verse relative to each letter. Then follow the letters, capital and small, Roman and Italic, in their simple forms. We can conceive no more judicious method than this of overcoming that formidable obstacle on the very threshold of learning—the A, B, C. Mr. Mayhew will have averted from our nurseries rivers of tears.

The Arabic numerals, 1, 2, 3, &c., are expressed by a representation of the human hand; one finger being held up for the first, two for the second, and so on up to 10. The Roman figures are exemplified on the faces of so many clocks, with the hand pointing to each, in succession, from I to XII. The figure to which the hand points on each clock, is printed in darker type than the rest. Here, again, we have the principle of associating a conventional symbol with a real object, acted upon; and, in our opinion, successfully. Numeration by means of the fingers is absolutely a natural process, as is instanced in the case of savages; and it is, in fact, the way in which children are taught to count; but it has never been rendered available for the purpose of teaching numeral characters till now.

The division of words into syllables is, as far as possible, happily illustrated by cuts more or less representative of an idea connected with each syllable. Thus —"In" is expressed by a mouse caught in a trap; "On" by a child on a rocking horse; "Ox" by a figure of the animal so called. A similar mode of illustration is adopted with regard to sentences.

The first lessons in reading are rendered subservient to the teaching of ethical and religious precepts; and each is embellished by an appropriate engraving. With the exception of the Lord's Prayer, and the Grace before and after meals, they are couched in verse, which, while perfectly plain, simple, and intelligible to the infant capacity, is sensible and sound; as remote from imbecility of idea as it is from complexity in expression. The following little poem, for really to our thinking it deserves that appellation, is a fair sample of the whole. It may be necessary to call attention to the fact, which, by reason of the easy flow of the versification, might otherwise escape notice, that it consists entirely of words of one syllable.

"GOD.

Who gave the sun its warmth and light?
Who made the moon that shines so bright,
And all the stars that glow at night?
GOD!

Who made the earth that gives us grain?
Who feeds it both with dew and rain?
Who made each beast that treads the plain?
GOD!

Who by his will in bounds doth keep
The great and wild waves of the deep?
Who made all things that swim or creep?
GOD!

Who gave the air and made the sky?
Who form'd the bird that soars on high?
Who taught its wings the way to fly?
GOD!

Who gave us life and all we prize?
Who shields us when we close our eyes?
Who guards us when at morn we rise?
GOD!

Who sends the sweet sleep to my bed?
By whom are all the wild birds fed?
Who gives to me each day my bread?
GOD!

Who knows each thing that night or day
I dream or think, or do or say?
Who hears me when I kneel to pray?
GOD!"

Mr. Gilbert's illustrations are deserving of high praise as works of art; and it is not the least recommendation of this little book, that the physical images which it presents to the infant perception are really correct and beautiful. The engraver, Mr. Landells, has done justice to the artist; and the typography, no small advantage in a work of juvenile instruction, is distinct and clear. The adornments of the cover and title page are so attractive as to give the book almost the appearance of a toy. Its small price, which is only one shilling, will place it within the means, and we have no doubt, in the hands, of all parents and instructors of children. We have heard it said that there is no royal road to learning; a proposition which, after reading this First Part of the "Prince of Wales's Library," we feel strongly inclined to dispute. No first book for children that we have ever seen is more fairly entitled than this to the title of "Reading Made Easy." Mr. Mayhew has been walking abroad, as the schoolmaster, to some purpose; and we hope to see him in that capacity again.

THE AMATEUR'S DRAWING BOOK. By W. L. WALTON. *Longman & Co.*

A WORK in lithotint, which we particularly recommend to the notice, and for the instruction, of those unprofessional students who would avoid a mass of elementary labour, hitherto generally considered indispensable. The plates, 12 in number, contain highly picturesque subjects, chosen with a judgment well calculated to lead the amateur to the truth of nature, and a conviction of the abundance of material to be found in every direction.

The free hand of Mr. Walton in his pencilling of trees and foreground minutiæ, though reminding us of Harding, is nevertheless of that clear and definable character which leaves the imagination of the spectator untaxed, and fully satisfied.

We seldom find the landscape draughtsman of excessive neatness without hardness; but the work before us will vie with the elaborate manipulation of the best German specimens, without suffering in the slightest degree from a want of freedom.

We are bound, in justice, to observe, that the ability of the artist would not be displayed to such advantage, but for a corresponding care and skill on the part of the lithographers, Standidge and Co., whose efforts in this praiseworthy undertaking have placed them in the first rank of lithographic printers.

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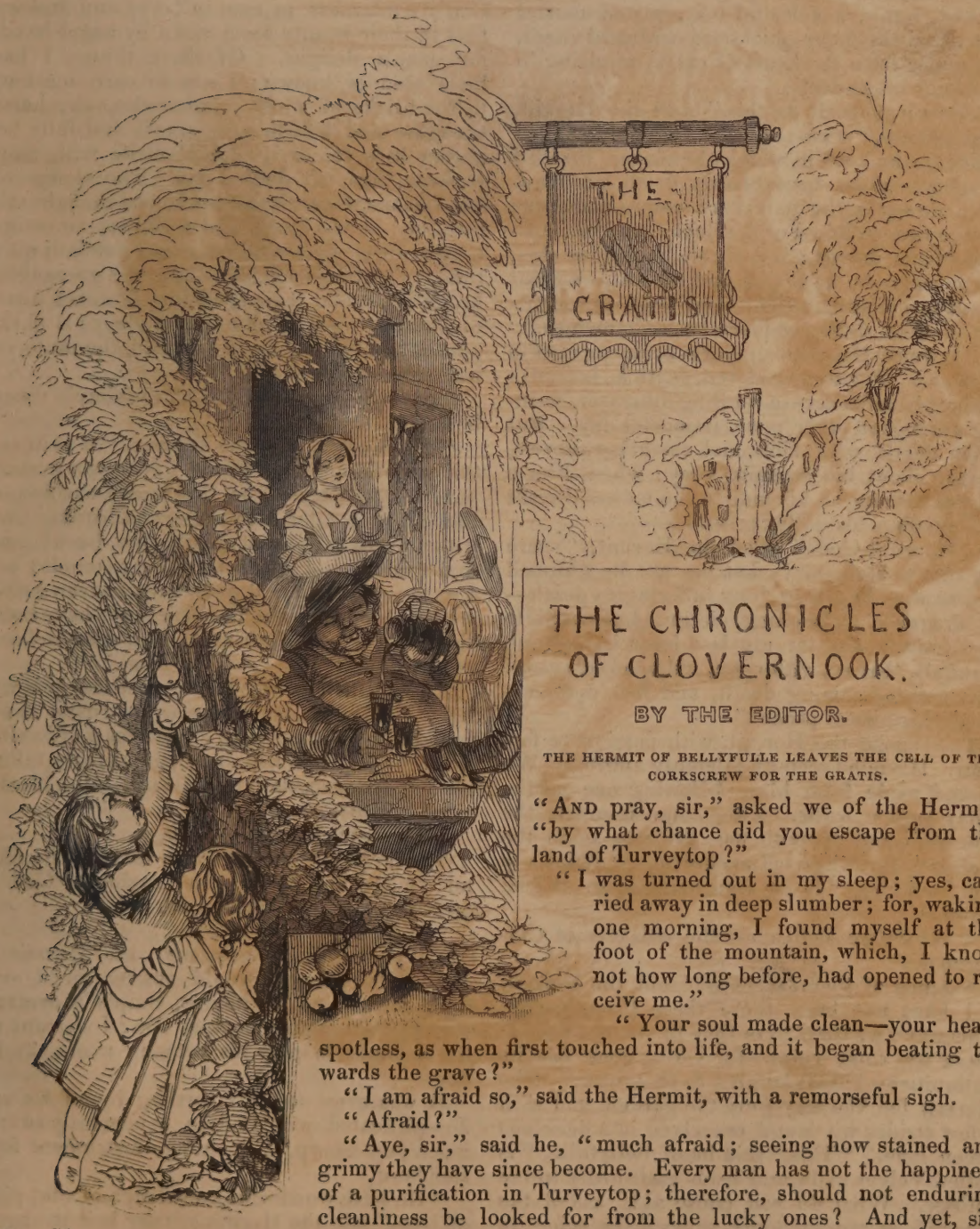
The Second Volume being now completed, Subscribers are informed that the next Number will contain an Illuminated Title-page and Index.

Geoffry the Diver.

THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE



THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVERNOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE HERMIT OF BELLYFULLE LEAVES THE CELL OF THE CORKSCREW FOR THE GRATIS.

"And pray, sir," asked we of the Hermit, "by what chance did you escape from the land of Turveytop?"

"I was turned out in my sleep; yes, carried away in deep slumber; for, waking one morning, I found myself at the foot of the mountain, which, I know not how long before, had opened to receive me."

"Your soul made clean—your heart spotless, as when first touched into life, and it began beating towards the grave?"

"I am afraid so," said the Hermit, with a remorseful sigh.

"Afraid?"

"Aye, sir," said he, "much afraid; seeing how stained and grimy they have since become. Every man has not the happiness of a purification in Turveytop; therefore, should not enduring cleanliness be looked for from the lucky ones? And yet, sir,

the very best of us soil, aye, sooner than a bride's riband."

At this time the declining sun flamed goldenly through the casement. We looked, doubtless, yearningly towards it, for the Hermit rising, said, with solemn voice—"Let us abroad, and behold God Almighty in the heavens." Then taking his staff, he passed into the garden, and silently we followed him.

It was a glorious time. The air fell upon the heart like balm; the sky, gold and vermilion-flecked, hung, a celestial tent, above mortal man; and the fancy-quickened ear heard sweet, low music from the heart of earth, rejoicing in that hour of gladness.

"Evenings such as this," said the Hermit, after a pause, "seem to me the very holiday time of death; an hour in which the slayer, throned in glory, smiles benevolently down on man. Here, on earth, he gets hard names among us for the unseemliness of his looks, and the cruelty of his doings; but in an hour like this, death seems to me loving and radiant,—a great bounty, spreading an immortal feast, and showing the glad dwelling-place he leads men to."

"It would be great happiness could we always think so. For so considered, death is, indeed, a solemn beneficence—a smiling liberator, turning a dungeon door upon immortal day. But when death, with slow and torturing device, hovers about his groaning prey; when, like a despot cunning in his malice, he makes disease and madness his dallying serfs"——

"Merciful God!" cried the Hermit, "spare me that final terror! Let me not be whipped and scourged by long, long suffering to death—be dragged, a shrieking victim, downward to the grave; but let my last hour be solemn, tranquil, that so, with open, unblenched eyes, I may look at coming death, and feel upon my cheek his kiss of peace!"

Thus spoke the Hermit, with passionate fervour. His mind seemed solemnly uplifted. We turned aside from him, following one of the many garden paths. After some minutes, the Hermit came up with us. He was again the cheerful, light-hearted anchorite. "What say you," said he, "to pass an hour or so at The Gratis?"

"Where we shall meet the villagers of Clovernook?"

"Some of them, at least," said the Hermit. "I have not been there these three weeks. This way: we shall have time to stroll a round; there are some ruins—for Clovernook has its antiquities—I shall be glad to show you." The Hermit led the way from the garden, and with a few strides we found ourselves in a delicious green lane. "This," said he of Bellyfulle, "is called Velvet-path, and leads eastwardly to the village. What do you pause at?" asked the Hermit, as we suddenly stopped, listening to sheep-bells, that sounded at various distances, and in various notes, through the balmy air.

"The sheep-bells. How beautifully toned," we said. "Of all rustic sounds, our favourite music."

"To me," said the Hermit, "the sheep-bell sounds of childhood; yea, of babyhood. In the world without us, it hath often been to me a solace and a sweetness. I had seen little of the green earth—knew, alas! how little of its softening loveliness, its beautiful records of God's tenderness to man in herbs and flowers, that in their beauty seem sown by angel hands for man's delight. Of these things I had little seen or known; I was so early built up in the bricks of a city: otherwise, sir, harsh thoughts and foolish sneers, evil and folly begotten in a too-early, sordid strife with man, perhaps, had not defiled me. The sheep-bell was the one remembrance—the one thought still dwelling in my brain, and with its sometime music calling up a scene of rustic Sabbath quietude. Swelling meads in their soft greenness; hedge-rows, and their sparkling flowers; a row of chestnut trees in blossoming glory; a park; a flock of nibbling sheep—a child, the mute yet happy wonderer at all."

"And the scene charmed by the simple sheep-bell?"

"Even now," said the Hermit, "it is in certain moods my best music. Many an evening have I seated myself on that mossy cushion, at the foot of yonder beech-tree, and leaning back with folded hands and closed eyes, have let my brain drink and drink its stilling sounds; and I have gone off into day-dreams, heaven knows where. I have been in the holy East; have heard the flocks of the Patriarchs, and seen Rebecca at the well."

Thus talking, we had proceeded half-way up Velvet-path, when a man in rustic dress, followed by a sheep-dog, came over a stile close upon us. He immediately paused, and taking off his hat, accosted the Hermit—"A blessed evening, this."

"All's well?" asked the sage.

"All's well," answered the man. The Hermit smiled and bowed, and saying, "God be with you, Joseph," passed on.

"Who is he?" we asked.

"My shepherd," answered the Hermit of Bellyfulle; "and I would answer for it even upon parchment, as honest, simple a creature as a day-old lamb. Look at him; I warrant me he is about to play his evening music to his dog."

It was even so; for turning round we saw Joseph seated under a tree, vehemently twanging a Jew's-harp. "A strange instrument for a shepherd."

"He hath wonderful knowledge of that piece of iron," said the Hermit; "nor is it strange it

should be so. For twenty years it was, in the outside world, the constant companion of his lips."

"Indeed! what was your shepherd, ere in happy hour he came to Clovernook?"

"He was door-keeper to a sponging-house. Yes, he was the janitor; the demon of the iron grill; and would solace his darkness and captivity (for keeper of prisoners, he himself was the greatest) with that vocal metal. Poor wretch! That fourpenny harp was his comfort—his consolation—his blithe society."

"Is he not a Jew?" we asked.

"Yes; and served a Hebrew master," answered the Hermit, who smilingly added, "I knew the gentleman well."

"Pray, sir, has your philosophy discovered why, of all men, Jews—at first a pastoral, country-loving people—should delight to take service under the sheriff, so that they may carry away captive the spendthrift and the wretched, holding the human chattels under lock and key? Why, of all folks, should Jews delight to be bailiffs?"

"It may be," said the Hermit, "in memory and sweet revenge of the Egyptian bondage. Poor things! they still make bricks, too; aye, and brick houses; though the cruelty of modern law, I hear, denies them straw-bail."

"How earnestly the dog watches the musician's face!" we cried; for the animal, sitting upright, stared with contemplative looks at the shepherd. "We never saw more meaning in a cur's countenance."

"Humph! Strange things are told of that dog," said the Hermit. "Joseph insists upon it that the spirit of a London money-lender, an old acquaintance, animates Flip. You may be sure, sir, I have no such superstition, or would hardly trust my flocks within range of its teeth. Yet has the dog marvellous sagacity. Put a bad shilling among a hundred good ones, and Flip, with sensitive nostril, will detect the counterfeit. Many a man, sir, would think it impossible to earn higher praise. A fine, elevating gift, sir, that quick sense of bad money. I knew a man—poor fellow!—who bought the faculty at what you and I should think a great cost. It is an odd story, but true, sir—true as the stars. I call the tale the TRAGEDY OF THE TILL."

"A strange, household title," said we; "pray relate it."

"You would hardly think, sir, that the matter happened in London? In a mean, obscure street; a place where the hard realities of life knocked daily, hourly, at people's hearts? Where the men and women seemed only made to work, and eat, and sleep, and die; the unideal, moving things of the world, the mere biped furniture of the earth. And yet, sordid and barren as the spot may be, there is the restless spirit of man, yearning and struggling to deliver itself from the squalor that defiles it. See man, the natural monarch of the earth, styed like a hog. Why, even there, in chin-deep misery, visions will now and then glorify the habitation. The poetic spirit—for what is hope but the poetry of daily life—will touch the coarsest soul that answers, like a harp-string to the wind, unconscious of the power that stirs it. Let this remembrance go with you, and you shall behold no place where man is mean or common. Take the thought with you in nooks and alleys where the sweet air of heaven sickens with disease, and man seems not made of the earth of Paradise, but of city mud, a stark, foul, brutish thing; even there man is glorified by his hopes, that, like angel-faces in a dungeon, brighten and beautify his prison. Let us imagine, sir," said the Hermit, letting his ivory staff fall in his arm, and leaning against a huge, sheltering sycamore—"let us imagine some city quarter, in which the inhabitants—miserable creatures!—should be bereaved of all hope. A little higher only would they be than apes. They would seem to us the lay-figures of humanity; moving images, with tongues to wag and eyes to open. We should behold their habitations with shuddering looks and shrinking nose, and hurry from the spot, as though fever and poverty clawed like demons at our skirts, to taint and ruin us. Any way, the dwellers of Hopeless Quarter would seem to us—dignified as we are by four meals a day, and with no rent in our coats, no crack in our shoe-leather—as forlorn animals, permitted on the earth for some mysterious purpose, but who, though something like ourselves in outward guise, had nothing else in common with us! Would not such be the belief of many of us?"

"It is more than likely," we answered.

"Why, sir," cried the Hermit, with a grave look, "it *is* our creed. Every street, lane, or alley that harbours the wretched poor, is, to our gingerly apprehension, Hopeless Quarter. We wholly avoid it; or if otherwise, with our moral thumb and finger holding our moral nose, we hurry through it. We cast a rapid look at the forlorn inhabitants—a frightened glance in at doorways and down cellars—and never for one brief minute think, that beneath that outward husk of humanity, that in those miserable abiding-places of mortal suffering, there is the aspect, and the earthly refuge of the future angel. Many a time, sir," said the Sage of Bellyfulle, "I have walked the streets, and day-dreaming, have fashioned to myself the doings, the hopes and cares of the householders. To my fancy, the brick walls of the houses have turned to glass, and I have seen all that passed inside. Well, I have been rarely rapt by what I have beheld in the palaces and mansions of the

rich. There, human life, when at the purest and the best, is as a graceful nymph, whose slightest motion is silent music—whose look is sweet, intelligent serenity—whose breath is odorous as morning air. Beautiful is her speech; for she talks lilies and roses. There is an atmosphere about her that steals upon the heart, and lulls it into sweet placidity. But, sir, the heart knows not—or should not know—such dreamy rest at the doors of the very poor. No; its blood quickens and glows as it beholds the daily battle. There are the poor fighting with the world, that, like a huge machine set in motion by some necromantic wickedness, has action, speech, cunning, force tremendous, everything but heart. A mighty creature, bloodless and pulseless. Great are the odds against poverty in the strife. Alas! alas! how often is the poor man the compelled Quixote; made to attack a windmill in the hope that he may get a handful of the corn it grinds?"

"Even so," said we; "and many and grievous are his buffets ere the miller—the prosperous fellow with the golden thumb—rewards poor poverty for the unequal battle."

"There it is," cried the Hermit. "There is the heroism which, at the houses of the poor, has made me see and feel the majesty of poverty; has in my eyes made starveling spinners and weavers more than kingly. It is a fine show, a golden sight, to see the crowning of a king. I have beheld the ceremony—with undazzled eyes have well considered all its blaze of splendour. A tender thing to think of is the kiss of peace; beautiful the homage; heart-stirring the voice of the champion, when the brave knight dashes his defying gauntlet on the marble stone; very solemn the anointing—and most uplifting the song of jubilate when all is done. But, sir, to my coarse apprehension, I have seen a nobler sight than this—a grander ceremony, even at the hearth-stone of the poor. I will show you a man, worn, spent; the bony outline of a human thing, with toil and want, cut, as with an iron tool, upon him; a man to whom the common pleasures of this our mortal heritage are unknown as the joys of Paradise. This man toils and starves, and starves and toils, even as the markets vary. Well, he keeps a heart, sound as oak, in his bosom. In the sanctity of his soul, bestows the kiss of peace upon a grudging world: he compels the homage of respect, and champions himself against the hardness of fortune. In his wretched homestead he is throned in the majesty of the affections. His suffering, patient, loving wife—his pale-faced, ill-clad children—are his queen and subjects. He is a king in heart, subduing and ruling the iron hours; unseen spirits of love and goodness anoint him; and, sir," said the Hermit, in a solemn voice—"as surely as the kingdom of God is more than a fairy tale, so surely do God's angels sing that poor man's jubilate."

Here the Hermit paused; and then, grasping his staff, walked silently on. He seemed for a time brooding over new thoughts. At length he looked round with his sunny smile, and his eye twinkled again. "Depend upon it," he said, "you shall hear more of Joseph and his dog. Aye, there he is, still twanging to him. Poor fellow, when he kept the key of the bailiff's house, his chief company was the canary of the bailiff's wife. He would finger his Jew's-harp against the bird's flying notes, and I verily believe felt all the envy of a musical rival. The canary, with its shower of sounds, fairly smothered the Jew's-harp; and I believe Joseph, in tranquil despair, thought of hanging it upon the willow, when a cat chewed up the yellow songster. No singing woman ever hated a sister syren with greater zeal than did Joseph hate that canary."

"But, sir," we ventured to observe, "you have forgotten the story, or Tragedy of the Till."

"True," replied the Hermit. "It is a strange tale, but it hath the recommendation of brevity. Some folks may see nothing in it but the trickiness of an extravagant spirit; and some, perchance, may pluck a heart of meaning out of it. However, be it as it may, you shall hear it, sir. There was a man called Isaac Pugwash, a dweller in a miserable slough of London; a squalid denizen of one of the foul nooks of that city of Plutus. He kept a shop; which, though small as a cabin, was visited as granary and store-house by half the neighbourhood. All the creature-comforts of the poor—from bread, to that questionable superfluity, small-beer—were sold by Isaac. Strange it was, that with such a trade, Pugwash grew not rich. He had many bad debts; and of all shopkeepers, was most unfortunate in false coin. Certain it is, he had neither eye nor ear for bad money. Counterfeit semblances of majesty beguiled him out of bread, and butter, and cheese, and red herring, just as readily as legitimate royalty struck at the Mint. Malice might impute something of this to the political principles of Pugwash, who, as he had avowed himself again and again, was no lover of a monarchy. Nevertheless, I cannot think Pugwash had so little regard for the countenance of majesty, as to welcome it as readily when silvered copper as when sterling silver. No, a wild, foolish enthusiast was Pugwash, but in the household matter of good and bad money he had very wholesome prejudices. He had a reasonable wish to grow rich, yet was entirely ignorant of the by-ways and short-cuts to wealth. He would have sauntered through life with his hands in his pockets, and a daisy in his mouth; and dying with just enough in the house to pay the under-

taker, would have thought himself a fortunate fellow; he was, in the words of Mrs. Pugwash, such a careless, foolish, dreaming creature. He was cheated every hour by a customer of some kind; and yet to deny credit to any body, he would as soon have denied the wife of his bosom. His customers knew the weakness, and failed not to exercise it. To be sure, now and then, fresh from conjugal counsel, he would refuse to add a single herring to a debtor's score; no, he would not be sent to the workhouse by anybody. A quarter of an hour after, the denied herring, with an added small loaf, was given to the little girl, sent to the shop by the rejected mother,—'he couldn't bear to see poor children wanting anything.'

"Pugwash had another unprofitable weakness. He was fond of what he called nature, though in his dim, close shop, he could give her but a stifling welcome. Nevertheless, he had the earliest primroses on his counter,—'they threw,' he said, 'such a nice light about the place.' A sly, knavish customer presented Isaac with a pot of polyanthuses, and, won by the flowery gift, Pugwash gave the donor ruinous credit; the man with wallflowers regularly stopt at Isaac's shop, and for only sixpence, Pugwash would tell his wife he had made the place a Paradise. 'If we can't go to nature, Sally, isn't it a pleasant thing to be able to bring nature to us?' Whereupon Mrs. Pugwash would declare, that a man with at least three children to provide for had no need to talk of nature. Nevertheless, the flower-man made his weekly call. Though at many a house, the penny could not every week be spared to buy a hint, a look of nature for the darkened dwellers about him, Isaac, despite of Mrs. Pugwash, always purchased. It is a common thing, an old familiar cry," said the Hermit—"to see the poor man's florist, to hear his loud-voiced invitation to take his nosegays, his penny-roots; and yet is it a call, a conjuration of the heart of man overlaboured and desponding—walled in by the gloom of a town—divorced from the fields and their sweet healthful influences—almost shut out from the sky that reeks in vapour over him;—it is a call that tells him there are things of the earth beside food and covering to live for; and that God in his great bounty hath made them for all men. Is it not so?" asked the Hermit.

"Most certainly," we answered; "it would be the very sinfulness of avarice to think otherwise."

"Why, sir," said the Hermit benevolently smiling, "thus considered, the loud-lunged city bawler of roots and flowers becomes a high benevolence, a peripatetic priest of nature. Adown dark lanes and miry alleys he takes sweet remembrances — touching records of the loveliness of earth, that with their bright looks and balmy odours cheer and uplift the dumpish heart of man; that make his soul stir within him, and acknowledge the beautiful. The penny, the ill-spared penny—for it would buy a wheaten roll—that the poor housewife pays for root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the violence, the coarseness, and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself even of a flower a comfort and a refuge."

The Hermit paused a moment, and then in blither voice resumed. "But I have strayed a little from the history of our small tradesman, Pugwash. Well, sir, Isaac for some three or four years kept on his old way, his wife still prophesying in loud and louder voice the inevitable workhouse. He would so think and talk of nature when he should mind his shop; he would so often snatch a holiday to lose it in the fields, when he should take stock and balance his books. What was worse, he every week lost more and more by bad money. With no more sense than a buzzard, as Mrs. Pugwash said, for a good shilling, he was the victim of those laborious folks who make their money with a fine independence of the state, out of their own materials. It seemed the common compact of a host of coiners to put off their base-born offspring upon Isaac Pugwash; who, it must be confessed, bore the loss and the indignity like a Christian martyr. At last, however, the spirit of the man was stung. A guinea, as Pugwash believed of statute gold, was found to be of little less value than a brass button. Mrs. Pugwash clamoured and screamed as though a besieging foe was in her house; and Pugwash himself felt that further patience would be pusillanimity. Whereupon, sir, what think ye Isaac did? Why, he suffered himself to be driven by the voice and vehemence of his wife to a conjuror, who in a neighbouring attic was a sideral go-between to the neighbourhood—a vender of intelligence from the stars, to all who sought and duly fee'd him. This magician would declare to Pugwash the whereabout of the felon coiner, and—the thought was an anodyne to the hurt mind of Isaac's wife—the knave would be law-throttled.

"With sad, indignant spirit did Isaac Pugwash seek Father Lotus; for so, sir, was the conjuror called. He was none of your common wizards. Oh no! he left it to the mere quacksalvers and mountebanks of his craft to take upon them a haggard solemnity of look, and to drop monosyllables, heavy as bullets, upon the ear of the questioner. The mighty and magnificent hocuspocus of twelvepenny magicians was

sconced by Lotus. There was nothing in his look or manner that showed him the worse for keeping company with spirits; on the contrary, perhaps, the privileges he enjoyed of them served to make him only the more blithe and jocund. He might have passed for a gentleman, at once easy and cunning in the law; his sole knowledge that of labyrinthine sentences made expressly to wind poor common sense on parchment. He had an eye like a snake, a constant smile upon his lip, a cheek coloured like an apple, and an activity of movement wide away from the solemnity of the conjuror. He was a small, eel-figured man of about sixty, dressed in glossy black, with silver buckles and flowing periwig. It was impossible not to have a better opinion of sprites and demons, seeing that so nice, so polished a gentleman was their especial pet. And then, his attic had no mystic circle, no curtain of black, no death's head, no mummy of apocryphal dragon—the vulgar catch-pennies of fortune-telling trader. There was not even a pack of cards to elevate the soul of man into the regions of the mystic world. No, the room was plainly yet comfortably set out. Father Lotus reposed in an easy chair, nursing a snow-white cat upon his knee; now tenderly patting the creature with one hand, and now turning over a little Hebrew volume with the other. If a man wished to have dealings with sorry demons, could he desire a nicer little gentleman than Father Lotus to make the acquaintance for him? In few words, Isaac Pugwash told his story to the smiling magician. He had, amongst much other bad money, taken a counterfeit guinea; could Father Lotus discover the evil-doer?

"'Yes, yes, yes,' said Lotus, smiling, 'of course—to be sure; but that will do but little: in your present state,—let me look at your tongue.' Pugwash obediently thrust the organ forth. 'Yes, yes, as I thought. 'Twill do you no good to hang the rogue; none at all. What we must do is this—we must cure you of the disease.'

"'Disease!' cried Pugwash. 'Bating the loss of my money, I was never better in all my days.'

"'Ha! my poor man,' said Lotus, 'it is the benevolence of nature, that she often goes on, quietly breaking us up, we knowing no more of the mischief than a girl's doll when the girl rips up its seams. Your malady is of the perceptive organs. Leave you alone, and you'll sink to the condition of a baboon.'

"'God bless me!' cried Pugwash.

"'A jackass with sense to choose a thistle from a toadstool will be a reasoning creature to you; for consider, my poor soul,' said Lotus in a compassionate voice, 'in this world of tribulation we inhabit, consider, what a benighted nincompoop is man, if he cannot elect a good shilling from a bad one.'

"'I have not a sharp eye for money,' said Pugwash modestly. 'It's a gift, sir; I'm assured it's a gift.'

"'A sharp eye! An eye of horn,' said Lotus. 'Never mind, I can remedy all that; I can restore you to the world and to yourself. The greatest physicians, the wisest philosophers, have, in the profundity of their wisdom, made money the test of wit. A man is believed mad; he is a very rich man, and his heir has very good reason to believe him lunatic; whereupon the heir, the madman's careful friend, calls about the sufferer a company of wizards to sit in judgment on the suspected brain, and report a verdict thereupon. Well, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, what is the first question put, as test of reason? Why, a question of money. The physician, laying certain pieces of current coin in his palm, asks of the patient their several value. If he answer truly, why truly there is hope; but if he stammer, or falter at the coin, the verdict runs, and wisely runs, mad—very mad.'

"'I'm not so bad as that,' said Pugwash, a little alarmed.

"'Don't say how you are—it's presumption in any man,' cried Lotus. 'Nevertheless, be as you may, I'll cure you, if you'll give attention to my remedy.'

"'I'll give my whole soul to it,' exclaimed Pugwash.

"'Very good, very good; I like your earnestness, but I don't want all your soul,' said Father Lotus, smiling—'I want only part of it: that, if you confide in me, I can take from you with no danger. Aye, with less peril than the pricking of a whitlow. Now, then, for examination. Now, to have a good stare at this soul of yours.' Here Father Lotus gently removed the white cat from his knee, for he had been patting her all the time he talked, and turned full round upon Pugwash. 'Turn out your breeches' pockets,' said Lotus—and the tractable Pugwash immediately displayed the linings. 'Humph!' cried Lotus, looking narrowly at the brown Holland whereof they were made—'very bad, indeed; very bad; never knew a soul in a worse state in all my life.'

"Pugwash looked at his pockets, and then at the conjuror: he was about to speak, but the fixed, earnest look of Father Lotus held him in respectful silence.

"'Yes, yes,' said the wizard, still eyeing the brown Holland, "I can see it all; a vagabond soul; a soul wandering here and there, like a pauper without a settlement; a ragamuffin soul.'

"Pugwash found confidence and breath. 'Was there ever such a joke?' he cried: 'know a man's soul by the linings of his breeches'

pockets!' and Pugwash laughed, albeit uncomfortably.

"'Father Lotus looked at the man with philosophic compassion. 'Ha, my good friend!' he said, 'that all comes of your ignorance of moral anatomy.'

"'Well, but Father Lotus'——

"'Peace,' said the wizard, 'and answer me. You'd have this soul of your's cured?'

"'If there's anything the matter with it,' answered Pugwash. 'Though not of any conceit I speak it, yet I think it as sweet and as healthy a soul as the souls of my neighbours. I never did wrong to anybody.'

"'Pooh!' cried Father Lotus.

"'I never denied credit to the hungry,' continued Pugwash.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' said the wizard, very nervously.

"'I never laid out a penny in law upon a customer; I never refused small beer to'——

"'Silence!' cried Father Lotus; 'don't offend philosophy by thus boasting of your weaknesses. You are in a perilous condition; still you may be saved. At this very moment, I much fear it, gangrene has touched your soul: nevertheless, I can separate the sound from the mortified parts, and start you new again as though your lips were first wet with mother's milk.'

"Pugwash merely said—for the wizard began to awe him—'I'm very much obliged to you.'

'Now,' said Lotus, 'answer a few questions, and then I'll proceed to the cure. What do you think of money?'

"'A very nice thing,' said Pugwash, 'though I can do with as little of it as most folks.'

"Father Lotus shook his head. 'Well, and the world about you?'

"'A beautiful world,' said Pugwash; 'only the worst of it is, I can't leave the shop as often as I would to enjoy it. I'm shut in all day long, I may say, a prisoner to brickdust, herrings, and bacon. Sometimes, when the sun shines, and the cobbler's lark over the way sings as if he'd split his pipe, why then, do you know, I do so long to get into the fields; I do hunger for a bit of grass like any cow.'

"The wizard looked almost hopelessly on Pugwash. 'And that's your religion and business? Infidel of the counter! Saracen of the till! However—patience,' said Lotus, 'and let us conclude.—And the men and women of the world, what do you think of them?'

"'God bless 'em, poor souls!' said Pugwash. 'It's a sad scramble some of 'em have, isn't it?'

"'Well,' said the conjuror, 'for a tradesman, your soul is in a wretched condition. However, it is not so hopelessly bad that I may not yet make it profitable to you. I must cure it of its vagabond desires, and above all make it respectful of money. You will take this book.' Here Lotus took a little volume from a cupboard, and placed it in the hand of Pugwash. 'Lay it under your pillow every night for a week, and on the eighth morning let me see you.'

"'Come, there's nothing easier than that,' said Pugwash, with a smile, and reverently putting the volume in his pocket—(the book was closed by metal clasps, curiously chased)—he descended the garret stairs of the conjuror.

"On the morning of the eighth day, Pugwash again stood before Lotus.

"'How do you feel now?' asked the conjuror, with a knowing look.

"'I hav'n't opened the book—'tis just as I took it,' said Pugwash, making no further answer.

"'I know that,' said Lotus; 'the clasps be thanked for your ignorance.' Pugwash slightly coloured; for to say the truth, both he and his wife had vainly pulled and tugged, and fingered and coaxed the clasps, that they might look upon the necromantic page. 'Well, the book has worked,' said the conjuror. 'I have it.'

"'Have it! what?' asked Pugwash.

"'Your soul,' answered the sorcerer. 'In all my practice,' he added, gravely, 'I never had a soul come into my hands in worse condition.'

"'Impossible!' cried Pugwash. 'If my soul is, as you say, in your own hands, how is it that I'm alive? how is it that I can eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, do everything, just like any body else?'

"'Ha!' said Lotus, 'that's a common mistake. Thousands and thousands would swear, aye, as they'd swear to their own noses, that they have their souls in their own possession—bless you,' and the conjuror laughed maliciously, 'it's a popular error. Their souls are altogether out of 'em.'

"'Well,' said Pugwash, 'if it's true that you have, indeed, my soul, I should like to have a look at it.'

"'In good time,' said the conjuror; 'I'll bring it to your house, and put it in its proper lodging. In another week I'll bring it to you; 'twill then be strong enough to bear removal.'

"'And what am I to do all the time without it?' asked Pugwash, in a tone of banter. 'Come,' said he, still jesting, 'if you really have my soul, what's it like—what's its colour; if indeed souls have colours?'

"'Green—green as a grasshopper, when it first came into my hands,' said the wizard; 'but 'tis changing daily. More; it was a skipping, chirping, giddy soul; 'tis every hour mending. In a week's time, I tell you, it will be fit for the business of the world.'

"'And pray, good father—for the matter has till now escaped me—what am I to pay you for

this pain and trouble; for this precious care of my miserable soul?'

"'Nothing,' answered Lotus, 'nothing whatever. The work is too nice and precious to be paid for; I have a reward you dream not of for my labour. Think you that men's immortal souls are to be mended like iron pots, at tinker's price? Oh, no! they who meddle with souls go for higher wages.'

"After further talk Pugwash departed—the conjuror promising to bring him home his soul at midnight, that night week. It seemed strange to Pugwash, as the time passed on, that he never seemed to miss his soul; that, in very truth, he went through the labours of the day with even better gravity than when his soul possessed him. And more; he began to feel himself more at home in his shop; the cobbler's lark over the way continued to sing, but awoke in Isaac's heart no thought of the fields: and then for flowers and plants, why Isaac began to think such matters fitter the thoughts of children and foolish girls, than the attention of grown men, with the world before them. Even Mrs. Pugwash saw an alteration in her husband; and though to him she said nothing, she returned thanks to her own sagacity that made him seek the conjuror.

"At length the night arrived when Lotus had promised to bring home the soul of Pugwash. He sent his wife to bed, and sat with his eyes upon the Dutch clock, anxiously awaiting the conjuror. Twelve o'clock struck, and at the same moment Father Lotus smote the door-post of Isaac Pugwash.

"'Have you brought it?' asked Pugwash.

"'Or wherefore should I come?' said Lotus. 'Quick: show a light to the till, that your soul may find itself at home.'

"'The till!' cried Pugwash; 'what the devil should my soul do in the till?'

"'Speak not irreverently,' said the conjuror, 'but show a light.'

"'May I live for ever in darkness if I do!' cried Pugwash.

"'It is no matter,' said the conjuror; and then he cried, 'Soul, to your earthly dwelling-place! Seek it—you know it.' Then turning to Pugwash, Lotus said, 'It is all right. Your soul's in the till.'

"'How did it get there?' cried Pugwash in amazement.

"'Through the slit in the counter,' said the conjuror; and ere Pugwash could speak again, the conjuror had quitted the shop.

"For some minutes Pugwash felt himself afraid to stir. For the first time in his life, he felt himself ill at ease—left as he was with no other company save his own soul. He at length took heart, and went behind the counter that he might see if his soul was really in the till. With trembling hand he drew the coffer, and there, to his amazement, squatted like a tailor, upon a crown-piece, did Pugwash behold his own soul, which cried out to him in notes no louder than a cricket's—'How are you? *I* am comfortable.' It was a strange yet pleasing sight to Pugwash, to behold what he felt to be his own soul embodied in a figure no bigger than the top joint of his thumb. There it was, a stark naked thing with the precise features of Pugwash; albeit the complexion was of a yellower hue. 'The conjurer said it was green,' cried Pugwash; 'as I live, if that be my soul—and I begin to feel a strange, odd love for it—it is yellow as a guinea. Ha! ha! Pretty, precious, darling soul!' cried Pugwash, as the creature took up every piece of coin in the till, and rang it with such a look of rascally cunning, that sure I am Pugwash would in past times have hated the creature for the trick. But every day Pugwash became fonder and fonder of the creature in the till; it was to him such a counseller, and such a blessing. Whenever the old flower-man came to the door, the soul of Pugwash from the till would bid him pack with his rubbish: if a poor woman—an old customer it might be—begged for the credit of a loaf, the Spirit of the Till, calling through the slit in the counter, would command Pugwash to deny her. More: Pugwash never again took a bad shilling. No sooner did he throw the pocket-piece down upon the counter, than the voice from the till would denounce its worthlessness. And the soul of Pugwash never quitted the till. There it lived, feeding upon the colour of money, and capering, and rubbing its small scoundrel hands in glee as the coin dropt—dropt in. In time, the soul of Pugwash grew too big for so small a habitation, and then Pugwash moved his soul into an iron box; and some time after, he sent his soul to his banker's—the thing had waxed so big and strong on gold and silver."

"And so," we observed, "the man flourished, and the conjuror took no wages for all he did to the soul of Pugwash?"

"Hear the end," said the Hermit. "For some time, it was a growing pleasure to Pugwash to look at his soul, busy as it always was with the world-buying metals. At length he grew old—very old; and every day his soul grew uglier. Then he hated to look upon it; and then his soul would come to him, and grin its deformity at him. Pugwash died, almost rich as an Indian king—but he died, shrieking in his madness, to be saved from the terrors of his own soul."

"And such the end," we said; such the Tragedy of the Till. A strange romance."

"Romance," said the Sage of Bellyfulle; "sir, 'tis a story true as life, For at this very moment how many thousands, blind and deaf to the sweet looks and voice of nature, live and die with their Souls in a Till?"

If we may credit what the Prior Botolph has chronicled, a fairer day-dawn never gleamed than that which shone upon the 27th of June, in the year of grace 1241. "You would have thought," exclaims the garrulous old man, "a company of angels had visited the earth by night, and left a softened glory in the air, scattered from the shining wings which bore them on their heavenward flight." Before the stars had well burnt out, or the soft twilight melted imperceptibly away, there went to heaven a soaring throng of laverocks, to greet with happy matin-songs "the goodly, glad, grey morowe." Nor were those swift-winged choristers' the only eyes on which the early sunshine glanced; for when his broad disc loomed above the topmost trees on Widbury Hill, there was as great a stir within the little town of Ware as there was ordinarily wont to be when that bright sun had mounted to the very zenith of his mid-day splendour. From open casements and from many a door occasionally peeped forth the eager eyes of half-clad inmates, curious to note the busy movements of the throng without. Inn-yards were populous with talkative and bragging servitors, as prone to quarrel as the turbulent and lordly men whose badge they wore, and whose indomitable prowess they exalted to the skies. With the sharp clear ringing of the armourer's hammer, and the shrill neighing of the steeds, whose glossy polished coats became a matter of rivalry and pride between contending grooms, were mingled the merry laugh and biting jests of favoured fools, leaning from the open galleries of the inns, and launching the arrows of their wit with indiscriminate aim at those below,—provoking perchance the courtly oath and keen sarcasms of a knot of squires engaged in the selection of lances of the proper length, weight, make and grain; or declaiming "in Cambyses' vein" against the monarch who had prohibited such noble exercises as jousts and tournaments.

Around the rude and uncouth pile, then recently

erected to serve the purpose of a market-house, a crowd of idlers had assembled, and in the midst, a poor Capuchin friar, explaining to the unlettered minds of the surrounding mob the tenor of a proclamation affixed to the pillars of the building, and bearing the signature of Gilbert Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke. That it referred to the approaching tournament, they had already learnt; and that the reader may be as conversant with its contents as they, we here subjoin a faithful copy of the scroll:—

"In honour of our Lord and of his most glorious mother, and of my Lord St. George, I, Gilbert Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, &c. &c., make known to all princes, barons, knights and esquires, without reproach, that for the augmentation and extension of the most noble profession and exercise of arms, my will and intention is, in conjunction with four knights, esquires and gentlemen, of four quarterings, to wit—the Lord Chester, the Lord Albemarle, Brian de L'Isle, and John de Lacy, constable of Chester, to guard and defend a *pass d'armes*, situate near the springs of St. Chad, between the towns of Weare and Hartforde, in the form and manner following:—

"In the first place, two shields (one gules, the other violet) shall be suspended from before the pavilion of his Royal Highness, Richard, Earl of Cornwall; and all those who shall, by a king at arms or pursuivant, touch the first shield, shall be bounden to perform twelve courses on horseback with me, or with one of the aforesaid knights or esquires, with blunted lances. Item, if either of the champions, during their twelve courses, be unhorsed by a direct blow with the lance on his armour, such person thus unhorsed, shall present to his adversary a diamond of whatever value he pleases. Item, the champions may arm themselves, according to their pleasure, double or single, but without any wicked intentions, having their rest similar to the usual custom in war. Item, each person shall make provision of lances, but the roundelle which lies on the hands shall be only four fingers broad, and no more. Item, the lances shall be all of similar length, from the point to the rest.

"Those princes, barons, knights and esquires, of the rank before mentioned, who shall rather take their pleasure in performing feats of arms on foot, shall touch the violet shield, and shall perform fifteen courses with battle axes or swords, as may be most agreeable to them."

[Here followed the articles for the deeds of arms on foot.]

"In order that this my intention of performing these deeds of arms in the manner before specified may be more fully declared, I have affixed my seal to these presents, and signed them with my own hand, this 8th day of June, in the year 1241.

"Item, I beseech all princes, barons, knights and esquires, not to construe this my intention as proceeding from any presumption on my part; for my sole motive is to exalt the noble profession of arms, and to extend the exercise of it: and also to make acquaintance, by arms, with such renowned and valiant princes and nobles as may be pleased to honour me with their company."

Possibly this was the twentieth time this document had been thus publicly expounded, and it is just as possible that in every instance the wonder and conjectures of the simple townsfolk had been elicited anew. Not that such challenges were rare in those days, but the promulgation of this particular one having called forth an angry injunction from the monarch, positively forbidding the holding of the tournament, men's minds were still divided between the hopeful anticipation of the event and their scepticism as to its actual occurrence.

Three successive Earls of Pembroke (the sons of one sire) had Henry the Third recklessly insulted and impoliticly alienated from the royal cause. William (the husband of his sister Eleanor), the monarch had incensed by endeavouring to wrest from him the castles of Cardigan and Caermarthen; Richard, he had offended by ejecting Sir W. Rodune (the Earl's especial favourite) from the honourable post he held in the household; and the repulsive and extraordinary indignities to which Gilbert had been subjected, on his first presentation at court, compelled that nobleman to maintain and perpetuate the family feud transmitted to him by his elder brothers. Such is a brief outline of the position of affairs at the time of which we write; and while Henry, in the exercise of his regal authority, was fulminating stringent decrees, various of the barons, conscious of their own might and independence of the crown, were treating them with the most cool contempt, and proving the utter impotence of all such edicts by acting in open defiance of them, sanctioned and supported by the countenance and the pecuniary aid of the sovereign's own brother.

But there is no checking time's career, however we may check the current of our story. As the morning wore on, the bustle and the throng increased. Upland villages, and even towns comparatively remote, poured out their tributary streams of matrons and maidens, gentle and simple, bond and free, to swell the augmenting torrent so strongly setting in towards the scene of tourney; and long before the hour of noon no inconsiderable multitude had congregated on the spot; while the gentle slope stretching between the road to Hartforde and the springs of St. Chad, was darkened by a dense and motley mass of boors and burghers, clad in a garb but rarely donned, except on Sundays, and on the anniversaries of the feasts and festivals of the church.

And now—reverting to the opposite hill—there issued from the hunting lodge of Pembroke, and from the little encampment temporarily formed upon the margin of the wilderness encircling it, a long array of nobles, squires and henchmen, who took their way adown the stately avenue which flung its mass of shadow on their glittering ranks, and softened and obscured the dazzling sheen of sunbright armour, and the brilliant emblazonry of gilded banners and embroidered mantles. Foremost among the group came Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and side by side with him were Pembroke, Albemarle and Chester. Then came a swarthy Templar from the adjacent vill of Bengeo, and on either hand the Prior of the Benedictines, and the Superior of the Lady Quincy's newly founded Priory, followed by Brian de L'Isle, De Lacy, and the young De Quincy; and in their rear a troop of body squires, with the lances, helms, and shields of the respective knights to whom they were attached. To swell their retinue, and add to the imposing character of the day's proceedings, each challenger had brought with him his marshal, treasurer, herald, pursuivant, page, and bannerol; and when to these are added the customary appendages of gleemen, trumpeters and gestours, together with some

few followers whose duties and position it were difficult accurately to define, it will be seen that rank and numbers both conspired to lend to this processional company all the adventitious aids they could bestow.

And so they wended on their way, with the sunshine sometimes glimmering in golden drops upon their horses' costly panoplies, or flashing at intervals in glittering sparkles upon their own polished coats of mail. Emerging from the avenue, they descended through a narrow copse engirdling the park, and, halting at the gate, the horsemen were once more marshalled in the marching order which they had broken while traversing the woody belt to which we have but just adverted.

As the gate swung open to admit the egress of the numerous throng, an aged and decrepit woman, wrinkled and withered, rose on a sudden from a wayside stone on which she had been seated, and with imploring gestures craved an alms. Startled at an apparition so unexpected, the horse on which the Earl of Pembroke rode, swerved suddenly aside, and its impetuous rider vented his displeasure on the aged crone in warm and bitter terms.

"Ho!" screamed the withered woman, spreading her bare and bony arms abroad, her sunken eyes glowing the while like bale-fires, and her gaunt and shrunken figure appearing to dilate until it seemed gigantic—"Ho! good my lord—ride on—ride on,—but I rede you ware the evil brute that bears you, sith it may hap your pillow will be ower cold to-night, nathless God's saints and holy ones will keep a patient watch above it." And with a muttered malison the woman strode away.

"What said the crooning beldam?" asked Pembroke of the nearest knight.

"I'faith I know not rightly," was the reply; "somewhat of saints and holy ones, vigils, and such like talk, which were better left" (he added, glancing covertly at the reverend churchmen) "to Father Anselm here, or his reverence the Prior."

The answer elicited no comment, but simultaneously setting spurs to their impatient steeds, in a few moments the party had reached the river side. A temporary bridge had been thrown across the Lea, to obviate the long *détour* which must have otherwise been made; and crossing this, the cavalcade advanced towards the lists.

A flourish of trumpets and a burst of acclamation welcomed their approach, while the Earl of Pembroke, reining in his horse, paused for a while and regarded with complacency the evidences everywhere apparent of the strict obedience paid to his behests in all the arrangements and preparations for the tourney. Along the whole north side of the enclosed space a gallery had been erected, enriched with sumptuous hangings and military trophies, for the reception of the Earl of Cornwall and the ladye visitors: a vari-coloured awning projected from the front to mitigate the heat and radiance of the dazzling sunshine, and from before the central throne were suspended two broad shields—the crimson and the violet, alluded to in the challenge. At either extremity of the parade—east and west—were reared the several pavilions of the challengers and their respondents, the blazon of their arms floating above the roof, and a smaller pennon twining its idle folds around the flag-staff raised immediately before the entrance of each of them. Southward arose the gentle eminence we previously described, thronged with a host of anxious, restless spectators; and over all there shone the bright and cloudless summer sky; and far and wide outspread the green champaign, with here and there a glistening armlet of the river; and, embracing all, arose the gently undulating hills, crowned with tall forest trees, in the glory and exuberance of their summer foliage.

Dismounting from their horses, the combatants directed their footsteps individually towards their respective tents, having first escorted Cornwall to the elevated throne appropriated for his exclusive use, and at the same time paid their dutiful *devoirs* to the bevy of fair dames who sat in the adjacent galleries. In the meanwhile, the grooms and pages of the several knights were busily engaged in re-adjusting the polished headgear and splendid housings of the chafing chargers, the esquires chaffering with the heralds as to the amount of nail-money and other perquisites to which the latter were entitled, while the kings-at-arms prepared to make the customary exhibition of the banners, previous to the commencement of the tournament.

Then, when the *largesse* shout had lustily been raised, and liberally met, the heralds in their glittering tabards, at a given signal from the Earl, advanced: and, as the echoes of the brazen trumpets died away, sent up the stirring cry—"*à l'aschevier, chevaliers! à l'aschevier!*"

There was a pause, and then rang through the air the last appeal, still louder than before—"*Hors, chevaliers! hors, hors, chevaliers!*"

In a moment every challenger's hand was on his horse's glossy mane, and vaulting into their saddles with the facility and speed of unarmed men, all sat motionless as statues. From the opposite parade advanced the Templar, the young De Quincy and Sir Robert de Say: and, lowering their lances as they neared the place where Cornwall sat, they lightly struck the crimson shield, proceeding thence to touch the targets of Chester, Albemarle, and Brian de L'Isle, and leisurely returned to their parade.

There was another pause, and cheerily rung out the trumpet-blast once more, while every horse sprung fleetly forward, obedient to the spur. The eyes of all were bent upon the combatants, and every movement, both of horse and horseman, watched with narrow scrutiny. Lord Chester's lance, although well aimed, glanced lightly off the Templar's helmet, his own shield receiving the shock of his opponent's spear—ineffectively, however, for the Earl sat firmly in his saddle, and both continued their career. Concurrently with these, the Earl of Albemarle and the young De Quincy closed; nor could a greater contrast have been found than that presented by the firm and compact figure of the veteran Earl, as compared with the slender and almost effeminately delicate proportions of the youthful knight. Howbeit, the youth evinced a skill and judgment in the management of horse and lance which more than countervailed the strength and weight of his antagonist; but fortune was unpropitious, and the ill-timed fracture of a stirrup at the moment of the *mêlée*, precipitated him to the earth with such force that blood gushed from his nostrils, and he was conveyed forthwith to his pavilion. Sir Robert de Say and Sir Brian de L'Isle engaged with equal fortune; the lacings of Sir Robert's helmet snapped suddenly in twain, and his own lance bore dexterously away the gilded crest and gaudy plume of Brian de L'Isle.

In the second course, De Lacy supplied the place

of the unhorsed knight, and bore himself so stoutly in in the encounter, that the Earl of Albemarle reeled backward in his saddle, and could with difficulty regain his seat. On the part of the Templar and the Earl of Chester the shock was not less fierce, and fire sparkled from their helmets as their blunted spears clashed loudly on the ringing metal.

It was amusing all this time to note the mien and gestures, and to listen to the ever varying exclamations of the multitudinous assemblage—spectators of the scene:—how some would strain their eager eyes, and sit with open-mouthed suspense, until their favourite champion's good or ill success was known; how others would vent their reproaches upon the horse—the lance—the uneven sword, or on any cause conceived, though ever so remotely, to bear upon the disaster or defeat of the combatant whose individual interests caprice or circumstance had induced them to espouse;—how others—rubicund, comely-visaged fellows, with whom enjoyment was the Alpha and the Omega of their existence—chuckled and joked, and quaffed and ate, and prodigally spent their humour on their neighbours, bestowing far less heed upon the combatants within, than on the goodly company without the lists;—how fools jingled their bells, and rolled their merry eyes, and wagged their heads, and lolled their tongues, and grew most bitter in their wit—affirming that a jester's cap covered not half the folly which lurked beneath a metal morion:—how some grave elders protested it was wicked sport—disloyal sport—perilous and graceless pastime; and yet—and yet they came in very charity, to bear their kinsmen company, to see a course and then return, protesting ever and abiding ever, and tarrying even to its termination;—and how, in fine, the curious eye might read upon the countenances and in the attitudes of all that mixed assemblage, the diverse passions and the motley feelings which animate mankind at large.

Hitherto the chief challenger had sat idly on his horse, watching the sport, in which, from want of a respondent, he was precluded from participating; but Sir Brian de L'Isle receding from the list of combatants, Sir Robert de Say approached the Earl of Pembroke's pavilion, and intimated his desire to tilt with him, after the customary form. Curiosity to witness the encounter of two knights whose skill and prowess were the theme of every tongue, held the other combatants aloof: nor did that curiosity fail to communicate itself to the fair and noble spectators in the gallery, as well as to the commonalty on the grassy knoll without.

Some time was spent in the assay of lances, each knight scanning, with a critic's eye, the grain and fabric of those submitted to his choice. This preliminary ended, the trumpets sounded to the charge, and each, with lance in rest, plumes streaming in the wind, and vizor down, met at full gallop in the mid-parade. The very horses seemed imbued with their riders' fiery and indomitable spirit, scattering the turf at every bound, and dashing forward with a lightning speed. The meeting was terrific;—both fairly staggered in their saddles, and the spears of both shivered in their grasp, flying all abroad, and raining on the sodden sward a perfect shower of splinters.

Fresh lances gained, a second charge was sounded, and the conbatants met once more, but with a widely differing success. A lance-thrust on the helm of stout De Say bore him headlong to the ground, and for many paces—one foot still entangled in the stirrup-iron—his battered head was trailing at his horse's heels; and when the ready aid of the attendant heralds extricated him from such a perilous position, they found him speechless—his head-piece shattered, his lips all foam, his forehead gory, and his limbs so bruised and injured that he never afterwards recovered—and before the autumn waned, his noble soul had quitted its desolated tenement.

But disasters such as these were too frequent at the time, and on occasions similar to those of which we treat, to merit or receive much comment: and accordingly the Earl of Pembroke, after making such inquiries and giving such directions as were required in the emergency, returned to his parade to await the challenge of another comer.

The opposing knights glanced at each other with inquiring eyes, and none seemed willing to engage; until at length the Templar, to maintain the honour of his order, boldly gave the challenge; and issuing from their respective parades, the stalwart soldier of the cross and the sinewy Earl Mareschal met. Twice—thrice, did they encounter, and still the aim of each was dexterously foiled by the ingenious manœuvring of the other. They met a fourth time, and fate decreed that *that* encounter should be final. As the Earl reined in his steaming charger, preparatory to aiming at his opponent's helm, his bridle snapped, and the horse, which had been bearing fiercely on his bit, fell instantaneously with crushing force, rolling, in his endeavours to regain his footing, on the heavily armed body of the prostrate Earl. The crash of armour and of mangled limbs, blended with the groans of the miserable sufferer, too surely indicated the consequences and awful character of the catastrophe. All was thenceforth confusion, and the lists were thronged with knights and nobles, with humbler spectators of the scene, and even with timid women; who, forgetful of every minor fear, mingled with horse and foot, and risked the trampling of the startled chargers and the unceremonious pressure of the accumulating crowd, to learn the extent of the calamity, and mitigate, if possible, the sufferings of the ill-fated nobleman.

Commands were issued hastily to fold the banners, as an intimation that the tournament was to be considered at an end; and tended by the Royal Earl, the victim of his own appointed sport was gently borne to his pavilion. Leeches were summoned by express from the adjoining towns, and by his couch stood both of the ecclesiastical dignitaries before alluded to. But human aid was all in vain. Through two long hours of mortal agony he lingered, writhing with pain, and even piteously imploring those around not to withhold from him the means of instant death: and then his talk grew incoherent, and then he muttered somewhat of the king, and of his own deceased brothers; and then his grasp upon the Earl of Cornwall's hand relaxed; and then he made an ineffectual effort to arise, and feebly waved his hand, and breathed some inarticulate sounds—and then—he died!

* * * * *

So they bore his body to St. Mary's, in the solemn twilight, a mute and mournful cavalcade, the purple light of evening settling strangely on the blanched and rigid features of the dead, filling the holy pile with a shadowy and mysterious atmosphere, and imparting to its distant dim recesses an obscurity and depth of shadow that awed and yet was beautiful. They

laid him in the little chapel of the Virgin-Mother, southward of the choir, there to rest, watched by the brethren of the Priory, until his noble kindred should be apprised of his decease, and determine on his sepulture. Shield and helm, lance and sword, banner and breastplate, spurs and gauntlets—all these they laid hard by, and on his stiffening limbs they cast a mantle that was rich with gorgeous heraldic emblazonry. As twilight waned, arose the requiem, and through the watches of the night prayers were offered and masses sung for the repose of the soul of the departed Earl. And solemn were the echoes which their mingled voices perpetually awakened within that isolated corner of the reverend fane, and strangely glared the lurid flickering torch-light upon the pillars, walls, and pictured ceiling of that little chapel.

"The pictured ceiling," said we. Aye, and there was one poor faithful page among the watchers, who fixed his gaze so long and earnestly upon the saintly figures limned thereon, that at length an ancient father questioned the youth, seeking to learn the cause of such a trance-like gaze. He answered him with startling energy—"*Now* do I perceive how truly spake that old weird woman! My lord's pillow—is it not cold indeed? and,"—glancing upwards at the storied roof,—"do not the saints and holy men keep silent watch above him in his last long sleep?"

J. S.

THE PILGRIM HARPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

The night was cold and dreary—no star was in the sky,
When, travel-tired and weary, the harper raised his cry;
He raised his cry without the gate, his night's repose to win,
And plaintive was the voice that cried, "Ah, won't you let me in?"

The portal soon was open'd, for in the land of song
The minstrel at the outer gate yet never linger'd long,
And inner doors were seldom closed 'gainst wand'rers such as he,
For locks or hearts to open soon, sweet music is the key.

But if gates are ope'd by melody, so grief can close them fast,
And sorrow o'er that once bright hall its silent spell had cast;
All undisturb'd the spider there his web might safely spin,
For many a day, no festive lay—no harper was let in.

But when this harper enter'd, and said he came from far,
And bore with him from Palestine the tidings of the war,
And he could tell of all who fell, or glory there did win,
The warder knew his noble dame would let *that* harper in.

They led him to the bower—the lady knelt in prayer;
The harper raised a well-known lay upon the turret stair;
The door was ope'd with hasty hand,—true love its meed did win,
For the lady saw her own true knight, when that harper was let in!

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

BY LIBRA.

Among the various questions which arise in the course of conversation, one of very frequent occurrence is, the meaning of the word "Gentleman." The success of the inquiry, we have observed, is in general exactly correspondent to that of Bardolph's celebrated attempt at the definition of "accommodated." A gentleman: that is, when a man is, as they say—a gentleman; or when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be a gentleman, which is an excellent thing. Yet, surely, the problem is susceptible of a somewhat more satisfactory solution; let us try if we can work it out.

Whatever difficulties may beset the abstract definition of the term, gentleman, and however, consequently, its practical application may be varied, still there are certain persons whose claim to the title is acknowledged by everybody. All, without hesitation, will agree that a man of good parentage, independent fortune, upright, generous, and honourable character, agreeable manners, and withal well dressed, is a gentleman. There is no doubt, therefore, that the elements of birth, wealth, integrity, liberality, honour, politeness, and good clothes, combined, constitute gentility; but the question is, how many of them are essential to it?—and on this point men's sentiments vary. Some consider the being well born alone sufficient to make a man a gentleman.

Dr. Johnson defines a gentleman to be a man of birth; and this is clearly the etymological sense of the word. The Latin equivalent to it is *generosus*, literally, born of a noble race. It is common to use "generous" and "gentle," as applied to ancestry and blood, synonymously; and like *gens* and *genus*, from which they are respectively derived, they are kindred terms. The celebrated but anonymous bard, who sang—

"Of a noble race was Shenkin;"

meant to express that Shenkin, or Jenkins, to use the modernised form of the patronymic, was a gentleman. So far, so good; but here arises a question: who, of a given family, was the first gentleman? Admit that Shenkin or Jenkins, for instance, was a gentleman born, as was also his father before him, his grandfather, and his great grandfather; at what period was gentility developed in the Jenkins's blood? At each ascent in the pedigree this question recurs, till at last we arrive at a point which suggests another, namely—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was *then* a gentleman?"

Well! suppose this answered; suppose we fairly take the bull by the horns, and say that Adam, as the fullest type of humanity, included in his person all its perfections—gentility of course among the rest; still can Jenkins make out any other descent from Adam than what will presumptively be conceded to Stubbs or Snooks? Where are we to draw the line? Jenkins will tell us—he will have us stop at some distinguished ancestor—say Caractacus, or, if you will, Caractacus's great great grandfather—in other words, he will refer us to the founder of his race. Now that personage, in order to have been capable of transmitting gentility, must have been a gentleman himself. His origin, however, was doubtful—he might, for aught Jenkins knows, have been the son of a swineherd. How then was he a gentleman? Jenkins will say, by behaving as such. He usurped such and such a crown, or slew so many men with his own hand. No matter whether these are the acts of a gentleman or not; let us allow the plea of Jenkins for the nonce. We thus have the principle admitted, that it is not necessary to be well descended to be a gentleman;—that a man may acquire a claim to that title in virtue of his nature and qualities, as evinced by his deeds and conduct. What, then, becomes of the etymology of the term? How can we define a gentleman to be a man of birth?

The fact is simply this—as a general rule, qualities are inherited:—

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis:
Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus: nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam."

So sang Horace; so Earl Spencer will tell us; and every jockey and pigeon-fancier in the kingdom will say the same thing. The presumption, therefore, is, that a man of good birth is the heir of his parents' virtues. The application of the name of gentleman to such a man implies that presumption, but no more; and a person of obscure birth, but endowed with those qualities which are supposed to be annexed to gentle blood, is entitled a gentleman from possessing a gentleman's nature. What that nature is,—that is to say, what constitutes a gentleman,—we shall perhaps see presently. In the mean time we will just observe, in practical illustration of the difference between the etymological and real meaning of a word, that swindling, cheating at cards, defrauding tradesmen, seduction, and other villanies, besides coarse habits, and consorting with blacklegs and prize-fighters, are among the occasional phenomena of aristocratic life; and that they who do such things are not generally, however good their connections may be, considered as gentlemen.

How far does wealth confer a title to gentility? Were every man a lexicographer, we should find, in many a dictionary, "gentleman, a man who is well off." Those who take this view of a gentleman are by no means unanimous as to the amount of property qualification necessary to constitute one. Some think the ability to keep a horse and gig sufficient; and some, indeed, the keeping the horse and gig, without reference to the ability. Others consider a carriage indispensable; and others, again, though they do not go quite so far as this, believe that every one who keeps a carriage must be a gentleman. Such people are in the habit of using the phrase "carriage company," as synonymous with the company of gentlemen. And a great many, who would not exactly assert that money alone makes the gentleman, yet consider, that to be entitled to that appellation, it is necessary to

have at least a sufficient income to live comfortably and keep up a certain appearance. Yet the phrase, "a poor gentleman," is common enough; and none, we suppose, of these persons would deny the Duke of Sutherland to be a gentleman, even if he were reduced to the workhouse. Moreover, the general opinion on the whole is, that is quite possible to be very rich and at the same time exceedingly vulgar; and that it is impossible to be a vulgar gentleman. Not every retired sugar baker or affluent cheesemonger—not every *millionaire* of a stock-jobber—is reputed a gentleman. Not a baptism in Pactolus would make a gentleman of every bill-discounting Jew.

Are integrity, generosity, and honour, then, the essentials of a gentleman? It is pretty certain that their opposites constitute a blackguard: but the latter is not the only character antithetical to the former—"gentleman" is opposed not only to "blackguard," but to "snob." A man may be scrupulously just in his dealings, bountiful to prodigality, and honourable to excess; but his manners may be inelegant, repulsive, or coarse; and he may talk bad English. An individual with a mind regulated by the best of principles may feed himself with his knife, sit with his back to a lady, talk with his mouth full, or dine with unwashed hands. His conversation may be couched in the cant terms of his trade, or other slang; he may call the weather "superior," or recommend a dish as a "good article," and speak of a collection of pictures or objects of art as an "assortment." He may talk of a clergyman's or a soldier's "line"—meaning their professions; and may designate them as military or reverend "gents," and himself and his acquaintance as "gents," too,—herein, by the by, speaking with some correctness; for a "gent" is very different from a gentleman. Further, he may be addicted to slip-slop, and guilty of mutilating her majesty's vernacular; he may confound *v* with *w*, and omit or abuse his aspirates. Now, few, we apprehend, would admit such a person to be a gentleman; except those who resemble him themselves.

To what extent is politeness the criterion of a gentleman? To this—that a polite person is always called a gentlemanlike man; that is, a man resembling a gentleman. Polite manners are the manners of a gentleman—one cannot, therefore, be a gentleman without being polite; but one may be polite without being a gentleman. A man may in the politest way possible tell a downright lie, request a loan which he never means to return, or order goods that he does not intend to pay for. He may pay very polite, and at the same time very dishonourable, attentions to his friend's wife. He may be profligate, selfish, unprincipled, mean; and a very Chesterfield as well. In short, he may be a perfectly gentlemanlike or polite scoundrel—but a scoundrel, certainly, cannot be a gentleman.

What has been said of politeness applies nearly to dress also; but with this difference, that whereas politeness is indispensable to a gentleman, fashionable clothes are not. A gentleman may invest himself in a smock frock or a leather apron, without divesting himself of his gentility. We have seen gentlemen with very threadbare coats. King Alfred was certainly a gentleman, and King Charles the Second was thought to be one: yet, while these sovereigns were in hiding, their apparel was none of the finest, but this circumstance was considered no disparagement to them. Nevertheless, the "dress of a gentleman" is a current phrase; and no doubt a gentleman is supposed to dress well—with just this qualification—if he can.

It is now, we apprehend, apparent, that of the several items which go, according to popular notions, to the formation of a gentleman, the essential are uprightness, generosity, politeness, and refinement conjoined; a deficiency in any one of them being incompatible with the character so denominated. It will further appear that, though a gentleman is not made by his tailor, his costume must yet be characterized by a certain propriety.

Now, is there no one principle which connects these several requisites, and of which they are all so many modifications? To our thinking there is—the principle, namely, which is the basis of all morality—Benevolence. It is benevolence under the guidance of refinement, manifesting itself even in those minute particulars which are included under conversation, demeanour, and personal appearance. A gentleman is one whose most trifling, no less than his more important, actions are determined, successfully, by a wish to give legitimate pleasure. This must not be confounded with the mere desire to please; for that alone might dictate obsequiousness, servility, flattery, falsehood, and much besides that is bad. A true gentleman cultivates good manners, because they render him agreeable, and for the same reason he dresses properly. His remarks and his arguments are regulated by the same principle; he will not knowingly so express himself as to hurt any one's feelings; and he endeavours, in stating his own opinions, to avoid wounding the just self-esteem of those from whom he differs. He is careful, therefore, if engaged in a controversy, not only not to impugn the veracity, or to insult the understanding, of his opponent, but also not to impute unworthy motives to him; to assail him with sarcasm or ridicule; to dogmatise, or to contradict offensively: with the same view he allows no gross or vulgar saying or observation to escape his lips. His courtesy towards ladies (which is one of the most certain indications of a gentleman) is prompted by the desire to gratify; and his attentions to them are dictated by a refined perception of their tastes and feelings. The accomplishments which characterize what is called the finished gentleman, are so many means of giving pleasure, and are acquired with that object; and this, too, determines the very expression of his countenance; so that to tell whether a man is a gentleman or not, it is often sufficient to look in his face. It modifies also the tone of his voice; and we recognise a gentlemanly accent involuntarily.

We believe that the truth of our notions as to what constitutes a gentleman, is confirmed even by the popular mistakes made on that subject. You give a cabman more than his fare, and he tells you, "Sir, you are a gentleman." You have pleased him. In like manner, servants are apt to estimate the gentility of the visitors at their masters' houses, by the amount of the douceurs which they receive from them. It must be observed, however, that affability of tone and manner, in addressing servants, is by no means without an effect on their judgment on this point; and no real gentleman or lady ever addresses a domestic without that degree of respect which is the due of all humanity.

In the minds of ordinary people, wealth and station

of life are included, somehow, in the notion of a gentleman; indeed, not a few seem to regard the having plenty of money and nothing to do as the chief characteristic of one: an exception is made in favour of the liberal professions and that of arms; but it is customary to make a distinction between a gentleman and a tradesman or mechanic, as though certain occupations were incompatible with gentility. These fallacies, like most others, are founded on truth. Affluence, a liberal education, good society, and leisure, afford means and time for the cultivation of manners; so that the rich, the well informed, and the well connected, have a better chance, *cæteris paribus*, than others of becoming gentlemen, and accordingly more frequently become so. Independence, too, is the parent of ease; ease, of grace. Trade is beset with peculiar temptations to meanness, and a dependent position predisposes to servility.

George the Fourth, as everybody knows, was reputed the first gentleman of Europe. The strong resemblance between the portraits of his late majesty and the dummies in the barbers' shop windows, to say nothing of graver objections, renders his title to the distinction somewhat questionable. His reign was not exactly the era of good taste; and we imagine that he must have enacted the regal character with something like the dignity of Liston. To us he appears to have been the burlesque of a gentleman: but the vulgar are apt to mistake pomposity for grandeur; and his manner, whatever it was, pleased them. He succeeded, whether legitimately or not, no matter, in acting the gentleman; and farcical as the performance may have been, his success is a corroboration of our theory.

The true answer, then, to the question, "Who is a Gentleman?" is, simply, "A gentle man;" the word "gentle" being taken in its ordinary, not its derivative acceptation; and, in our judgment, the golden rule of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us, carried out in its fullest extent, constitutes the true Gentleman.

THE BOAT OF SIMON PETER.*

FROM THE SPANISH.

Simon Peter had a boat,
Such as fisherman should claim,
And as a simple fisher-boat,
To his sons he left the same.

But they fished successfully,
And such store of doubloons won,
That they held it a disgrace
Not a larger bark to own.

The boat a zebec soon became,
Then into a frigate past,
Then into a ship of war,
Frightening with its cannons' blast.

At last broken and destroy'd
By the storms it had passed through,
Rotting it remains in port,
That is all it seemeth now.

A thousand times it hath been botched:
But 'twould be a thing of note
To break it up, and be content
To build another Simon's Boat.

LA BARCA DE SIMON.

Tubo Simon una barca
No mas que de pescador,
Y no mas que como barca
A sus hijos la dejo.

Mas ellos tanta pescaron,
E hicieron tanto doblon,
Que ya tubieron a menos,
No mandar buque mayor.

La barca paso á jabecque,
Luego à fragata pasó
Luego á navio de guerra,
Y asustó con su canon.

Al fin roto y destruido,
De tormentas que sufrio,
Se esta pudriendo en el puerto,
Lo que va de ayer a hoy.

Mil veces le han carenado,
Y al cabo sera mejor,
Desecharle y contentarnos
Con la barca de Simon.

* In Spain, the "Boat of Simon Peter" is synonymous with the Papal Church.

THE ORPHAN MILLINERS.

A STORY OF THE WEST END.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!"—Hood.

There is a certain spot in one of the midland counties, which, for the sake of preserving its incognito, I will call Willow-dale. It is really but three or four miles from a market town, yet lying away from the high road, and being still further removed from any railroad, it is about as secluded a place as the imagination can picture. Yet beautiful exceedingly is its rich meadow land; and pleasant to view the varied beauty of its flowering, fruitful orchards; and pure the health-giving breezes that come from the neighbouring hills. Above all, to my heart has it the exquisite charm of silence,—that profound silence which is felt as a delicious sensation! The few cottages which are scattered over about a quarter of a mile of the Dale, are called—by the dwellers therein—a village; though by malicious detractors they have been said to comprise only—a hamlet. Narrow the distinction, I grant; but measure two little persons together, and see if they do not stand upright, to say nothing of getting on tiptoe if they dare.

In one of the prettiest of these cottages lived for some years a widow and her two daughters. A small life annuity secured to Mrs. Sandford, was their only dependence; and Willow-dale had been chosen as a residence, because house rent was low, and the little income would go farther in such a neighbourhood than elsewhere. It does not seem to have occurred to the mother, that it was possible to *add* to their narrow means by any exertions of her own, and so provide against casualties. No; she was one of those characters in whom feminine softness borders very decidedly on feminine weakness. Of placid, unaspiring temper, she thought little of the future, and was easily contented with the present. The little she did think

for the future was, that of course her daughters would marry, and thus be provided for, and protected. Too many mothers, who think little, think thus; and so neglect to cherish in those they love a spirit of self-reliance, or to place within their reach the means of self-dependence. Woe to the helpless in this struggling world!

The even thread of poor Mrs. Sandford's life was snapped suddenly at last. She was under fifty, and a week before her death had appeared in as robust health as ever. I wonder how many hundred evenings she had sat in the garden long after the heavy dew had risen; and yet at last to take cold that fine autumn night! To be sure, she was rather stout and plethoric, as became so "easy" a character,—and we know inflammation of the lungs sometimes goes hard with such persons. Mrs. Sandford dead! It came as a severe shock to all the kind-hearted neighbours, who crowded the pretty little cottage, as they eagerly pressed forward with offers of assistance. The medical man who had been called in—a new comer to the neighbourhood—looked sad and sympathising as he pressed the hands of the bereaved and weeping girls. "It was a most distressing case—so very sudden—pity he had not been called in earlier," &c. &c. Well, he did not take the second fee Henrietta offered him, but put it back, and closed his own over her little hand, with a "No, no!—God bless you, my poor child." There was really a heart in his breast, beneath that rusty black waistcoat and snuff-besmeared frill.

The funeral was over, with its dull formalities, that seem so cold and are so heart-rending. Henrietta—or Etty, as she was generally called—was nineteen, and Annie five years her junior. Of course responsibility devolved on the elder sister—though, if in the multitude of counsellors there is always wisdom, they must have been sagely advised. Every member of the little community of Willow-dale was a friend—though, alas! with very limited power. The *catalogue raisonnée* of these might be as follows:—Two elderly maiden sisters, who had lived in the county nearly all their lives—who had once seen the sea, but would have thought crossing it a tempting of Providence; the widow of an army surgeon, who knew, as one would judge from her lively reminiscences, a good deal of Indian life, but of no other; a half-pay captain, with health impaired, and carrying a bullet he received in "the Peninsula." But enough,—the list would be tedious, and would wear a strong family likeness. Much goodness of heart was there in the little band; but a small, very small share of that practical knowledge of the world, which would have been highly valuable in directing the desolate orphans. However, in one opinion they were unanimous, namely, that Henrietta should write to a wealthy cousin in the North—the only relative she could claim,—and ask his advice and assistance. He expressed much regret at their bereavement, and enclosed a trifling present to assist in the purchase of mourning,—expressing a wish to be informed if Henrietta's acquirements were of a sort to qualify her for a governess. Timid and humble, she had no hesitation in answering "No,"—and she was right; for though she loved reading, and had an active inquiring intellect, little food for the mind had been placed within her reach; and Mrs. Sandford's easy disposition had contented itself with imparting to her children the few "acquirements" she herself possessed. The wealthy relative then proposed that the girls should be apprenticed to a London dressmaker,—kindly considering it would be a satisfaction not to separate them, and generously offering to provide the requisite money.

The girls, though hardly yet recovered from the shock of their mother's death, still entered into the project with much of the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth: nor was there anything in the manner and opinions of their surrounding friends to chill their hopes of happiness and independence. The widow of the army surgeon very well remembered that a milliner in Calcutta had returned "home," after five years of business, with a handsome fortune. The old maids were sure dressmakers must grow rich, they charged so enormously; and what was rather more to the present purpose, some one else knew somebody whose wife's sister-in-law's second cousin actually was a milliner in London, and who became a person of considerable importance, on volunteering to make inquiries, and procure an introduction in that quarter. But I must hurry over the progress and detail of preparation. It is enough that inquiries were made and arrangements completed; and a letter, the joint production of the sisters, was written to their rich relation, whom they had never seen, and towards whom, notwithstanding his kindness, they felt a mysterious awe mingle with their gratitude. Mrs. Sandford was not a person to have saved any thing from her little income; quite the contrary—she was rather "behind-hand;" so that when the furniture of the cottage was sold to pay rent, and trifling debts, and travelling expenses were calculated, Henrietta found she would have about five pounds, with which to begin the world. Yet if good will, and, in many instances, some self-sacrifice, were taken into account, the poor orphans were very rich in keepsakes and parting offerings, presented to them by the Willow-dale community.

They were to reside in the establishment of Madame Dobière; such an arrangement having been taken into account in the premium paid. It was night when, after a wearying journey, they arrived at the mansion in ———— Street, Hanover Square, which was to be henceforth their home. They were almost awed at its grandeur, the brilliantly lit show-room, and the noble entrance; but something the opposite of this was felt when they were ushered, after a frugal meal, into the dingy, cold, uncomfortable garret, crowded with beds, not destined to be pressed, for hours to come, by the toil-worn band our orphans were about to join. Poor girls! had they been less ignorant of the world and its ways, that night would have been yet more sorrowful than it proved. The morsel of candle with which they had been entrusted warned them to hurry their unpacking; but it was a moonlight night, and long after they had wept in each other's arms—they scarcely knew why—and endeavoured to sleep, the bright light which streamed through the curtainless windows, seemed to come as if with a message to keep them from repose. That very moonlight, which had for so many years fallen on their neat white bed, casting in the summer, when they needed no other curtain, the quivering shadow of a trained laburnum!

Annie was the first to sleep; but after the clocks from the neighbouring steeples had tolled one, the door was opened, and Henrietta saw a pale thin girl

of twenty enter. There was nothing remarkable in her appearance; there are hundreds such rise and toil every day, and wither and die every year, in the great metropolis. She attempted to undress, but sleep overpowered her, and she threw herself on a bed without even removing her gown. Again the church clocks struck, telling that another hour belonged to the past. Soon afterwards two apprentices were heard upon the creaking stairs; and when they had entered, and Henrietta had had time to notice them, she felt surprised that they, up an hour later, were evidently less fatigued than their companion; but the mystery was soon solved.

"Poor Bessy!" said one, alluding to the girl who lay dressed upon the bed; "two nights has she been up: I thought she would have fallen asleep over that fancy ball dress. Well, I suppose our turn will come before the week is out; for though it is not the season, and I call it a shame to have such 'long hours,' *she* won't have 'day hands' for this country order, so what is to be done?"

"Oh, don't talk," said the other; "I am so tired, and my eyes so prickle, let us get to bed when we can."

And to bed they hurried, without bending the knee to One. Let us hope that some murmured prayer to guide and bless, mounted to His throne!

From sheer bodily weariness Henrietta Sandford fell asleep before three other occupants of that gloomy attic entered singly and softly.

Madame Dobière piqued herself on the method of her irregularities. Indeed, she talked about it as if it were a system for the strict performance of the cardinal virtues. From frequently hearing the same precepts inculcated, it is possible that the more impressible minds among her young workwomen half believed that they were in one of the best conducted establishments in London. Madame was a little sharp-featured woman of forty, who usually dressed in black silk, or brown merino, without tuck or trimming; because ladies do not like to see their milliners themselves adopt the mode they recommend. But on Sundays, and on the frequent holidays she gave herself—why Cinderella's fairy change could not have been more striking than hers. It was even said she had *once been found out*, in borrowing from her show-room a bonnet destined for a countess. Yet I am afraid she would have been shocked at the mere accusation, for Madame Dobière stickled much for propriety. For instance, she would not suffer a brother to visit one of her resident apprentices—it was not proper where there were so many young women, whom she felt herself bound to protect; but at midnight, her "day hands" might traverse the streets alone on their way to their wretched lodgings! Madame Dobière was also one of that class, who, like the monkey in the fable, always find a "paw" to win for them the object of their desires. She could not have cut out and fitted a dress herself, if she might have had a hundred dresses to have made for the doing it. But to hear her angry blame at failure, and matter-of-course treatment of success in others, who could ever have guessed her own inability to excel? Not at first any of those by whom she was surrounded; for the corps of dressmakers is commonly recruited from unsophisticated country girls. And thus would she harangue on the subject of her admirable arrangements—how "in the season she had so many extra hands, that few were kept up more than one night a week,—how at other times of the year, they often worked only twelve hours a day—though, of course, they must take their chance, if work should come in. After all, what was a night's rest to a young person—she should not care for it a bit, were it not that her mind required repose—she worked harder than they—the whole weight of the business was on her;" and then she would wind up with a sigh, or throw herself back in her chair apparently exhausted. In conclusion, Mr. Dobière (his real name was Dobs; but Madame, having travelled as lady's maid in her youth, and having thus picked up a few French phrases, thought it expedient to Frenchify that plebeian monosyllable,) was a peaceable individual, whose occupation, whatever it was, called him "into the City" every morning. He was punctual as clock-work—always returning at six; when, if he did not take Madame to the play, and they had not a few friends to drink tea, or had not some such engagement, he usually assisted his wife in arranging her accounts.

Who, then, did manage the business of this pleasure-loving lady? Her factotum—a woman who received a high salary, for which she certainly worked indefatigably. But Miss Smith was a greater tyrant than Madame; and was one of those hard, passionless, yet scolding women, who receive unanimously the title of shrews. To *this* had she been moulded by the ordeal passed by a milliner's apprentice. Yet as heat, which hardens one substance, may dissolve another; so did the busy party gathered in Madame Dobière's workroom present, in varied development of character, a most fruitful theme for philosophic inquiry.

But our country girls were no philosophers. They did not attempt to trace cause and effect, or even to wonder how it was that one of their companions was silent, and selfish, and morose; why another was irritable and angry one hour, and the next winning love by her exalted generosity. Yea exalted, perhaps, in taking on herself some mutual blame, or relieving with her more nimble fingers the slow or dull. What little kindnesses become great ones to the wretched and oppressed! Nor did they seek to know why they all were pale and thin; or how it was that many had weak eyes, and not a few suffered from distortion of the spine. Yet, by degrees, Henrietta perceived how different must be their existence to that which their inexperience had painted. But they had good constitutions in their favour, and Etty bore up bravely for a while against the sedentary life—the poor living—the want of sleep—and want of relaxation; while *her* character was developed by intense application to acquire skill in the business; and so great was her progress, that in an incredibly short space of time she became one of the most efficient "hands" in Madame Dobière's establishment. Yet this very concentration of her energies, perhaps, prevented her from perceiving the gradual but melancholy change that was taking place in Annie; though dearly she loved her, with an affection more protecting than is generally that of a sister; and so blended did it seem with her own life, that the most powerful motive she had felt to exertion was the hope that dear Annie's opening youth might be passed more brightly than her own could be.

Thus passed the winter; and now the "busy season" was come.

"Etty," said the child to her sister, one day, speaking in a high-pitched tone across the room—"Etty, I am so giddy—so ill;" and before Etty could fling down her work and reach her side, Annie had fainted—saved only from a serious fall by some nearer companion.

"Throw some water over her," said Miss Smith, without relinquishing for a moment her own cutting out—"she'll soon come to again;—why, one would think you had never seen a girl faint before!"

But the water did not restore her, and Henrietta and another carried her from the close and crowded room. The fresh air was more curative, and before they had reached their dormitory she had recovered her senses.

"Oh! stay with me, Etty," said the sufferer,—"do not leave me."

"I will stay, darling—be composed." And Henrietta pillowed her sister's head upon her bosom, while hot tears coursed down both their cheeks; those of the elder girl flowing partly from a sort of self-reproach that she had not before noticed the hollow eyes and pallid countenance of her dear Annie.

"You are ill, my sister," she continued—"you must have advice—they will surely send for a doctor. Let me go, dearest, just to ask this—I will be back directly."

"No, no, there is no need," returned the other; "I think—I am almost sure, that I am only faint for want of food. I did not tell you, dear,—what use would it have been?—but I could not eat that coarse dry bread and cheese last night—and then, to-day again, that horrid fat cold mutton. Oh! Etty, is it wrong of me to be so dainty?"

"Dainty, indeed!" murmured the girl who had assisted to carry her up stairs—"dainty, indeed! we are all sick to death of the hard Dutch cheese, and the everlasting mutton. But Madame contracts with her butcher—and the nastier it is, the less we eat. It is a shame, that it is—and I am sure you girls are the worst off of all, for you have no friends to go to on a Sunday, and so don't get a dinner even once a week."

There was a quick step upon the creaking stairs, and in a moment Miss Smith threw open the door.

"Come, Sandford," said she, "you don't suppose you can waste half an hour of daylight, dawdling up here, do you? Besides, that white satin dress is promised for to-night, and"—— Miss Smith corrected herself; she was going to say, "no one understands that *papillon* trimming so well as yourself;" but she thought it more expedient to change the phrase for "I cannot spare any one to help you."

Henrietta looked up, but neither spoke nor moved.

"Say you'll come in a minute or two," murmured the other girl, certainly without turning her head, almost without moving her lips. "Get rid of her," she continued; "I want to speak to you."

"I will come in a few moments," said Henrietta, obeying the advice mechanically. And Miss Smith bounced out of the room.

"Have you got any money?" asked the girl, whom everybody called Jane.

"Yes, one sovereign," replied Henrietta; "but that is all; for we were to have no salary for the first six months."

"Pity to change it," said her interrogator quickly; "money flies when once it is changed; I will lend you a shilling, and coax one of the servants to get her something hot and nice—that will do her more good than all the doctors."

The kind-hearted Jane was quite right; it was food the poor child wanted, although there is no exact record of what "hot and nice" thing it was one shilling purchased.

Strange it was, but true, that from that hour every thing in the establishment of Madame Dobière wore a different aspect to Henrietta's eyes. In common parlance, "the veil had dropped from them;" and though such phrases are very trite, I think we most of us know the difference between understanding their meaning and feeling their truth. The latter was now Etty's case; she felt instinctively, how thick had been the "veil" through which she had hitherto looked, though woven perhaps by her own over-anxiety to excel,—and so find the road to independence—which had half-deadened every other faculty. But now her intelligent mind, quickened by keen feeling, perceived the truth; and called into the show-room by Madame on her way down stairs from leaving Annie, she listened to what was going on with quite different feelings from those she had hitherto experienced.

"At a word, Madame Dobière," said a fashionable looking personage,—"at a word, will you, or will you not, promise me the dress by six o'clock to-morrow?"

"Really," exclaimed Madame in a hesitating manner, "really—I don't know—the time is so very short—if I had only had it yesterday"——

"Oh! very well," returned the lady—"I would not be disappointed on any account. And I have no doubt Mrs. P—— can make it up for me; in fact, I have been very particularly recommended to try her."

"Well, ma'am," interrupted Madame Dobière, dreading that her rival would take away a customer, "to oblige *you*, ma'am, I will undertake it—but I assure you we must work half the night."

"Oh! nonsense, you always say that; I am sure I have often had a dress made up in less than four and twenty hours."

Probably she had; and probably it never occurred to the thoughtless woman, as she rolled away in her carriage, enervated by worldly prosperity, and made selfish by perpetual luxury, that she had on such occasions done her part in wearing out not only silks and satins, but youth, health, and life. And for what? To minister to what a powerful writer calls "the disgusting foolery of idiotic vanities," the arrangements for which must be delayed till the last moment, because the pampered dame cannot decide between blue and pink; or because she must wait for a letter from Paris, to tell her, from head-quarters, the prevailing mode; or—which is not at all unlikely—because she has outrun her pin-money, and is some days screwing her courage to ask husband or father for "only ten pounds." In nineteen cases out of twenty, the hurry at last proceeds from some such contemptible cause; so that when the mere fashionist hears by chance the wrongs of the poor apprentices canvassed, it were at least wise of her not to throw a stone at the mistresses, whom she so often drives, certainly, to one sort of tyranny. Yet what is so monstrous as woman with a hard heart?—and well do I believe that many who seem cruel, are only—thoughtless. Alas! I fear that those among us who judge ourselves the most considerate, have sins of

this kind, both of omission and commission, for which we must answer.

Nor was this all. A shudder ran through Henrietta's veins, as now she remembered that even in six months two of their young companions had been snatched away by death; one actually breathing her last in the house, and tidings of the death of the other having reached them in less than a month after her removal. Another circumstance, too, would dwell in her mind—aye, and in a different form from that it had borne yesterday. Within the last few weeks, the girl before mentioned, with hasty temper and strong feelings, but yet whom every body loved, had ceased to be among them. She was not dead. Nay, her fine constitution had so battled with the trials which she had encountered, that they had scarcely dimmed her radiant beauty; besides, this orphan girl had been but a few months exposed to their evil influence. What then? She had parted from them suddenly, though, as it afterwards proved, she must have made her preparations for days. And now there were vague rumours of ease—nay, splendour and luxury—but that she was an outcast, a thing to be shunned and abhorred! And with all the horror with which innocence does and *should* look upon vice, had Henrietta regarded her, even though an incident only the day before had changed scorn into something very like gratitude in more hearts than one.

Nicely timed, arriving at the hour when Madame Dobière and Miss Smith were almost always in the show-room, was delivered a huge packet, addressed to one of the apprentices, who had been the chief favourite of the erring sister. It was found to contain several pounds of *tea*, with these words roughly scrawled in pencil:—

"From Fanny, for all of you;—more when this is used; but you had better not say who from."

Now tea was the one great luxury; the best thing in the world for the "dreadful headaches," from which they all, more or less, suffered. And yet, as a wretchedly small quantity was allowed to them, if they indulged in anything which deserved the name one day, they paid the penalty of it the next by going entirely without. The feelings with which the present of the outcast was therefore received, may be easily understood. Yet though the deed were one to be registered in heaven's chancery, it had all the hurtful influence which good, proceeding through evil, almost ever acquires; even as clear water passes not over mud, without growing impure. It is, surely, much to be desired and rejoiced at, that the wise and thoughtful of the gentler sex, who are removed by station from insult, and by holy affections from temptation, should look sometimes upon the fallen with sorrow and compassion, and not justify the poet's words, that—

> "Every woe a tear can claim,
> Except an erring sister's shame."

But among those who, so far from being protected from temptation, are exposed to it on every side, the case is wholly different. To such hearts, pity, or a yearning affection for its object, is a dangerous guest,—one that may stealthily destroy the finer perceptions of the moral sense, till, in the confusion of right or wrong, little else than a chaos remains. Perhaps Madame Dobière's poor apprentices had better have continued to drink "slop," or milk and water, than, by the force of circumstances, to have thought of the fallen Fanny with gratitude, and to have spoken of her among themselves with a lingering kindness, a strange curiosity, and a pleasant surprise, that she was *not* a monster—*not* devoid of human sympathies. Alas! Henrietta Sandford, the comparatively recent comer, the country girl brought up with strictest principles, but taught by suffering, was beginning to understand and make allowances for temptation;—a dangerous knowledge—a perilous frame of mind.

Some months passed away, Annie growing worse and worse, being not unfrequently confined to her bed; and Henrietta improving wonderfully in her business, sustained in her exertions only by a hope she had nursed almost into realization. With the shrewdness she had now acquired, she was quite aware of the value of her own services; and now that their salaries had begun, her hope was that she should induce Madame Dobière somewhat to increase them, on condition that they lived out of the house. There was not much difficulty in coming to this arrangement; for, in the first place, a sickly child like Annie was a frequent trouble; and, in the next, Madame Dobière, who used a large proportion of her house for show-rooms, was extremely glad to have accommodation for two more apprentices. How the poor girls revelled in the idea of their humble lodging, which would be *home* to them! and Annie was sure she "should do quite as much work,—for even if she were too ill to come out, Etty could always bring home plenty for her." And so it was. And at first, in their lowly dwelling, they found something, comparatively speaking, like comfort: yet was it a new phase of life, with new dangers as well as new pleasures.

Of course their pittance was as little as would support life, though, fortunately for their appearance, they possessed a tolerably good wardrobe, which had hitherto required but little replenishing. I cannot tell how it was—I only relate the fact—that they did somehow or other make acquaintances; and on the Sundays, after their late rising, (for toil-wearied, and worn out for want of proper rest, they seldom left their bed in time for church,) they often spent the remainder of the summer Sabbath in some excursion with one or two of their fellow apprentices and their companions. Apparently this was the only avenue for acquaintanceship of any sort; yet so much did the thing extend, that their Sunday parties—generally to some favourite suburban spot—were very seldom omitted. Doubtless, air and exercise once a week were very beneficial to them; and at all events, Annie's failing health was Henrietta's best excuse for granting themselves the indulgence. Besides, it cost them little or nothing; for these parties always consisted of friends of both sexes, and the "gentler sex" never paid. Alas! for the fact that it was so; for the right pride—no matter how lowly the station—true feminine dignity, is surely one of the brightest jewels in the crown of Womanhood!

Yet it could scarcely have been as the companion of milliners' apprentices and of shopmen, that Henrietta Sandford first met one, whom she knew only by the name of Charles Morton. How did they meet? Was it the civility of offering half an umbrella one rainy night? (one has heard of such things;) or was he interested in Annie's appearance, when he chanced, one Sunday, in the Park, to seat himself on a bench beside her? and being in the medical profession, did he

offer advice and attendance? I think I have heard a rumour of some such origin of their acquaintance. Yet not how it began, but how it progressed, is the question. Annie gradually became worse; for she was in a decline, and beyond the reach of human aid—and this was sufficient excuse for their ceasing to join in the Sunday excursions. But had not this been the case, all inclination to cultivate such pleasures was gone from the heart of Henrietta. Although not accomplished, not well educated, she inherited, from her father, some natural refinement of mind; and the power of early association was strong; so that the conversation of Charles Morton, and his kindly sympathy, seemed to bring back early days, and with them—almost happiness. But it is vain to indulge in tedious details; she loved with all the strength and fervour of a first and deep attachment. And he?—It had "begun in folly;" he had broken no code of man's moralities; for long intended no harm; and when dark selfish thoughts crept into his heart, he neither rebuked their presence, nor greatly encouraged their stay: he determined to let things take their course, and to trust to the "blind chance" of which fools talk, but which does not exist in the world. The effect to which these causes had led, was simply and naturally that Henrietta Sandford stood on a precipice, ready to leap into the gulf of ruin! Her position known by these tokens:—First, and chiefly, that she listened with a trusting, hopeful love to words of passion, from one whom she knew had no thought of making her his wife; and that she listened calmly, half approvingly, to the poor sophistries woven to mislead such hearts as hers; secondly, that she thought of her sometime companion, the Fanny before mentioned, with more sympathy than was maidenly; and thirdly, that when the whisperings of conscience, growing fainter and fainter, would yet at times be heard—she answered them with the self deception of promised "comfort and ease for Annie, dear Annie."

It was at such a height of peril as this that Madame Dobière's business occasioned Henrietta to call on a certain youthful customer, to receive orders concerning wedding dresses. It was early in the day, and she was shown into a small drawing-room,—one of a magnificent suite,—and desired to wait there a few minutes. A half-closed folding door communicated with the next apartment; and without the power of retreating, and too timid to make her presence known, she could not avoid hearing many fragments of a low-toned conversation held in the adjoining room. They were the lovers who were there—the pair so soon to be wed. Breathing of deep heart love was many a sentence; yet what was it that pointed the difference between these lovers and her love? Not, reader, the difference of their station—that had nothing to do with it. What was it that, when the graceful girl—perhaps Henrietta's junior—entered the room, made her feel that she was in the presence of a purer being? And when afterwards she took her quiet instructions about the dresses, and saw her remove a miniature she wore (as if proud of the right of wearing it,) from her neck to try one on,—and when she heard her allude to her marriage with modest dignity,—what was it that made the tears start to poor Etty's eyes, and her heart whisper, "*My* love is not like this?" Oh! it was not a blind chance which prepared her mind, by the reception of such thoughts, for the events of the day.

On her return to Madame Dobière's, she had no sooner repeated the instructions she had received, than she was informed a card had been left for her in her absence; it bore the name of her wealthy relative—the benefactor who had placed her in the establishment, and was indeed left there by his son. To such a visiter Madame had been extremely courteous, and had promised him a meeting with Henrietta that afternoon; and, moreover, that it should be at her humble lodging,—an arrangement which he seemed much to prefer.

With a heart full of grateful recollections, yet trembling with a vague anxiety as to the purport of her relative's visit, Henrietta returned home at the appointed hour. She inquired of the people of the house if any one had asked for her, and was told, "only the doctor, who was up stairs with her sister." The doctor, I need scarcely repeat, was Charles Morton; but this was a most unusual hour for a visit,—and Etty was so overpowered by her emotions—half surprise and half joy—that she paused for something like composure, ere she entered the room. The first object she beheld was Annie, half reclining, as she had left her, on a sofa (by night converted into a bed), yet busily plying the needle. It was some black garment she was making; and truly her pallid countenance, her hollow eyes, and attenuated features—and yet more, the long thin fingers—conveyed such an impression of disease and death, that one might have fancied she was preparing a mourning garb for some loved one, who would sorrow at her death. By her side sat Charles Morton, but with a face so changed and haggard, that Henrietta could not refrain from uttering an ejaculation of horror and surprise.

"Do I look ill?" he said; "it is nothing—it will soon pass away." But when he took her hand, Henrietta observed that he relinquished it quickly, throwing it from him as something almost to be rejected. Stunned by his coldness, she answered some questions he put to her, clearly and distinctly—till in the doing so, she mentioned the expected visit of her cousin.

"I am your cousin!" said he, sinking his head upon his hand, and speaking quickly; "My name is not Morton—but I knew not of our relationship till to-day. Henrietta, I am speaking to you now as your relative—I am doing my father's bidding. I scarcely knew that we had relations of your name; and had it not been that my father was anxious about you, he would never have mentioned to me that he had interested himself for you. But, as far as I can understand, he has had some communication with your Willow-dale friends; who, perhaps, from your letters, suspect your many trials, and assuredly are aware of poor Annie's illness. At all events, he commissions me to make every inquiry connected with your position; and desires me to use my own discretion in rendering you assistance." He paused a moment, ere he said, in a trembling voice, "You will trust to my discretion—my *cousin?*" He laid an emphasis on the last word, that seemed again to stun, but really strengthened Henrietta.

"Oh, yes," was all she murmured.

"My plan then is, that this hateful apprenticeship should cease;—money, you know, can break such bonds,—and there needs be no scruple; my father is a rich man, and your *nearest relation;*—I then propose that you should be established in business for yourself;

—would you not like it to be in the town of L——, near your Willow-dale friends? With your London experience, you would certainly make a hit—and better, a fortune—in the country." He tried to speak in a tone of gaiety, but it would not do. Annie, who had dropped her work to listen to these, to her, most joyful tidings, yet broke the silence by exclaiming, with something like a sigh, "Shall we never see you again?"

The eyes of Henrietta and her cousin met—revealing the soul of each; and despite the presence of Annie, who was frightened at the scene which followed, he caught Henrietta for a moment in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead—exclaiming, "We know the truth—the very truth—'tis best we part—you cannot be my wife. *I have never thought of you as my wife.*"

Henrietta shrank—slipped from his arms. "Saved—saved!" she murmured, in a choking voice; "Oh God, I thank Thee!"

"Amen!" responded her cousin.

My simple story is almost done. Simple I may well call it; for such heroines as mine measure life by the inner world of the feelings, not by moving accidents or romantic adventures. Henrietta has been three years in business, is considered the favourite milliner of L——, and is noted for her extreme indulgence to the young people in her employ,—regulating their hours of work, and making her arrangements with every regard to their health and happiness. On one point, however, she is very particular;—she insists on knowing precisely with whom and how every Sunday and holiday is spent. They regard her with grateful affection, which, standing alone in the world as she does, I am sure she must prize. For, alas! the pure country air, and proper food, and freedom from life-wearing toil, came too late to save poor Annie. In the nearest churchyard to Willow-dale is she buried; and her memory is enshrined in many a warm heart besides that of poor Etty. Henrietta herself has never quite recovered her former healthful, youthful beauty, and she looks somewhat older than she is. Yet she has many suitors in her own station of life, and "they say" she has a preference. I hope it may be so; I am certain she will never give her hand without giving her heart: second love is sometimes a *better* love than first. I doubt not she would make an excellent wife.

THE CHAUNT OF DEATH.

I AM not of earth, but spirit born,
Yet the wide world owns my sway;
Its pomp and its might I laugh to scorn,
For all must my will obey.
I visit the halls of dazzling light,
Enter the loftiest domes,
And all is anguish, and all is night,
Where the King of Terror comes.

I reign o'er the waves of the mighty deep—
I ride on the stormy wind—
On every shore where breakers sweep,
My ruthless track you find.
I soar on the wings of the pestilence—
Am heard in the tempest's crash—
And when earth is veiled in gloom intense,
I sail in the lightning's flash.—

Yet oft in loveliest guise I dwell,—
On the light of the clear blue eye,
On the blooming cheek, set I my spell,—
They wither—decay—and die.
And often I lurk in the night-wind's sigh,
And steal in the youthful breast,—
And gently, calmly, and silently,
Doth that spirit sink to rest.

And I smile as I mark the youthful brow
Bent over the midnight page,
And list the fond enthusiast's vow
At the shrine of Bard and Sage,
When I have doomed him to sure decay,
And know, while his bays are green,
That his toil-worn frame shall pass away
From earth, and "no more be seen."

I care not for pomp or glittering crown,
Serf and lord are alike to me—
For the mightiest king must bow him down
To a mightier king than he.
I speak! and the loftiest head must bend.
From creation's earliest dawn
I have reigned, and my reign shall only end
With the last of woman born.

All things of earth—of air—of sky—
Must yield them unto me,
And the vast and glittering worlds on high
Shall my parting conquest be;
For the heavens shall melt and pass away
Ere the work of death be done,
And the Sun himself shall see decay
Ere my earthly race be run.

The universe with my fame hath rung
Since my banner I unfurled,
And my parting requiem shall be sung
'Mid the ruins of a world.
Lord over all with life and breath!
The same triumphant chime
That sounds the dirge of the monarch, Death,
Must sound the knell of Time.

THE LEVY PAPERS.

EDITED BY PETER COCKERELL.

WRITERS greater even than myself have given to their labours the name of the place of their birth,—have done graceful homage to the *genius loci*, by inscribing its title on the printed page. Did not Aulus Gellius call his work "Attic Nights," simply because the book was written in Attica? Did not Horne Tooke christen his laboured tome "Diversions of Purley," for that they were composed in no other place than at Purley itself? Therefore, why should I—Peter Cockerell—hesitate to call these papers the "Levy Papers," seeing that I am indebted for them to a temporary abode in the hospitable mansion of the late Mr. Levy, of Newman Street, whilome sheriff's officer for Westminster and Middlesex?

Cold, indeed, was the morning when my guileless landlady, looking in at my bed-room door—I then in comfortable sheets—informed me that "a Mr. Jones wished to see me." In a moment the delusion was dispelled; for a most mosaic countenance looked over my landlady's shoulder, and nodding familiarly to me, observed, "You know my business; I've a gig at the door." In about ten minutes was I, Peter Cockerell, in that gig, and arrived at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Levy, just as his amiable family had sat down to rolls and coffee.

I was graciously allowed the hospitality of the public room, in which—shivering over a few half-lighted cinders—sat a fellow-prisoner. He was a thin, wiry, ill-drest man; and there he sat, with despair in his face, "eating his heart" in gloom, cold, and silence. In a short time, however, he became communicative; and then it seemed to him a horrid pleasure to dwell upon the iniquities of the law, the rapacity of low attorneys, and the villanous extortions of sponging-house keepers, and Jew bailiffs. Without further preparation, I shall proceed to detail a few of the circumstances narrated by my acquaintance, and all illustrative of legal wrong and rapine.

Stephen . . . was the only son of a decayed gentleman, and, although he had studied hard at college, he was, when thrown upon his own resources, totally, sadly, innocent of all that kind of knowledge which is called "knowledge of the world." In the simplicity of his heart he thought requited affection was the *summum bonum* of all human happiness. Stephen consequently united himself to a maiden as fond, as simple, and as guileless as himself; and for some time enjoyed the real blessings of peace, of love, a crust and a cot-

tage. At length a daughter came to crown his joy—and then he for the first time felt the want and use of ready money. Stephen, his wife, and infant came to town: his purpose—to seek honourable employment. For some time they lived upon his small annuity, patient in their poverty, but sanguine of success in fortune's smile.

Stephen was too honest and too proud to borrow money for his own necessities; but was foolish enough, upon entreaty, to accept a bill for £50, for the accommodation of a very dear friend—a college chum, who placed the same in the hands of an agent to be discounted. Neither Stephen nor his friend ever received one fraction of the proceeds, the agent having kept the whole; nevertheless Stephen at length found himself in the meshes of the law.

The attorney who held and sued upon the bill had procured several signatures to or endorsements on the back thereof, by which means he increased the costs of suit against poor Stephen to nearly £50.* At this period, Stephen's endeavours were crowned by success, for he obtained a government appointment, and was to enter upon his duties in six weeks' time.

Stephen now perceived how necessary it was for him to be at liberty to walk the public way; he therefore waited upon the plaintiff, who, as we have said, was an attorney, and sued in person, and informed him thoroughly of his situation, at the same time promising him half his income, and urging his forbearance.

The attorney said, "I must consider this—at any rate you must enter into a bond—I never take a man's word for money—if you come to-morrow and bring me £10, but nothing less, I will see what I can do—but remember, if you do not bring the money, you must take the consequences." Stephen departed home.

"Emma," said he to his wife, after he had acquainted her with the result of his visit—"Emma, what money have you?"

"But little more than half," said she; and she counted out £6 12*s*.

"How am I to raise the balance?" asked Stephen. "How in the world, Emma, can I procure the £3 8*s*.?"

Emma only shook her head, as she suppressed a sigh.

I shall pass over the rest of this scene, and explain Stephen's expedient to raise the required sum.

Stephen had ordered home a new suit of clothes that he might appear respectably attired when he went to his government appointment: they had cost him £9; and his measure was to pledge the coat. He accordingly repaired with that article to a neighbouring pawnbroker, and was surprised to find the coat would only realize £1 1*s*.; indeed, the whole suit brought him £2 only.

In the course of that evening he made several visits to his said neighbour with various articles of apparel; and was at length, to make up the required balance, compelled to part with his wife's best gown (a wedding present) and her wedding ring.

The next day, after a sleepless night, Stephen waited upon the said attorney, and tendered him the £10, which the legal gentleman, to prevent mistakes, immediately conveyed to his breeches' pocket.

"I see you are a gentleman, and a man of honour," said the attorney—Stephen bowed—"and I like to deal with such;—here is the bond, or rather warrant of attorney, all prepared! Be pleased to read it; and when you have done so, my friend there, Mr. Lycurgus Quirk, will explain it; and, acting as your attorney will be good enough to see you sign it."

Stephen obeyed, and presently exclaimed, "Good heavens, sir, this bond is to bind me in the penal sum of £3,000!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the attorney,—"you will excuse me for smiling, sir, but you are mistaken, I assure you—will you explain it, Mr. Quirk?"

"Certainly, sir," said Quirk. "You see, Mr. Stephen, the £3,000 is a mere nominal sum; it is the penalty and not the debt;—if you read the defeasance you will find that you are conditioned to pay at certain periods certain sums, making in the aggregate £1,000 only."

"But, sir," said Stephen, "my liability is only for £100, including costs."

"I thought you an honest man, sir," thundered the attorney.

"Well, sir," demanded Stephen, "and have you found me otherwise?"

"Certainly, if you deny your acquaintanceship with Hopkins."

"I do not deny that he is my friend, nor do I disclaim this unfortunate transaction, but"—

"Sir," bellowed the attorney, "I have a dozen other bills of his now in my possession."

"But my name is not to either, sir," said Stephen, mildly.

"That matters not, sir—as an honest man you cannot refuse to pay them—I held them out of respect to you, and on the faith of your reported honesty, and therefore have included them in this warrant of attorney. You know where to find him—I do not. If he be worth pursuing, pay them—take them out of my hands, and as indorsee sue all the parties—but do as you please; I will not be robbed, sir. I shall give directions for your immediate arrest"—thus saying, he rang the bell, and his clerk appeared before him. Stephen could endure no more: he seized the pen and signed the warrant. The clerk was dismissed the presence, and Stephen, half bewildered, quickly followed him.

Here let us explain a little. Hopkins, mentioned by the attorney, was the very college chum whom Stephen had accommodated with his name. Hopkins had certainly flown many kites, but had never been rewarded for his pains, even to the extent of sixpence.

But to return to Stephen. Heaven only knows how, until his first quarter's salary became payable, he, his wife and child, subsisted; it is a secret that never passed their lips.

Stephen regularly paid the instalments payable under the warrant; but, being one day called from town, the last of them was over due; and the attorney thereupon entered up a judgment, and sued out his writ of *capias ad satisfaciendum*. The warrant was placed in the hands of a well-known bailiff, who proceeded to Tottenham, where Stephen rented a cottage, to execute it. Of this officer I must say a passing word. He knew the law—he had often paid for breaking it; he knew it was illegal to force an outside door; it was his

* These events happened prior to the Uniformity of Process Act, 2 Will. IV. c. 39.

custom, therefore, to take with him some shabby rascal to do the illegal work. On this occasion he took with him, besides a lawless scoundrel, a boy, his own son. When they had arrived at Stephen's cottage, they demanded admittance; this was denied them from the window, by a servant: they affected to depart; but, in fact, repaired to the back of the cottage, and the boy was lifted through a window. The urchin opened the door, and the two went in, and at once proceeded to the chamber where the timid Emma and her little daughter were in bed together. The scoundrels stripped the covering from the bed. "How else," asked the assiduous bailiff, "could he know a man was not there?" After making, of course, a fruitless search, they all departed.

It may be inquired, did not Stephen bring his action for the trespass? If so, we answer "No;" firstly, because Stephen held a government appointment, which he would have lost had it been known he was in debt or difficulties. Secondly, because he was better advised than to bring an action against the sheriff to punish the officer; especially as the sheriff would have the depredators as his witnesses, who, doubtless, would all swear point blank that no trespass was committed. And, thirdly, had he obtained a verdict, and kept his situation, what sum could compensate a modest woman for such an outrage? Moreover, Stephen had seen enough of law, and was too high-minded to engage with low-born knaves. The boy is now a bailiff on his own account.

There is a species of bloodsucker, called bill discounting attorneys. They have their imps, or emissaries, who are called "bill agents," and who are continually on the watch for the unwary. These agents infest coffee-houses, taverns, and divans, and contrive to procure acceptances of young men—of course, on the faith of returning the bills or the cash at a given time—neither of which is often done. But if the paper be small, and the acceptor good, just as a bait for future business, when the bill is three parts run, and the money is of little use, the cash is handed over—minus a bonus, which, in few instances, is less than sixty per cent. on the amount of the acceptance. When the bill arrives at maturity, the imp offers to procure its renewal, and represents his principal (whose name, by the way, is always a profound secret) to be a very strict and punctual gentleman, very rich, and very unwilling to renew small bills. A large bonus in *cash* is demanded of, and paid by, the victim; and a fresh acceptance, to a larger amount, is given. At length, but much too soon, arrives the dreaded day for payment; and then the principal, the demi-devil, begins his work.

A young man, more wild than wise, dishonoured his bill: the holder, an attorney, sued out his writ of summons. The youth was well connected, and possessed some landed property in reversion. It was, therefore, clear to the attorney, that if the writ were properly served, the defendant could, within the eight days, have raised the money to pay the debt and costs; but it did not suit the views of the plaintiff to accept only £3 for costs; he must, at least, have the costs of a declaration also. A Jew was therefore procured, to make an affidavit that he had duly served the writ; and the rascal, to save his conscience, putting his thumb through the button-hole of his coat, swore "by Jehova it was *thro*." Well, by this contrivance an appearance was entered for the defendant *sec. stat.*; a declaration filed, and notice thereof left at the defendant's lodging. The poor astonished defendant ran to his attorney, who applied to a judge, in proper form, to set aside the service and declaration; the learned judge told him there was no relief—the only course for redress was to indict the deponent for the perjury. And this the honest attorney resolutely determined to do; but who "Moses Aaron, process server, of No. 1, Virtue Court, in the county of Middlesex," was, or where in the county of Middlesex "Virtue Court" was situate, he never could discover.

The four days for pleading had now expired, and the plaintiff snapped his judgment. Observe, in this case the attorney drew the bill; the action, therefore, was in debt—drawer against acceptor—and the judgment final. The next day an execution was levied on the goods at the young man's residence: these goods were the property of the young man's mother, and the levy illegal. Nevertheless, the officer threatened to carry away every stick that instant, if the debt was not immediately paid, or something satisfactory done. He inquired very particularly if the young man had no title deeds or securities in the house? He answered, No; it was true he had property at Greenwich, but the deeds relating thereto were then with a friend who was trying to raise money for him upon the security of their deposit; and he begged the officer to consider the age and infirmity of his poor mother, and remain in possession at least that night, and the next day he would see his friend, or his attorney, and borrow the money to pay him out. The officer at first seemed obdurate; but at length, to the young man's delight, his heart appeared to soften, and he whining said—"I am your friend—I wish to make you comfortable, but I must do the thing that's right: of course, this debt must be paid. Now Mr. R., you know, who lives at No. —, Clifford's Inn, (this is his card,) is very rich; and though he *has* brought this action, bless you, he is as kind a man as ever breathed; and I knows, if you would only take him your deeds, he would lend you all the money on them, and three times as much, without a word. You have no *call* for an attorney; bless you, he'll save you all that expense." After a little more it was arranged that they should meet on the following day, at twelve o'clock, at the plaintiff's office; and the officer then withdrew, amidst the tears and sobs of the grateful old lady, and the hearty thanks of the son.

The young man was pretty punctual to his appointment, yet the compassionate officer and a friend had been waiting for him some time, at which the young man declared himself much grieved, but said he had had some difficulty in procuring the deeds and papers, which he now produced, and which the new acquaintance immediately seized in execution upon a city warrant for the same debt.

All three were now ushered into the private office of the honest Mr. R., who offered to purchase the property of the young man for £60, and declared that, if he did not comply forthwith, he would have the deeds sold by auction; in which case he assured him they would not fetch enough to pay the debt and costs of action, and the expenses of sale and auction duty, &c.

&c., and he would still be his debtor. Whereas, if he accepted this liberal offer, he would not only clear himself of debt, but actually put £5 into his pocket; then looking at his watch, he exclaimed, "I've an appointment—I must run—I can waste no more time with you, sir." The two officers commended the munificence of Mr. R., and the young man at length assented. Mr. R. now dismissed him, but directed him to return at five o'clock, accompanied by his mother. In the interim a conveyancer was sent for, from Chancery Lane; and a complete conveyance of the freehold and all interest therein was drawn and engrossed, and which, upon the young man's return, he duly executed. The mother also ignorantly signed a perfect release to the first-mentioned officer, and an undertaking not to sue for the wrongful levy, or take any advantage of the *laches*. A receipt for the debt and costs (£55), was given to the young man, and also a £5 note; and thus his business was concluded;—thus the lad was cheated, and thus the rascals secured themselves.

A few weeks afterwards the property was sold at the City Auction Mart for £370!

Beware of a Jew attorney, and especially if he be own brother to a bailiff.

Every man has his lawyer—Skiffington had his: Skiffington was a half-pay officer; and though he had no need of a lawyer, still his friend Capias paid him great attention, and gave him *good* advice.—In the course of their intimacy, Skiffington accepted an accommodation bill for Capias for £90: it was renewed several times; at length Capias said to him, "*You must* take it up, for you owe me a bill of costs to exactly that amount." Skiffington was astounded; Capias was his constant guest, and he was not aware that he owed him one penny; and as to taking up the bill, he couldn't that day spare the money, but promised very shortly to oblige his friend Capias with the required sum. Nevertheless a writ was forthwith issued against him by a nominal holder of the bill;—his good friend Capias kindly undertook to appear for him,—appeared accordingly,—accepted declaration, and pleaded unknown to Skiffington. The cause was taken as undefended; a verdict was returned for the plaintiff; and Skiffington's first intimation of the suit was conveyed to him by the officer, who, at the same time, executed a warrant upon a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, for £130, debt and costs. Skiffington was conveyed to gaol! He subsequently paid the debt and costs in full to the plaintiff's attorney, who gave him a discharge. The gaoler, however, refused to release the prisoner until he received a discharge from the plaintiff himself. Days elapsed before the person named as plaintiff could be found, and then he refused to sign a discharge without a handsome gratuity, which was given to him, and Skiffington was liberated. Some days after regaining his liberty, he read in the paper his own name in the list of insolvents. Upon inquiry, he ascertained that plaintiff's attorney had (before the discharge) applied to the court and obtained a vesting order. Skiffington then fee'd counsel to move the court to annul the order; counsel made the motion, produced the discharge and ample proof that the debt was satisfied, and that defendant had no other condition,—but all in vain. And wherefore?—Because the court has no power to discharge its order, unless the plaintiff, or party obtaining it, shall write his consent thereto! And herein we submit that the law is most defective. It gives the court no power to discharge its own order, unless its petitioner shall *write* his consent; no power to compel him to write his consent; and it provides no punishment for his refusing to do so. The consequence is that the unfortunate defendant must, if plaintiff chooses, remain, as Skiffington now does, in the eyes of the law and the credit of the world, an insolvent debtor!

In a smoky parlour of a dirty public house, situate in a certain great thoroughfare east of the Bank of England, and west of Bishopsgate Street, in the city of London, may yet be seen a little, short-necked, red-faced, brandy-nosed, squinting piece of humanity, that was once a sheriff's officer, in the *golden days* of duns and tipstaffs; when a debtor might be dragged from his bed, arrested and imprisoned, for a disputed account for £10; when an officer had, upon the first day of term, from fifty to one hundred prisoners to return; when,—but no matter;—suffice it, the worthy we allude to was a tipstaff twenty years ago, and is now the landlord of the said public house, the site of which we have above described with so much legal accuracy; and there he sits behind his pipe, his huge round and ruddy face shining through his tobacco cloud, like the moon in a fog—and grunts and grumbles in the following strain:—

Dreadful times! The palmy days of law prosperity have gone. My tipped staff, that once shone like gold from frequent use, shows now a tarnished lump of brass! I say, the profession of the law has come to ruin! We are in a precious state! The *times was* when an officer made a caption he took his bird to his own lock up, and might pluck till he hadn't a feather to fly with—got from 10*s.* 6*d.* to a guinea per day for a cage to keep him in. If the prisoner found two bails, well and good, there was from 40*s.* up to £50, according to the amount of the levy, for fees for consenting to take bail without 24 hours' notice. Sure to get it, if he was rather out at elbows for fear of detainers. Ah! a house was worth keeping then—no fear of your lodger running away in your debt. A writ tested in Trinity and returnable in Michaelmas term, was worth executing, for few birds liked a sponging house for four months, and would come down handsomely to get away; but if he stayed, no matter, the officer was sure of a good haul either way: three-pence for a glass of water, sixpence for a sheet of paper, a shilling for porterage every letter we carried to the post—noble profits. But the first general return day in term was the grand harvest;—when bail above, as it was called, had to be put in, we could always, by threatening to render the defendant, manage to net glorious, swinging fees. The bail had afterwards to be justified, and if defendant had any difficulty in finding bail, we could generally do it for him, to any tune and at any rate. To be sure the sheriff was sometimes fixed, but not often; and if he were, that was no loss of ours. Rare pickings—rare pickings! What do you think of £40 or £50 for fees and accommodation on an arrest for £20?—Ah! those *was* times!—I'm afraid we shall never see their likes again, and all along I do believe of that fool of a fellow, Broom;* that act, the 1st & 2nd of Vict. ch. 110, was his, I'm told.

* We once saw a dirty portrait of Lord Brougham, at a low

Ha! No man need want a crust in my early days: a good coat and a face of brass was a simple stock in trade. With these he might begin the day without a penny, yet dine off three dishes and sip his Madeira. Ah! those buffers were a rare queer lot, I must say; they were up to all manner of rigs, and down to every move. Some, not worth a shilling, have justified for thousands. Notice of bail had to be given to plaintiff's attorney before nine at night, and an affidavit had afterwards to be made of the due service of such notice; of course if the plaintiff's attorney did not attend to oppose, the bail offered (that is, the buffer) was accepted by the judge: now some of the wide awake 'uns would undertake to serve the notice, and if the bail were shaky, and the defendant's attorney tipped them the office, *they would attach a string to the notice,* so that when they dropped it through the little box of the plaintiff's attorney, a comrade would go immediately and draw it out again. The affidavit would of course be regular, and the trick was done. I remember one Potts (a regular buffer) being opposed as bail for £1,000. The plaintiff's attorney stated in his affidavit that he had gone over the premises mentioned in the notice, with a broker, and the goods there were not worth one hundred shillings.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Potts?" says Mr. Justice Gaselee. "Pray what are you, sir?"—"I'm an artist in fireworks!" says he. "Oh, a dealer in pops: well, you swear you are worth £1,000; now pray what does your property consist of?"—"Of gunpowder"—says Potts—"of saltpetre—of brimstone—of, of"—"Well, well," says Gaselee, "we don't want to know the secrets of your trade, but where is all this property?"—"In the cellar of my house, my Lord."—"Well, Mr. Attorney, did you look there?"

"No," cries the attorney, "he refused to let me."

"Certainly, my Lord," cried Potts; "do you think I'd let any man take a lighted candle into a place where there was 20 tons of gunpowder?" At the bare thought of a lighted candle and 20 tons of gunpowder, his lordship started back with horror; but, after a bit, says he, "You did quite right, Mr. Potts, and I don't see how you can be objected to because you wouldn't let a madman blow you to the other world, or at least endanger life and property to an alarming extent; therefore, as he can't deny you have the property you allege you possess, I shall accept you as bail"—and, egad, he did too. However, there's something left yet for us;—the *distringas* (that is, the levying 40*s.* to compel a man's appearance,) is the best chance the law allows us now; for, after the levy, we are very seldom asked to refund, and cannot be compelled;—it is quite optional whether we do or not. I never do! A friend of mine makes a good thing of it—he invariably (that is, if possible) seizes a bed, (best in the house of course,) and I have known him at one time to hold possession of some hundreds of them 'ere articles, and some of 'em worth £12 each!

Coke (no descendant of my Lord, the commentator,) was one of that class of solicitors, who, having regularly ruined every client he ever had, was compelled to make a shew, give dinners, catch flats, and continue business as best he could.

Every diner-out must, I think, once or oftener have felt the awkwardness of being placed (accidentally, of course) contiguous to his silent host, with no one else hard by to speak to;—we need not, therefore, describe the feelings of honest Sam Hodges who, upon one occasion, found himself in this dilemma with the aforesaid Coke, whom Sam knew to be entirely *engrossed* in business; and who at that moment appeared to Sam to be, as he really was, calculating his chances of gain from that night's entertainment. Courtesy demanded that Sam should speak, yet he knew not what to say. At length a welcome thought came to his relief, and thus he broke the horrid silence:—

"Pray, Mr. Coke, are you not concerned in some way for my cousin, Mrs. R.?"

"To be sure I am," answered Coke—and his little deep-set eyes began to twinkle.

"Then you must know her address?"

"A right deduction—well?"—and the solicitor wrinkled his parchment face into a grin, for as Mrs. R. was a widow, and Sam was a bachelor, he thought he had a right to do so; and in his turn he inquired, "And do you wish to know it also?"

Sam saw that an explanation was necessary, and thus continued:—

"Why, the fact is I want her to be informed of the decease of Mr. E., under whose will I believe she is interested to a great extent."

"Dear me," moaned the solicitor, "and is poor E. dead at last? Well he was a very worthy man, and a very old client of mine. I made his will—let me see—aye, I remember, Mrs. R. is, as you say, interested therein to a great extent;—indeed, he left her the bulk of his immense fortune; for he thought that his near relations, my good friend Wilkins, and my wife's family, the Morrises, were all rich enough. Let me consider awhile—ah! Mrs. R.'s mother, (who is dead,) your mother, Mrs. P., and Mrs. I. were sisters, were they not?"

"They were."

"And what relation where they to poor E.?"

"They were first cousins."

"Just so—in fact they (that is the surviving three) are his next of kin in the third degree; and in the event of the will being upset, they will come in for a proportion of all the proceeds of the deceased's leaseholds. Well, I will see about this to-morrow, and will afterwards communicate with Mrs. R. thereon."

Coke then sidled up to his left hand neighbour, and, having become a little elated with the prospect of the morrow, boldly, and without preparation, ventured into the very depth of business, by putting the following interrogatory:—"Pray, my good friend, has that scoundrel H—— ever paid you that little matter?"

"No," was the laconic reply.

"Then you had better let me take it in hand," suggested the solicitor, handing his snuff-box as he addressed his guest.

"Why, to tell you the truth, I want the money," answered the latter.

"Well, if you'll only give me leave, I'll make the scamp cash up."

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attorney's, hung with the head downwards, in a dark corner of the office. And we observed there also hung conspicuously, portraits of the Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough (he whose last distinguishing act of cruelty was at the memorable trial of Hone), and another of Judge Park (surnamed the sanguinary), erect, and in the full glory of gilding and glaze:—by this little circumstance we were enabled to form a just estimate of the said attorney's character.

"Yes, but you see I really *want* the money from him."

"Well, don't I tell you I'll get it from him?"

"Aye, aye, but then how am I to get it from *you?*"

A huge pinch of snuff, a flourish with his handkerchief, a fortissimo trombone sound of the nasal organ, and at length an unconcerned "Ahem," was all the replication the worthy solicitor ventured to make to his friend's last query.

What further business old Coke put in train of execution that night with his then assembled guests, it is needless to name at present. It is with the lawyer as with the smuggler: with the latter, one safe run more than covers the loss of six captured or lost cargoes; with the former, one good gull will support very many dinner parties; so in the instance before us, as will be seen in the sequel.

The next day old Coke was hard at work, "*Re E——s, deceased.*" He obtained a copy of the will, but, alas! (who'd have thought it?)—the said will proved to be not duly attested, and was void. The testator's intentions were defeated, and his property was ultimately disposed of according to the act for the distribution of the effects of intestates. Poor Mrs. R., the principal legatee named in the will, never received one shilling. Old Coke was more fortunate; for his very good and grateful friend Wilkins made him a present of a cheque for a thousand pounds. But let us proceed:—

After the bulk of the testator's property had been, according to the before mentioned act, placed to the credit of the said Wilkins, there remained in the hands of the trustee a small sum of money, the proceeds of some leaseholds, to be divided amongst the deceased's next of kin (Sam's mother, Mrs. P., and Mrs. I.); and the trustee, a simple honest tradesman, proceeded with the money to old Coke, as the acting (though self-constituted) solicitor of the parties entitled thereto, with a view to hand the same to him. "You will find, sir," said old Coke, "that trust money is not to be played with in this manner. You will hear from me in a day or two, depend upon it."

Within a fortnight of this interview, the said trustee, in the greatest possible alarm, came running to Sam, with a subpœna to appear and answer a bill filed against him (the trustee) in the High Court of Chancery, at the suit of one of Sam's aunts, an old lady, whom, it afterwards appeared, Coke had induced to become complainant upon a representation that the said trustee withheld from her considerable property to which she became entitled immediately upon the demise of E——.

"For mercy's sake, sir!" cried the poor trustee to Sam; "for mercy's sake intercede for me with your aunt and with the solicitor, to get the suit discontinued: what more do they want than the money? As I told you before, and as I also told Mr. Coke, I am quite ready to pay the money. I offered it to him, and he refused to accept it.—Why was the suit instituted?" Sam was at a loss to conjecture why the suit was brought, and this was the first intimation he received of such a proceeding. He, however, accompanied the poor defendant to old Coke's office, and after considerable difficulty and argument (and Sam could argue), it was agreed that the suit should be determined; and the cash was thereupon paid over to Coke as the solicitor in the cause. At length came the day of settlement between Coke and his clients. Coke presented his account, observing, "You see I have *sifted* it a little."

"You have, indeed," ejaculated Sam in astonishment, glancing at the account. "Will you suffer me to take a copy of it?"

"Certainly, my dear sir,"—and the bald-pated old scoundrel bowed and grinned in his accustomed fashion, while Sam copied the account *verbatim* as under:—

"Account of Mr. Coke's Charges for receiving the Sum of £285 1*s.* from the Executor of the late Mr. E——.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
"Mr. Coke paid Proctor	4	18	4
"Three shares of costs in Chancery suit, and case, and counsel's opinion	144	19	8
"Mr. Coke's general bill of costs . . .	132	17	3
	282	15	3
"Balance to be divided .	2	5	9
	"£285	1	0"

It is due to Mr. Coke to admit that he honourably, most honourably! then paid Sam, on account of his mother, the sum of 15*s.* 3*d.*, her share of the above magnificent surplus, after the sifting above set forth, although "in the hurry of business" he never remembered to pay over to the other parties their splendid thirds. In short, as his account sets forth, for only "*receiving*" for his clients the sum of £285 1*s.*, he charged them £284 5*s.* 9*d.*

But let us proceed:—

Mrs. R. was the best client Coke had on his book: *i. e.* she was at once the richest, and the greatest victim—Coke had cash in hand of hers upon which he undertook to allow her interest, if the investments he thought proper to make should fortunately realize any—but it so happened that they never did. He would discount bills with her money: if the bills with interest were paid, he would say the business was transacted on his own account; if they were not paid, the loss was hers. He invariably made her plaintiff in every suit upon any bills he chose to discount; and win or lose she was ever his debtor in a thumping sum for extra costs. She was, however, the legitimate plaintiff in a suit in equity! and Coke was her solicitor. He very properly filed a bill to get at the accounts of a certain spinster, and so compel the payment of a certain large sum of money. At length he obtained an order of the court to inspect and take extracts from the books of the defendant. Unhappily for poor Mrs. R., Coke just at this period issued a commission in bankruptcy against a swindling surgeon; and having, in the course of his proceedings, committed an error, which he attempted to rectify by a false affidavit, and which the opposite attorney discovered, he became, as it were, completely under his opponent's thumb;—now it happened that the attorney who supported the bankrupt, was the very trustee—the defendant whom Coke was pursuing at the suit of Mrs. R.; and he threatened Coke with an indictment for perjury if he dared to avail himself of the order to inspect: in short he insisted that Coke should lose the suit.

The cause had been set down for hearing in the Vice Chancellor's court for more than three years, and was

then only a few out of the list of the day. An eminent barrister who was in possession of all the facts of the case, and who declared that success was certain, then held the brief. Coke knew that if the cause was brought on the result must be favourable to his client; —but then the perjury—what was to be done?—

Reader, we will tell you what WAS done.

Coke removed the cause into the Rolls court, and then informed his client, poor Mrs. R., that she must immediately provide a special fee of 120 guineas to bring her usual counsel in the cause into the other court. The poor plaintiff had not the ready cash. Coke declared all the funds in his hands had been placed out on mortgage. A brief was handed to a junior counsel—all the barristers of note (thirteen in number) were retained for the defendant;—the junior opened the case without ever having read his brief—the defence occupied three whole days, but the plaintiff's facts were never stated to the court. The counsel and the master frequently inquired for the solicitor—but he was *non est inventus;* where was he?—He had taken his daughters a trip to Margate on an excursion of pleasure! The result was, the cause was lost; and all the little property the plaintiff widow had to depend upon for her livelihood was subsequently sold to pay the defendant his expenses.

It boots not that we should detail the wretchedness, the worse than want, that the villanies of old Coke have caused poor Mrs. R. to endure.

Coke was one of those solicitors who often advertised to lend money upon mortgage, but whose only object was to get possession of deeds, and then extort money from the owners.

A gentleman having occasion for money was desirous of selling a mortgage for £90, and being attracted by one of Coke's advertisements, called upon him, and Coke agreed to purchase at that sum, and requested to see the title. The gentleman took him the deeds; Coke retained them, and kept the gentleman in suspense for two months. At length, being badly pressed, Coke declined to purchase; and, when the gentleman had found a real purchaser, he refused to give up the deeds until he was paid £20 *for his trouble!* At another time Coke undertook to lend £500 on the security of a mortgage of some property worth four times that sum; —after a little negotiation the borrower was appointed to call and settle the business; the borrower attended accordingly, and Coke pretended to read over the deed, and then handed him a pen to sign it; the borrower, however, had his misgivings, and declined to do so until he had carefully perused it himself. This Coke opposed; nevertheless the borrower prevailed, and thus discovered that the instrument tendered him was not a mortgage deed but an *absolute assignment*. Of course the matter was not concluded as Coke anticipated, but he had still another fling, for he made out a bill charging the borrower the expenses of selling out stock, six months' interest for the money, the costs of preparing the deed, the stamps, &c.; had this bill taxed, and actually arrested the borrower for the amount!

BELLES OF ENGLAND.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THIS is a portrait at full length, and in one of her most attractive attires, of "England's Elizabeth;" the Queen possessed of a fresh dress for every day in the year—the heroine of Tilbury Fort—the first woman in this country who wore silk stockings—the lady who boxed Lord Essex's ears before she took off his head—who romped her virtue away when young with the brother of the Protector Somerset—who beheaded Mary Queen of Scots, and tickled in a playful manner the cheeks of her favourite, Lord Leicester—who made a lord chancellor of a gentleman dancing master, and wrote that extraordinary letter to the proud prelate of Ely—who knighted men like Sydney, Raleigh, Norris and Drake, and left (so sparing was she of her honours) the rich alone to receive titles from the unselecting hand of her successor—who thought shadows unnatural in painting, and ordered Isaac Oliver to paint her without any—who prohibited the publication of any portrait of her imperial visage, unless executed by the cunning and skilful hand of ingenious flattery —who broke the die of a coin submitted for her approval, because it represented her as she then was, fast entering on her 70th year, with the small wrinkles of time upon her countenance—who gave her favourite appellation to a whole colony (Virginia)—

> "Who was, who is,—what can there more be said?—
> In earth the first, in heaven the second maid;"—

for so a cenotaph in old Bow Church assured the cockneys of Cheapside. This is the lady who trod on that prodigal footcloth, a velvet cloak thrown over a puddle for her imperial foot to tread on, by the gallant Raleigh. This is the lady who selected Lord Burleigh for her minister, and allowed Sir Christopher Hatton to disturb the serenity of her heart:—

> "His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
> His high-crowned hat, and satin doublet,
> Moved the proud heart of England's Queen,
> Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

This is the lady whose female attendants removed all the looking-glasses from the rooms through which she was likely to pass, that she might not see her own countenance when old, and quarrel with time and with her attendants. This is the lady who played with set dice, throwing sixes or fives, provided for her by her courtiers, that she might have her own way in the game, and still continue, as in everything else, the peculiar favourite of fortune.

This is the lady who would walk in the rain and enjoy it, but who could not bear to be out on a windy

day—who had a seat made for her in her favourite walk at Windsor, that turned like a weathercock with the wind, and gave her back to the breeze she hated. This is the lady who would at an audience play with her gloves, pulling them off and on, to call attention to the extraordinary whiteness of her hands. This was the Queen who would not receive an ambassador, because she had heard he had ridiculed something remiss in the pronunciation of her French. "So nice," says D'Israeli, "was the irritable pride of this great Queen, that she made her private injuries matters of state!" This is the lady of whom Dr. Johnson said, that she had learning enough to have given dignity to a bishop. This is the Queen who wrote her own speeches, and told her parliaments, when she called them together, to grant her this and to pass that. This is the lady who played on the virginals for her own amusement, while her courtiers stood behind the rich hangings of her chamber, exhibiting an affected or a real admiration. This is the Queen that wrote her name with all the skill and delicacy of a writing-master—revelling in flourishes bold, intricate, and ingenious. In other words, this is the woman who never did anything like anybody else.

"There is no evidence," says Walpole, "that Elizabeth had much taste for painting; but she loved pictures of herself. In them she could appear really handsome; and yet, to do the profession justice, they seem to have flattered her the least of all her dependents: there is not a single portrait of her that one can call beautiful; the profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded are marks of her continual fondness for dress, while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which one knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth."

Queen Elizabeth was troubled with poor relations; the cousins and cousins german of her mother, Anne Boleyn. Her reply to a begging native of Norfolk, who claimed a kind kindred with her, was said with all her customary shrewdness—"Friend, grant it be so, dost think I am bound to keep all my kindred? Why that is the way to make *me* a beggar." And an anecdote of her, told on almost contemporary authority, is very characteristic:—"As Queen Elizabeth passed through the streets in state, one in the crowd cried out, 'God bless your *Royall* Majesty,' and then 'God bless your *Noble* Grace.'—'Why, how now,' says the Queen, 'am I ten groats worse than I was e'en now?'"

Nothing can exceed the adulation paid to Queen Elizabeth. Spenser describes all his females with yellow hair out of compliment to the Queen. Lord Brooke celebrates the delicate complexion of her skin:—

> "Under a throne I saw a virgin sit,
> The red and white rose quartered in her face."

"Not long after this," says Lord Herbert, "curiosity rather than ambition brought me to court; and as it was *the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth who then reigned*,—I was likewise on my knees in the presence chamber when she passed to chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopt, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, Who is this? Every body there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, till Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the Queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The Queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said it was a pity he had married so young, and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek."

Naunton tells a somewhat similar story of the young Lord Mountjoy. The Queen was at dinner at Whitehall, whither Lord Mountjoy had come to see the fashion of the court. The Queen observing a strange and handsome face, asked the carver who and what he was. The carver said he knew him not; and while inquiry was going on, the colour in the young man's face went and came in a way that pleased the Queen so much that she sent for him, gave him her hand to kiss, and encouraged him with good words, observing to those around her that she knew he was of noble blood, and again demanding his name, she said, "Fail you not to come to the court." "Was it the queen or the woman," Warton asks, "who thus offered her hand to be kissed, and who thus excited and enjoyed the struggles of bashfulness, in this beautiful and inexperienced youth?"

Here is part of an extraordinary letter, written in 1584, by Sir Robert Cary, to his father, Lord Hunsdon:—"May it please your Lordship to understand, that yesterday, in the afternoon, I stood by her Majesty as she was at cards in the presence chamber. She called me to her, and asked me when you meant to go to Berwick. I told her that you determined to begin your journey presently, after Whitsuntide. She grew into a great rage, beginning with God's wounds, that she would set you by the feet and send another in your place, if you dallied with her thus: for she would not be thus dallied withal. I told her that with as much possible speed as might be you would depart, and that your lying at London this fortnight was to no other end but to make provision for your journey. She answered me, that you have been going from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to Whitsunday; but that if you deferred the time any longer, she would appoint some other in your place; and this message she commanded me to send you." This occurred on a Sunday. Queen Elizabeth indulged at times in paroxysms of rage worthy of her father. "Our first encounter," says Cary in his Memoirs, "was stormy and terrible." Mouth-filling oaths must have sounded awfully vindictive in one whose voice was loud and shrill—and in a queen moreover!

There is a fine scene in Melvil's Memoirs, which Sir Walter Scott enjoyed, and of which there is a clever drawing at Abbotsford, made by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the Horace Walpole of the North. Melvil was admitted to see the Queen dance, and had his opinion asked of her performance. "I answered," says Melvil, "that my Queen (Mary Queen of Scots) danced not so high and disposedly as she did." A

remark that gave great pleasure to Queen Elizabeth, and produced a drawing which Scott enjoyed, and which may still be seen hanging as Scott left it, in one of his little drawing rooms at Abbotsford.

Farewell to the Queen Bess whose birthday was the joy of all London apprentices, their best holiday throughout the year, down to the days of Queen Anne and the accession of the house of Hanover.

Queen Elizabeth.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

A WOMAN'S heart dissected by a woman ought to be a very instructive entertainment. We do not mean a cold surgical dissection made before the whole College of Surgeons, the chief amputators and dressers looking on; but a cool, courageous, and clever anatomy of a woman's heart, made by a Lady Mary Wortley Montague in which character and characteristics are accounted for, and a source and original found for seeming inexplicabilities: in which the first springs of actions are laid bare, and every event or accident of importance has assigned to it its own first cause—whether its well-head lay in the frivolous regions of wounded vanity, or the well-stocked preserves of inconsiderate caprice, where a woman is made an accountable creation, and a reason is assigned for all she does. It is true we have never met with such a work, and equally true it is that we never expect to see it. Yet we have had many attempts; and in our own day, the lives of Queen Elizabeth, and of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, have been written at great length and with much patient investigation, by two female writers, skilled, it is said by their friends, in critical dissection. Well as they have been thought to have performed their respective undertakings they have still failed in individualising their heroines; and the extraordinary acts of Queen Elizabeth,

and the mad sayings of the Duchess of Marlborough, are still mysterious riddles reserved for future writers to explain.

The Queen and the Duchess, Elizabeth Tudor and Sarah Jennings, are two of the most extraordinary women in the whole range of historical composition. It was lucky that they lived one hundred years apart, for they never could have existed together. No Sarah Jennings or Abigail Masham could have ruled the stout and unflinching heart of "England's Elizabeth." It was only over Queen Anne that the Duchess of Marlborough could have acquired so despotic a control. Queen Elizabeth never took any woman into favour—she quarrelled with her courtiers when they got married, though she *fooled* it with Lord Leicester, and patted the blooming cheeks of her boy-attendants (as if her sex was not wholly subdued within her); but she did not condescend, in her most familiar moments, to put the awful ensigns of majesty aside, and assume the position and language of one of her own middle-class-of-life subjects. It was Queen Anne who converted the Duchess of Marlborough into Mrs. Freeman, and in conversation and letters, putting the lion and unicorn aside, became what she looked—plain Mrs. Morley.

Duchess of Marlborough.

This is the sister of the beautiful Frances Jennings, who endangered her virtue twenty times over before she was twenty years old, and perhaps did not escape (if we may trust Count Hamilton,) altogether free from the contaminated court of King Charles the Second. This is the lovely Sarah Jennings that won the heart of the handsome Churchill, and tore away the future hero of Blenheim from the outstretched arms of the Duchess of Cleveland. This is the woman who, even in old age, could forgive in writing all the *slaps*, as she calls them, that Swift had given her. This is the woman who wrote the characters of her contemporaries with a pen dipped in gall and wormwood. This is the Duchess who gave £10,000 to Mr. Pitt for his noble defence of the constitution of his country! This is the woman who said of King James the Second, that he had lost three kingdoms, for no other reason than that he might see his subjects dance attendance upon him in another! This is the Duchess who in her old age used to feign asleep after dinner, and say bitter things at table, pat and appropriate, but as if she was not aware of what was going on! This is the lady who drew that beautiful distinction, that it was wrong to wish Sir Robert Walpole dead, but only common justice to wish him well hanged. This is the Duchess who tumbled her thoughts out as they arose, and wrote like the wife of the great Duke of Marlborough. This is the lady who quarrelled with a wit upon paper (Sir John Vanbrugh), and actually got the better of him in the long run: who

shut out the architect of Blenheim from seeing his own edifice,-and made him dangle his time away at an inn, while his friends were shown the house of the eccentric Sarah. This is the lady who laid out her money in land, in full expectation of a sponge being applied to the government securities. This is the celebrated Atossa of Pope, who, when that character was read to her, as the character of Catherine Sedley, saw through the deception and description at once, and paid £1,000 to suppress it. This is the Duchess—

"The wisest fool much time has ever made,"

who refused the proffered hand of the proud Duke of Somerset, for the sole and sufficient reason that no one should share her heart with the great Duke of Marlborough.

This is the woman who refused to lend to the Duchess of Buckingham the funeral car that carried her husband, because no one could deserve so great an honour. This is "that wicked woman of Marlborough," as Vanbrugh calls her, whose heart was made up, in the language of Swift, "of sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage."—"A woman of little knowledge," as described by Burnet, "but of a clear apprehension and a true judgment." This is the woman who left £1,000 by will between two poets, to write the life of her illustrious husband—leaving it conditionally, however, "that no part of the said history may be in verse." This is the illustrious lady who superintended the building of Blenheim, examined contracts and tenders, talked with carpenters and masons, and thinking sevenpence halfpenny a bushel for lime too much by a farthing, waged a war to the knife on so small a matter. This is the Duchess who felt in her old age, as many have since felt, the stern reality of Dryden's celebrated lines :—

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day,
Lies more, and when it says we shall be blest
With some new joy, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what still remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the fresh sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."

This is the celebrated Sarah, who, at the age of eighty-four, when she was told she must either submit to be blistered or to die, exclaimed in anger, and with a start in bed, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die!"

The Duchess of Marlborough was born at St. Alban's in 1660; and died, notwithstanding what she said, at Marlborough House, St. James's, in 1744.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN LIFE.—No. III.

THE DANDY.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

The Parisian Dandy? Even so. The Boulevards have their vanities as well as Regent-street, and although where dress, manners, and affectations of various kinds, seem to make up the sum, end, and purpose of life with the many, it may appear difficult to particularize any class, as most devoted to dress and frivolity,—yet, as I said at the commencement, Paris has its beau *par excellence*, a being half butterfly, half man, who is as distinctly to be noted among his fellows, as are the grisette, and *femme à la mode*, in the ranks of the gentler sex.

The French have adopted from our language, amongst others, the two words "fashionable," and "daundee," (as they pronounce it,) both which may be perpetually heard during an afternoon's stroll upon the Boulevard Italien, from the lips of every third or fourth lounger on the promenade, formed in front of Tortoni's Café.

The Parisian dandy passes his life between the opera, the asphalte of the boulevards, and the Bois de Boulogne; caprice is his deity, and a fashion of six weeks' standing disgusts him with the world.

The English dandy seeks only to render himself remarkable from his costume, and is often little more than a lay figure for the display of his tailor's absurdities; but the Parisian dandy seeks to win a double object,—to render himself remarkable by his dress, as well as his dress remarkable by himself; and this is effected by a combination of eccentric tastes, habits of thought and manner, and power of giving importance to trifles, to be found only in the human decorations of the French capital.

The Parisian dandy of to-day, as we see him lounging on a chair at Tortoni's, has an aspect, striking, remarkable, we may add grotesque. His long flowing hair, and beard *à la Vandyke*, his wide flat-brimmed hat, and large bowed cravat, give to his head an air almost of the antique; but this again is contradicted by a surcoat, or *paletôt*, of the most singular form, lemon kid gloves, an amber-headed cane, and the little bunch of violets, that purchased for a sous, of the pretty Norman peasant with the gay kerchiefed head-dress at the corner, he now bears daintily between his fingers.

Fashion and rank are of two very different classes in Paris, as in London, and the dandy may be found of both. Frequently, however, the dandy of fashion speculates on his chances from the dandy of rank, and takes place accordingly; is a count without aristocracy, a landed inheritor without money, a spurred cavalier without even a donkey in his stable, and a man of society who has never yet found an *entrée* into an hotel of St. Germain. The supporter of the dandy of fashion is the aspirant of dandyism aristocratic, who lavishes his wealth, and often the honour of his family name, on the million elegancies of life, which are deemed

so much necessities in Paris that imitations are to be found of them in every rank.

The Parisian dandy, effeminate in appearance, and devoted to frivolity, affects a love of all manly exercises, with an attachment to dogs and horses, races and hunting parties. These he discusses, while attired in a blue cashmere dressing gown, lined with orange silk, a Persian cap surmounting his perfumed locks, a cigar peeping from his moustache, and a cup of coffee by his side. The last picture of Alfred de Dreux is on the wall, and on the table a very odd collection, composed of the Charivari, and a bunch of violets; boxing gloves, and bonbons; Bürgmuller's last waltz, and George Sand's new novel; with an essay on government, by the Abbé Lamennais, and a design for the embroidering of a cashmere waistcoat, by our dandy himself.

If, however, the Parisian dandy is gifted with a high forehead, a soft expression of eye, and a well-toned voice, he frequently adds the affectation of literature to the rest, imagines that he possesses the soul of a poet, and endeavours to gain an introduction to the winter soirées of Monsieur Lamartine, who, by the way, is the idol of the Parisians for his talents, and might be justly so, if his private worth were weighed as well, or as fairly, as his poetic genius; but France does not adjust the balance as nicely as she might do in these cases. The literary dandy dislikes publication, he prefers reading his romances to private friends, where in a well lighted salon, on a Persian carpet, and with eau sucré by his side, he may charm elderly gentlemen by his epigrams, and young ladies by sentimental monodies, only fit for Père la Chaise. This is not, however, in consequence of his believing the *enfans* of his brain to be inferior in strength or beauty to those of Balzac or Dumas; but because he dreads that the delicate rose tints of his imagery should be breathed on by plebeian lips. To this description of dandy, Victor Hugo, great in his ideal horrors, becomes an idol. He imitates his sublimity in puerile efforts that become ridiculous, and exhausts himself in a passion of tears and pathos. All that is true to nature, and simple in detail, the literary dandy looks on with a sneer of superb disdain; for while a Frenchman fancies the coarseness of nature is beneath a mind capable of entertaining the ideal, the fact of the case is, that she, in her purity and truth, is so eminently above a frivolous, vain, and sensualized being, that he can no more hope to reach or understand her excellence, than he could to trammel the free air that blows around the rustic's brow. Thus when the dandy of to-day sneers at authors who formed the taste of old France, it is possible he cannot understand them; nor can I see how he should, looking at them, as he does, through the smoked glass of the vices and follies that now surround him.

Sometimes the Parisian dandy, indifferent to Jules Janin, and all the critics of all the journals, unhesitatingly commits his literary labours to the suffrage of society, and society is very lenient. Men smile, and call him a "bon enfant;" and pretty women, in consideration of his charming moustache, and delicious "bonnet grec," from beneath which the ideas have flowed, (if there are any,) immediately deposit their five franc pieces at the nearest library, and seizing on the straw-coloured volume that promises so much, devote themselves wholly to it, for the sake of its delightful author.

The extent of the reading public is enormous in France; every body reads, and thus books of all classes have a ready sale. The chestnut roaster at the corner of the Rue du Bar lays down a new romance to offer you his attention; the boy waiting to change the horses of the omnibus, does so with a five franc volume on his lap. The street shoe-cleaner has a copy of Beranger's Songs, and 'tis hard but the very *gamin* buys an *entr'acte* as he whistles past the Vaudeville; every body reads,—men, women, children, grisettes and statesmen, duchesses and charbonniers, 'tis all the same—books form the salt to their daily bread.

It is questionable whether the literary dandy gains much by his pen—probably not; perhaps the brilliancy of his style, and the flowers of his rhetoric, do little more than provide varnish for his boots, and violets for his table; but this is not the point, he burns a genius, and believes his works immortal; he imagines his tomb heaped with laurel wreaths, and fair girls in pink bonnets and cashmere shawls sprinkling rosebuds around the poet's grave! It may be that his funds forbid all thoughts of a cutlette at the Café de Paris, or a quiet supper at the Rocher de Cancale; no matter, he smokes his cigar at four sous, sips his eau sucré, and is supremely blest.

The Parisian dandy does not confine his caprices to the effects of his costume, nor to the strange combinations of his taste, in manners, habits, or equipages; he loves to carry them even into his apartment in the Rue Rivoli, or the Rue de la Paix, and there surround himself with all times, all styles.

If wealthy, his ante-room is perhaps hung with the armour of the middle ages, his salon is decorated with pictures by the ancient masters, and his furniture is of the time of Louis Quatorze. Bronze lamps, as if from Herculaneum or Pompeii, light his bed-chamber, and tapestry of the early Flemish looms covers his sofa and fauteuil. Occasionally, styles are mixed, and the rooms appear like the museum of a virtuoso—but in other cases a fixed epoch seems to create an atmosphere around, and the dandy who wears his beard *à la Vandyke* adopts the same style in the decorations of his apartment. Until attired for public life, the dandy who possesses these tastes usually selects some corresponding costume for his morning dress; and if the roofs of some of the most fashionable boudoirs of Paris were unroofed about mid-day, they would rather present the idea of the inmates being prepared for a fancy ball, than for the usual occupations of their morning hours.

This taste for odd, curious, and useless things, is common to all classes of the Parisian people, as well as to its dandies, although not exercised to the same degree. A poor workman, from his two francs a day, will hoard perhaps three a week, and these he spends, not in a useful bit of furniture, or an added comfort, but in a cast from the Milo Venus, a print of Victor Adam's, or an electrotype bronze.

The dandy superlative occasionally undertakes the training of a dandy inferior, but the latter must be rich, and grateful for assistance. Occasionally, about the lower end of the Rue Vivienne, hovering as it were between Galignani's and the Palais Royal, may be seen an elegant looking man, with a pleasing handsome countenance, spotless boots, stainless gloves, and an air altogether distinguished. This gentleman has a handsome apartment in the best part of Paris, a tiger

of undoubted abilites, and never dines without his pineapple and iced champagne. Is he a marquis? by no means. A government employé? certainly not. The secret is this. He is a dandy superlative, and on his favour depend the fortunes of half the shopkeepers in Paris. His gloves, his canes, his boots, his waistcoats, are a perpetual advertisement. The dandy aristocratic, whose wealth is superior to his taste, becomes his pupil, and the man of fashion instructs him in the recherché elegancies of the table, the style of his equipages, and the colour of his horses. He orders his wines, his dressing gowns, his cigars, and his jewellery; and, seated in an opera box, guides his casting vote in favour of the last *basso* or the new *danseuse*. Thus the dandy superlative renders his exquisite tastes a marketable commodity, and lives well on his nominal inheritance.

The Parisian dandy sometimes affects the interests of a sportsman, not so much for the honest love of sport, but because it is well favoured by the princes of the blood. He occasionally joins the Paris Jockey Club, and cultivates, as he says, an amateur taste for whist, plum pudding, and "bifsteak à l'Anglaise;" although, in fact, the first and last have long been naturalized as foreigners in France. The dandy here talks of horses and dogs, as gracefully as he conversed the evening before with Madame la Comtesse, on poetry and perfumes; for zealous in nothing, he has the air of an enthusiast in all.

The true dandy is careless of expense, indifferent to his means, extravagant in his luxuries; but his imitator examines tradesmen's bills, talks of what he does not possess, and looks often at the total of his cash book. He dines, not at the Café de Paris, nor at the Rocher de Cancale, nor at Verrey's, but at a two franc restaurant's in an unfrequented neighbourhood, and then he lounges on a chair at Tortoni's, smoking his cigar even to its conclusion. He talks of society he never mixes in, relates personal anecdotes of friends he knows only by name, and passes every leisure moment in his apartment on the fifth floor, in arranging and renewing, by every possible aid, his somewhat faded and threadbare attire. Miserable man! whom vanity thus cheats out of the few comforts that fortune would allow him; who talks of balls and dinners, when famine hovers near him—of equipages and horses while ready to drop from fatigue—and of the heat of the opera, and the glare of a bal masqué, while remembering that his desolate chamber cannot boast of either fire or candle! And yet so will men live, cheating themselves of comforts, as well as deceiving others; disquieting themselves for a vain shadow.

At forty, be he false or true, the Parisian dandy commences his old age: and instead of his yearly accounts being filled with charges for champagne, articles of luxury, and bouquets of rare exotics, a considerable sum, here and there, appears in favour of Désirabode, the Parisian Cartwright, and other artistes enjoying a high character for repairing time's destroying influences. Supported by the high art of the capital, greater perhaps in artifice than any in the world (whether applied to eye-brows or to manners), the dandy of forty strolls forth on the asphalte of the Boulevards, still proud of the enamel of his teeth, the delicacy of his complexion, and the graceful wave of his abundant tresses.

The Parisian ex-dandies forming a society among themselves—the vanity of their contemporaries suffices to cherish their own satisfactions, and thus for some ten years longer, the Parisian refuses to admit the idea that he has become ridiculous. Then, as an ex-dandy *decided*, he occasionally marries a young and pretty girl of low estate, and retires to a country house of the smallest habitable size, with a weedy garden, and a grass-grown wall, which he dignifies with the title of *château* and there plays whist with the retired banker and negotiant, his neighbour—or piquet, with his father-in-law the grocer, on the occasion of his annual visit.

It would be thought that a creature so artificial, so distinguished, so pleasure-seeking as our dandy, could not be found out of Paris—and that no atmosphere, but that which surrounds the Boulevard and the Chaussée d'Antin, could enable him to support his natural life; but such is not the case; every provincial

town in La Belle France has its dandy—and having glanced at his brethren in the capital, it is but just that we see somewhat of his aspect in the retirement of the provinces.

The Provincial dandy commonly employs a Parisian tailor, but sometimes contents himself with native habiliments, constructed from a collection of the coloured engravings to be seen in considerable numbers at the corner opposite the Bourse. Every body knows the shop, and has passed it fifty times, or not been able to pass it at all, which amounts to the same thing, and must have seen the figures I allude to, in La Sylphide or Le Follet; and if a Parisian dandy happened to have been looking into the window at the same time, the stranger may have observed how curiously unlike are the real and the ideal—the imagined fashions of the designers, and the absolute costume of the beau.

This amusing fact, however, is an advantage to the Provincial dandy. For by it he may continually enjoy the reputation of a man of fashion. This year, his costume differs not much from the Parisian attire of the past. And if he anticipates the coming time, his hat, but for its narrow brim, his paletôt, but for its cape and collar, would not render him ludicrous, even in the Rue Vivienne itself.

The dandy of the provinces is quite as well aware of the value of "vernis," and straw coloured kid gloves, as the Parisian. But he does not economise time, by reading a journal in the shop of the varnisher, while his feet act as lasts for his drying boots, as the Parisian may be seen doing in the Passage Panorama, by any one passing by; neither does the Provincial close his hand, when conscious of the dark-stained tips that might afford condemning proof of the date of his last visit to his glover's; neither knows he aught of the restorative process at three sous the pair, nor of the "peau de mouton" at half the usual price—for he is an unsophisticated, simple-minded being, when compared with the Parisian, and is easily to be deluded by appearances; this is the result of his provincial training, yet he finds peace in a happy unconsciousness of inferiority.

Perhaps the beau of the provinces may be aware of the fact that the costumes of Paris regularly change every six weeks, or he may not. But if he does, he shows his philosophy by not heeding such inconstancies; and as we look for greater wisdom in the retirement of country life than in the glare of the capital, I am not sure that the Provincial dandy may not be most respectable in his paletôt of last year's date, his questionable gloves, and his square toed boots—because all are consistent with his means, his position, his education, his knowledge—and in such consistency respectability is found.

The Provincial beau, like the Parisian, possesses his theatre, his Café de Paris, and his sporting club;—it is true that he does not possess the power from his box "d'avant-scène," of reducing the première danseuse to despair, by turning away his lorgnons, or uttering a half expressed bah! for Monsieur le Directeur does not heed him; yet the Provincial meets at his theatre the young demoiselles fresh from the neighbouring Pension; and so discussing Lempriere's Classical Dictionary for the *entr'acte*, he economises at once his memory, his candle, and his influence.

The dandy of the province, however, has his season of gaiety and enjoyment, which neither the thirty leagues distance from the capital, nor even a suspected deficiency in his tournure, could destroy. This is the carnival, when the grisettes' balls are announced, as they are in Paris, and the whole town seems papered with yellow bills. None then more gay than our dandy, none more conscious of his superiority, of his taste in costume, and of his favour with the fair danseuses.

The Parisian beau depends more upon the irresistible effect of his general style, than upon the flowers of conversation; but the Provincial is sentimental, and the grisettes and couturieres of the neighbourhood regard both his verses and his waltzing as inimitable.

The Provincial beau, like the Parisian, is fond of horses, and on a Sunday may be seen well mounted, and followed by a spruce-looking tiger; but the same effect is not sustained during the week, as it happens that the tiger may have to play many parts, as gardener, labourer, valet, or even repairer general, of the family château.

The dandy of the provinces also lounges in a dressing gown and tasselled cap during the morning hours, but he usually selects the straight avenue, between the oddly clipped trees in front of his house, as the scene for his cigar-smoking indulgences, in preference to an ill-furnished apartment, decorated with a narrow bed, a tall escritoire, two hard, straight, cotton velvet covered chairs, and a print of Napoleon; and his dressing gown, instead of being made of rich brocade, lined with the softest satin, is composed of thick flannel, bordered by a twist of a contrasting colour, and girded with a cord that would not disgrace the flagellatory intentions of a penitent Capuchin; but then, the neighbours declare that it is "charmante, delicieuse," and what greater end can be desired for any article of costume in the world, than to gratify oneself, and delight the world?

The Provincial dandy, possessing leisure, is apt to devote a portion of it to philosophy and discussion. Unbelief he is apt to believe is a sign of enlightenment, and he sneers at the credulity of the poor pastor, and his ignorant belief in what the vain sceptic considers to be but "a cunningly devised fable." With this bent of mind, the dandy readily becomes the disciple of every new system transmitted to him from the great natural religion manufactories of Paris, which reach him a little worn, like the other fashions of the times; however, he takes them all, abandons his early favourite, Voltaire, for St. Simon—St. Simon for Madame de Gamond, and Madame for any fresh madness, whose results may reach him in the form of octavo volumes, from the pens of all the male and female "rationalists" of the most *incredulous* capital in the world, as so La Jeune France prides herself in being. Her only belief being, that pleasure is the universal good—and evil, the absence of fêtes, theatres, bal masqués, and the carnival.

There is one point of marked difference between the condition of the Provincial and the Parisian dandy. In Paris, debts are evidences of style and fashion, in the provinces they are infamous, and every one talks of them. The dandy of Paris also enjoys a second youth, by the assistances of the tailor, the hairdresser, and the dentist—the Provincial beau is an ex-dandy at thirty. Then it is that he feels anxious for a social position, becomes tired of a life of uselessness, and is awakened to a sense of the realities about him. He then listens to paternal remonstrance, determines on a line of study,

or becomes a merchant: perhaps he marries, and with a handsome fortune, and an ugly wife, becomes a respectable member of society; but, alas! the rose tint of life is brushed away for ever, and "the butterfly has become a chrysalis!"

As no animal in the world, however inferior, is without its use, so the Parisian dandy, even by his vanities and affectations, produces good. His artificial wants and ever-changing tastes stimulate ingenuity, and increase trade; his love of luxury induces the practice of art, and repays its exercise; so that from the tailor's designer, who every week presents him with fresh patterns for the embroidery of his cashmere waistcoats, to the artist who makes copies for him of Vernet's battle scenes at Versailles,—all branches of art and trade are indebted to the dandy, as well as the poor little violet gatherer, who depends upon him for her daily *gâteau*.

The universal fancy and demand that obtains in France for trifling articles of taste, for bijouterie, books, prints, casts, and flowers, is one of the great reasons why so little absolute poverty exists there. The merest dauber who can put a horse on canvass is sure to sell it; the man under the arch on the Quai de Voltaire, with all his portfolios, full of artists' studies, at one sous each, is never without his cutlet, his tumbler of red wine, and his café au lait; and the lad who day by day stands beside his copies from the antique, at the corner of the Rue Helder, is quite sure of a ride in the roundabout, and a chance in the lottery, at the next fête at St. Cloud. It is rare to see a beggar in the streets of Paris, but by no means rare to see the poorest classes among the working people in the cheerful enjoyment of luxuries and amusements that would appear far out of the reach of the artizan and labourer of other countries; but we could yet wish, that the French could keep both the demand and the supply to their own side of the Channel, and that people who consider French dishes, French fashions, and French manufactures, as necessary to them as their daily bread, should go to Paris and seek them there.

We would like to see more of our own countrymen enjoying their cutlet and glass of ale, more of our own boys and women, with faces alive to pleasurable influences, instead of their coming upon us, as they now do, pinched with famine, and dulled by utter hopelessness.

England has her dandies as well as France. Why cannot they employ Manchester designers for their cashmeres, as well as those of Lyons? English blocked beaver for their hats, as well as Paris velvet? London sewn kid gloves, as well as those of the Rue Rivoli?

Why must an English belle wear a dress of French silk, and a Parisian cashmere, while the famished weaver of Paisley or Spitalfields points to his gaunt wife, and hungry little ones, crying aloud for bread? Why does an English matron refuse to wear any but a French head-dress, or a Paris bonnet, while the young milliner of her own land is dropping by fever and consumption, from her cold, lone garret, to her early grave?

Why does the admired beauty of our ball room find that she can dance only in a shoe exported from the magazines of the Rue de la Paix, while the stout journeyman of England, denied the work that would support his family, begs in the street, or pines in the workhouse? And yet, all this is so. With superior materials, and abundant originality, taste, and ingenuity, were they but fostered by encouragement, the manufactures of England are despised, and her workmen left to starve. The brilliant shops which attract the eye, in all the great thoroughfares of London, owe their display to *Parisian* taste; while day by day, hundreds of men and women, *English manufacturers and their wives*, drag their weary and emaciated limbs along the splendid pavement that fronts these shops, craving from the chance charity of the passer-by the morsel otherwise denied them. Alas, alas! gaunt spectres, your misery is but hourly on the increase, until the sons and daughters of England can be made to feel and to sympathise in your woes;—when crying "hold, enough!" to foreign produce, they shall no longer despise the rich silk, or the beautifully designed cashmere, which gives life and bread to their starving countrymen.

The English dandy and coquette, the man of wealth and the dilettanti, have quite taste enough to foster taste in those who are required to minister industry and skill to their gratification, but they will not. The drawing room of an English lady displays scarcely less fancy for the trivial, the elegant, and the useless, than the boudoir of the "Parisienne," but the decorations of the last are native, of the first, foreign—a wide difference as far as the condition of those around her is concerned. And so it is in all things. The dandy of Paris and the dandy of England alike have their tables crowded with collections of choice prints, of beautiful lithographs;—but while a few rare copies of Cooper and Landseer are to be seen in Paris, at shops such as Giraux's, most frequented by the English—who in England, if they purchase at all, ever think of any thing but French lithographs, wherewith to fill their portfolios and adorn their tables?

Every thing is the same, our very dinner table responds to the universal cry for continental luxuries. Who now, that pretends to give a dinner at all, even in the smaller streets running out of Bedford Square, but would feel, that although they cannot entertain a French cook at a hundred guineas a year, yet that they must abandon all ideas of gentility, unless their veal is piquéd, and their apple tart faced by a "Faisan aux Truffles" from Fortnum and Mason's? Who would dream of "double Gloucester," or even "Stilton," when "Gruyère" and "Parmesan" are for sale in the Haymarket? And who would give port and sherry, the good old honest wines of our forefathers, when cheap claret and questionable hock are in the market?

And what is the reason of all this? Are foreign, but particularly *French*, goods, better than the English? Certainly not,—your shoes from the Rue de la Paix wear out, and are out of shape, in half the time that the English are. The French silks fade sooner than the Spitalfields, the Lyons cashmeres will not outlast a Paisley; the dresses made for a six weeks' fashion fall to pieces before their time—and where then, one may ask, of one who knows France well, is the superiority of their goods? Nowhere, dear reader, but in name, and the fashion of a name; and for this, we *English*, we who pride ourselves more than any nation of the world upon our patriotism, are content that our manufacturers and working classes should starve, should beg, should go from their homes and families to workhouses, should live in misery, and die of famine—that *we*, the better classes, the called of God as their pro-

tectors, should deck us with French fashions, and humble our land to the supremacy of Parisian taste!

Had we any self-esteem left among us, or were there any general knowledge of how the case stands, one would think that this of itself were a cure for the great evil; the French believe us to be their absolute serfs in all matters of taste; the very shopkeepers remind their English customer, that his country is indebted to Paris for her patterns and designs, and that, were this good withdrawn, they would fall back to what they were in matters of costume, *i. e.*, little better than a set of painted islanders; while, if it be desired to throw a Parisian article out of vogue, it is enough to say, "Oh! this is a favourite with the English." Surely, knowing these things as facts, our self-esteem should be enough to save our starving brethren, beings "bound to the same grave," as Mr. Dickens says in his right wholesome Carol, but whom fashion, and the will of their fellow men, hurry there before their time; and though we see the dandy and the coquette of Paris full of vain thoughts, and artificial wants, yet these very follies benefit their country; and even folly assumes the air of virtue, when she speaks mercy to the suffering, and feeds the hungry with bread.

I begun this paper in trifling—I have ended it in earnest; will it be the less acceptable? I trust not, for I have spoken the truth according to my experiences; and as we all know in life, how seriousness, and even deeper good than that, sometimes follows mirth and laughter, sending us reflecting homeward,—so I hope that my light-hearted "Grisette," my fascinating "Coquette," and my "Parisian Beau," will not be liked the less for their suggesting, as they have done, a word of wisdom in due season.

LEGENDS OF LOUGH OUEL.

BY THE LATE JOHN L'ESTRANGE.

DESTRUCTION OF MULLINGAR.

ONE of the most central counties of Ireland is Westmeath. Mullingar, as every one knows, is the shire town of the county; and about two miles to the north-west of Mullingar lies the beautiful Lough Ouel—famous for its pellucid and stormy waters. Its waters, indeed, are ever pure and clear, but never still;—even in the sultry calm of the summer evening, when the leaves of the aspen hang motionless and withering on the bough, and the other lakes and pools rest with their glassy surfaces calmly reflecting the stirless and cloudless heavens,—Lough Ouel is covered with surging waves; and rude and hoarse she rolls her sparkling billows in foam and spray along her pebbly strand. Some account very philosophically for this curious phenomenon, by alleging that it is the highest water in Ireland, because it has two streams—anciently called the Gold and Silver Hand—flowing from it in different directions, nearly east and west, and that it supplies the Royal Canal with water; while others, older and wiser of course, and better acquainted with the mysteries of Lough Ouel, assert that it arises from a very different cause, and which we are about to lay before our readers. One thing, however, both agree in, that there is not better fishing in Green Erin than Lough Ouel affords.

The old tradition is, that where this lake now flows formerly stood a town called Mullingar, situated on the banks of the west flowing stream, or "Silver Hand," and surrounded by a beautiful and fruitful country. Even at this day the aged fisherman, as he tells you the story of the enchanted lake, when the sun is bright above, as he rows you along will point out the site of the town and the channel of the stream, and draw your eyes to—

> "The round towers of other days,
> In the waves beneath him shining;"

and desiring you to note the island with its ruined church and little grave-yard—sagely tell you, "there, sir, there's the only spot that escaped the destruction; there's all of the ould town of Mullingar that the waters couldn't cover;" and should you inquire the reason why that spot was so peculiarly favoured, he would reply, with a smile of pity at your ignorance;—"the rason is it—why don't your sense tell you, sir, that all the powers of fairies, or magic, or enchantments, couldn't touch the blessed consecrated ground of the church?" The little churchyard is still used as a place of sepulchre by many of the ancient families of the neighbourhood—but we are anticipating our legend.

Before the lake filled the valley, and when the former town of Mullingar raised its proud towers from the deep woods that encompassed it, there resided within its walls a witch or fairy, of extraordinary power and consequence. She occupied a lonely tower on the banks of the beautiful Silver Hand, and as her command over the spirits of earth and air, and those that dwell beneath the earth, was imagined to be very great, she was regarded with both hate and fear by her ungracious neighbours. Nona was not a wrinkled, shrivelled old hag, but young and bright-eyed, and of the fair race of the Tuatha da Danans, so dreaded by their Milesian conquerors for their magic power, and the malice with which it was supposed to be always directed. Fear and hatred are followed by suspicion, and a change in the wind, a freshening of the mill stream, or a longer draught than usual, could not occur in the course of the seasons but Nona was charged as

the author; besides, several individual cases were related, where her power and the effect of her wicked conjurations were manifest. Muttered curses, frowning brows, and smothered threats pursued her footsteps; until at last, as she was passing through the streets, one day, when their hatred overcoming their fear, they abused and maltreated her in a cruel manner. She applied to the chief at the castle for redress, but her complaint was answered by derision, and she was driven from the gates with mockery and insult. Smarting under this double wrong, she vowed an immediate and terrible revenge.

Nona had a sister, who resided in and ruled a lake in the county Roscommon. To her she sped, and told the tale of her injuries and degradation, and requested that she should be accommodated with the use of the lake *until Monday*, that she might wreak her vengeance on the devoted town. The good-natured sister of the lake, participating in her resentments, immediately packed up her flowing waters, and consigned them to the care of her Leinster relative, who conveyed them on the wings of a favouring breeze into the county Westmeath; and at the dark midnight, when all are wrapt in sleep, she let loose her overwhelming deluge upon the heads of the dreaming inhabitants of Mullingar.

When the sun of the following morning arose, instead of smiling as usual upon a fertile country of hill and dale, wood and valley, an extensive and populous town, with its towering castle and "busy mill," his glorious glance was thrown back from a magnificent and wide spread sheet of blue rolling waters—nothing arising to break the extent of their solitude but the grey walls of the church, and the mossy stones that pointed out the last resting places of mortality;—all, all, had perished!

The *Monday* of restitution came;—the good-natured sister of Connaught, not finding her beloved and lovely lake coming to resume its abandoned territory, repaired to Westmeath, to demand the restoration of her property; but she was received with coldness and even defiance. Nona had possession, and she found so many charms—so many new pleasures and beauties, and the power of committing such extensive evil in her new possessions—that she could not think of resigning them, and determined, at any risk, to retain her borrowed kingdom.

"Did you not say," asked the deposed Queen of the Waters, "that you would restore to me my beautiful lake on Monday?"

"You speak the truth," replied the usurper. "I said on Monday."

"This day is Monday," said the other.

"Not the Monday that I meant, though," replied the usurper.

"What Monday did you mean, Nona?" asked the dethroned.

"*The Monday after the day of judgment*," replied Nona.

Nona held possession of her ill-gotten dominion; but the Lady of Connaught, before she departed, left her ban upon the waters. She spat on them. "May they for ever be turbulent and unruly!" said she; "and may you never enjoy in peace what has been acquired by fraud and treachery!"

It is even so! the lake remains troubled and stormy; the reign of the usurper is restless, and to this day she continues to feel the curse of the unquiet.

As a corroborative testimony of the truth of the above legend, a barren, desolate spot is still shown in the county Roscommon, as the site of the original Lough Ouel.

In connection with this singular and beautiful lake, we have another legend, of a wild, dark, and mysterious character, but of a more modern date; we call it—

THE LEGEND OF THE HAND.

On the western side of the billowy Lough Ouel are placed the magnificent mansion and extensive demesnes of a nobleman, to whom we shall give the title of Lord de Beaumont; and about two miles from its north-western shore are situated the extensive possessions and stately castle of Sir Richard Lovell. Close neighbourhood and long friendly intercourse, rendered more endearing by mutual good offices, had linked the families together for centuries, and at the period at which our legend commences, a marriage between the heiress of Lovell and the eldest son of Lord de Beaumont was within a few months of being celebrated.

Emmeline and Henry played in childhood together, on the margin of the lake, or through the romantic scenery round Lovell Castle, and each in turn would tell fearful tales of fairies, ghosts, and goblins. During Henry's visits at the castle, Emmeline would show him the yet closed-up room where the mad lady confined herself for so many years, without even allowing any of the domestics to see her face, and where she died alone and unattended; and then she would tell how her spirit, in the whimsical array in which she used to envelope her mortal coil, issued at lone midnight from that silent chamber, to walk along the echoless corridores in the pale moonbeams. She would then show him the rusty armour and large two-handed sword of her ancestor, Sir Richard, the first possessor of the castle, who was murdered by his own serfs; and pointing out his portrait, describe how it nightly descended from its time-tarnished frame, and with its huge sword brandished keep watch and ward round the towers. He, on the other hand, would lead her by the woody and sounding shores of his native lake, and affright her fancy with numberless wild and fearful legends of the spirits and monsters that dwell beneath its waves; not omitting the ancient tradition of a young noble of *his* house, who was on the point of being married to an heiress of *her* house, until straying by the lake one evening, he surprised a child of the waters, and instantly fell in love with her supernatural charms;—how, neglecting his earthly affianced bride, he married the daughter of another element, which occasioned many and bitter feuds between the hitherto friendly houses; and how they lived in happiness for many years, and had a number of beautiful children. Her time for living on earth having expired, she was obliged to return to her crystal home, when the false lord again sought to renew his alliance with the house of Lovell,

and another matrimonial contract was debated,—when as he was one night returning from a visit at Lovell Castle, he was startled by a voice of weeping on the shore, and found his former wife, surrounded by her children, sitting on a lonely rock, that towered high above the dark waves that dashed against its base. At sight of him she screamed, and plunging with her progeny into the waters they were never seen more. The lord was married to the daughter of the house of Lovell, and, in a few brief months after, both were drowned while crossing the lake in a most singular and mysterious manner. Since that time until the present no matrimonial thoughts were ever entertained by the families of Lovell and De Beaumont. He would then show her the rock from which the mermaid dived with her children, and the strange ornaments preserved at B ——— House with which she used to decorate her hair and person.

The day when Henry would attain his majority was now drawing nigh—that day to which he had long looked forward for the crowning of all his earthly joys—the day appointed for his nuptials with Emmeline. In anticipation of the joyful moment, a splendid ball was given at B——— House; and that due honour might be done the youthful bride and bridegroom, all the rank and fashion of the country were invited. The night waned away in the happiness of young hearts; and at the hour of parting, Henry insisted on rowing his Emmeline across the lake, ordering his boatman with his own skiff to follow. Sweetly the song of Emmeline floated from wave to wave along the waters, in the silence of the still calm night; and rapturously did Henry gaze on her lovely features, sublimed in the pale moonbeams, and leisurely did he bend to the oar, as lingering, he might hear and look the longer on her he adored.

It was to Henry a night of Paradise—it was his last on earth! He handed her he loved into the carriage, with her father and friends—he lingered on the shore, until the last rattle of the wheels died away in the distance.

"May Heaven's brightest blessing descend on her!" he ejaculated. "I fear I don't deserve her —I feel I am not worthy so much beauty and excellence." He sighed heavily, and raised his hand to his brow, as if to hide or dash away an involuntary tear.

"Come, Corcoran," said he to the boatman who was waiting for him in the tossing skiff, and he spoke with something of an effort,—"Come, now for a strong pull home."

Corcoran was an old and faithful follower of the house; his head was white, but his limbs were still active and vigorous. He dexterously heaved the boat upon the strand, until her keel and side harshly grated upon the pebbles, to where a small rock formed an intermediate dry spot between the shore and the gunwale. Henry stept on board; and Corcoran, with a well managed push of the oar, drove the bark back again into swimming water. He turned her head towards home, and seizing both oars, he bent him to his task.

"Nay, Corcoran, I'll take a spell," said Henry; "you forget that I once tried your arm to its utmost, when but a boy," and taking the oar from the hand of his follower, with one powerful sweep he almost whirled the little vessel round and round. The boatman again turned her head in the right direction, and with strong and nervous arms they made her merrily bound over the curling waves. On she sped like the long-winged gull, until she nearly reached the centre of the lake, when suddenly a dark cloud fell on them, and the waves ceased to play in spray-topped surges, but swelled and rolled like black, hideous monsters. Henry and the boatman looked at each other in astonishment—they gazed around—they found themselves wrapped in impenetrable gloom, which spread to a certain distance all round the boat; beyond that, the waves on the lake danced merrily in the light of the moon; but within the shadow the glory of the heavens seemed quenched, and the waters grew inky, and heaved their bark over from side to side, with a power which they in vain endeavoured to counteract.

"This is beyond being strange, Corcoran," said Henry; "come, try and get out of this—here now, give way," and both oars dipped at the same moment; and both, powerful men, bending to the stroke, pulled with an almost resistless force; still the boat stirred not forward, but rolled and groaned under the pressure of the power laid on her ribs. "Her head is stuck in some mud bank," said he again, starting up, and plunging his oar deep on both sides of the bow; but it went as freely, without resistance, as if it passed through air. He gazed astonished into the white and terror-stricken countenance of Corcoran.

"Ah! sir, I fear there's something stronger and worse than mud to stop us.—Heaven preserve us!" replied the terrified boatman.

"It is horrible!" cried Henry, as the cloud about them fell thicker and darker. "It is most horrible!" he added, as he looked into the dark waves, now tossing and heaving in turbuent and rapid commotion, while the boat seemed fixed and stirless as a mass of rock. As thus they stared, an immense rough, naked hand and arm slowly arose, and fastened with a determined grasp upon the top ledge of the bark, and bowed her with an irresistible power, till the water was flowing over her side. Henry struck a few wild and rapid strokes into the black waves, as if intending to strike the being, whatever it might be, to whom the hand belonged. The boat was shaken as a boy shakes a rattle—she was tossed up almost out of the waters, and then as suddenly jerked down again. Henry was precipitated headlong into the lake. He struggled a moment, as if with something beneath him;—he fastened on the boat with a despairing gripe, and Corcoran seized him by the coat—but he was torn away from his hands. He screamed, and turned his starting eyes and stretched his arms to the old man, —then sunk for ever! That wild scream was heard on the shore!

The boat rolled free—the old man gazed a moment on the spot where the bursting air-bubbles told where his master disappeared, then seizing his oars he pulled towards land with might and main. Again the shallop shot into the moonlight, and flew along towards the shore; and again the light waves danced, and broke before her cleaving prow. The heart of Corcoran was once more cheered by the visitations of hope, and his strength, which had sunk before the horrors he had just witnessed, became renewed; his strokes grew doubly long and vigorous, and he rapidly neared a point of jutting land. On, on, he went; it was but a

quarter of a mile distant, when suddenly his progress was arrested, and the black cloud descended on him like a pall. He struggled, he pulled, he tugged—but in vain. He drew up his hands to his breast with all his force, till his sinews were nigh cracking. He dashed his oars again into the water, and again he strained with all his power—still he could not urge his little vessel one inch in advance. He started up in despair, and gazed into the waters—the black flood was boiling round him. "Oh! the Lord of Heaven have mercy on me!" he exclaimed, as the huge hairy hand arose, and fixed its fatal grasp upon the boat. It was bearing it down as before, when Corcoran struck it with the oar—the grasp was relaxed—the skiff regained its equilibrium—but the hand arose still higher, until its elbow appeared over the water; and the desperate hold was resumed, even on the inner ledge that runs round the boat. While this change was taking place, it flashed across the boatman's bewildered mind, that the vessel had undergone that day some trifling repairs, and that his adze still lay at the bottom. He threw aside his oar, and grasped the adze. The enormous hand was bending down the bark, as if with the intention of turning her keel upwards. Corcoran wielded his weapon on high, as the boat seemed sliding from beneath him. The fierce blow descended with unerring aim, and severed the hand from the arm just at the wrist, with such a desperate force that the adze remained fixed and quivering in the wood. The hand dropped inside at his feet, and the arm spouting blood into his face disappeared down in the waters. A hoarse, gurgling cry arose, and the boat swung into its true position. The astonished boatman again seized his oars, and again the skiff darted towards the land. She reached the shore in safety, and the moment her keel touched the beach he leapt ashore, and ran like a wild man towards B—— House, to communicate the dreadful tragedy. His strange tale could scarcely gain credence, but for the evidence of the monstrous hand, which remained in the boat. This was confirmation strange and incontrovertible; and when the first burst of sorrow and surprise had subsided—"Well!" said the old earl, "the spell has again worked its fatal end—the prophecy has again been fulfilled: the houses of De Beaumont and Lovell can never match in marriage—the curse of the mermaiden has fallen heavy on the innocent, and the guiltless have suffered for the guilty!"

Emmeline and old De Beaumont in a few years descended to the narrow house. The remnants of the monstrous hand hang to this day in B—— Hall—a gigantic skeleton—a melancholy memorial. Nothing could ever after induce old Corcoran—no temptation, however strong, could ever force him to put his foot into a boat again.

"No, no," the old man would say, with a sapient shake of his head—"No, no; I know too much about the threacherous Lough Ouel ever to think of ventherin' again upon its false waves. No, no; if I was once caught over a foot deep of its wathers, I know that the good people would find some method of takin' their revenge; they are people that never forget a good turn, and never forgive a bad one."

GEOFFRY THE DIVER.

On the first Sunday in the month of August, there is a "pattern" held on the green banks of Lough Ouel. To this scene of festivity crowd the young and old of both sexes, from different and often very distant parts of the country. The amusements of the day are generally commenced by swimming horses for a wager. Good horsemen and expert swimmers are usually selected to conduct this sport, which excites great interest amongst the spectators. Some sixty years ago, a young gentleman, a relative and dependant on the then Earl of B——, was noted as the best swimmer and the most successful rider of horses around the lake. He was also fond of performing a number of antics in the water for the amusement of his companions; often throwing their trinkets and other articles into the lake, and then diving for them again, remaining an almost incredible length of time under the water; and when their fears for his safety were raised to the highest pitch, he would suddenly appear on the surface, bearing in triumph the object of his search.

One evening, young Geoffry was entertaining a group of his youthful companions with his skill in aquatics, when it was proposed that he should descend to where the old castle was visible, and bring up a token of his having been really within its walls. He unhesitatingly agreed, and plunging from the Mermaid's Rock, he was soon seen hovering above the spot far away amid the billows of the agitated lough. He disappeared, and a full quarter of an hour elapsed before any signs of the fearless swimmer arose to give joy to the hearts of his now despairing companions. They gave alarm, and already was a boat launched, and men provided with drags and other apparatus to recover the body, when his shout of triumph was heard, and he was seen proudly breasting the waves, and displaying something above his head, which shone dazzlingly in the the sunbeams. He was hailed with a wild hurra, that made the woods echo; but as he neared the shore, a huge animal of a nondescript form was observed in rapid pursuit. As it rose on the waves, it displayed a length of coarse black hair floating and spreading on both sides; and, as what seemed to be its head emerged from the swell of each succeeding billow, two round fiery eyes, large and far apart, shot glances of the most diabolical rage and malignity on all sides. Again his friends on the shore shouted in alarm and dread, and cried out to him to haste; and some encouraged him and beckoned him forward, while others warned him of the dangerous enemy in pursuit. He looked behind,—he saw the monster cleaving and ploughing the waters not very far from him. He saw the fiend-like eyes fixed on him, and his heart was dying within him; again the cheers and cries of his friends animated him, and he dashed forward with a rapidity that surprised even himself. His feet touched the beach—he heard the rush of the monster at his heels—he sprang forward into the arms of his companions, who dragged him breathless and exhausted up on the green sloping bank. The monster of the waters, dashing impetuously after his prey,

ploughed the strand for several yards at his heels, tearing up the stones and scattering the sand around to a considerable distance. Geoffry, though he sank on the grass unable to stand, yet waved above his head an antique vessel of shining brass. He gave the following account of what he had seen beneath the surface of the Lough :—

When he came over the ruins of the castle, he dived ; but before he came to the bottom he found the waters but roofed a pure and clear atmosphere. He entered the ancient hall, which was rudely furnished with curious old weapons, and seats and tables of rare though antique device and workmanship. In one corner sat a young lady of exceeding beauty weeping in silence, and a huge hairy animal coiled up in many a fold lay asleep at her feet. She gazed a moment in surprise, while he in low and humble words told her his errand. She softly entreated him to depart—to fly from sure destruction; for should her guardian awake, —and she pointed to the monster at her feet,—nothing could save his life. He said that he would bring some token to prove to his companions the truth of what he had seen, and she pointed to the brass vessel which stood nearly in the centre of the hall, which he seized, and then departed. His friends saw the rest ; some of them described the monster as resembling an immense bear, for it displayed a hideous mouth armed with enormous fangs ; others said that it had the head of a gigantic eel with a long mane of hair floating from its back ;—none of them agreed.

On the following year young Geoffry was chosen to ride for the swimming match in the lake, on Pattern Sunday. The horse belonged to a gentleman in the neighbourhood—it was a noble and spirited young animal, and large wagers were laid that he would win. The morning came, and the horses were ranged on the strand, each mounted, and the riders stript for their watery way, with coloured handkerchiefs of different hues tied round their heads, to distinguish them amid the waves. At a given signal they all plunged in and steered for a boat which lay moored at a considerable distance ; this they were to swim round, and return to the spot from whence they started. Geoffry's horse took the lead, and as he wheeled round the boat he was hailed with cheers from his friends on the shore ; just as he cleared this mark he was observed to struggle violently, and the horse to plunge and neigh, as in fierce distress and fear. The spectators were silent, in wonder ; but a simultaneous cry broke from them as both horse and man disappeared beneath the waters. The horse came up again, but without his rider, and swam safe to land ; and though every search was made for many days after, yet the corse of young Geoffry was never found. It still remains among the mysteries at the bottom of the magic Lough Ouel.* The brass vessel is shown along with the skeleton of the gigantic hand, in the hall of B—— House. They are well worthy the attention of the curious in legendary lore.

* Not a creek or bay of this beautiful lake but teems with wild and supernatural stories of fairies, ghosts, and goblins. I remember one beautiful inlet surrounded with thick wood, through which runs a path considered a great *short cut* by the country people, and which formerly was the haunt of an evil spirit. I give the story for its fanciful and poetic conclusion. It is to this day called the " Bay of the White Lady."

This spirit often appeared by day as well as night, and woe to the passenger who crossed her path. Some have been found dead; and those who chanced to escape with life, seldom survived the year. Some were deprived of speech, and others of their senses ; and her cruelties at last became so frequent and enormous, that nothing could induce the peasant by day or dark to take the pleasant way by the Bay of the White Lady—her path was deserted. One night the wife of a poor cottier was seized with some sudden and violent illness, and the man in his fright and trouble, disregarding the terrors of the road, took the short cut in his way to seek medical assistance. He flew along at a rapid pace, but just as he turned by the strand of the bay, he saw something arise, white and shining, from out of the waters at a distance. The thoughts of the spirit never troubled his heart, until he approached and perceived the tall figure of the White Lady, with her malignant features and glistening eyes fixed on him, standing right in his path. His soul melted within him, but the errand on which he was employed nerved him with something like firmness. He drew nearer, and resolving to speak first, he addressed her in the Irish tongue. " May Heaven give you its peace and mercy," said he, " and may its rest in glory provide you with a bed of bliss, for ever and ever ; but when I saw you first, I said in my heart, it is the blessed and beautiful moon rising to light me with its bright beams on my path of sorrow and affliction !" The expression of her features became changed into a bland and benignant smile, and her eyes beamed with ineffable delight—her form became transparent in its brightness as she replied—" You are a happy man—you have released me from pain and misery ; know, that for one crime, committed during my probation on earth, I was doomed to remain here to torment and punishment, until some one came who could compare my brightness to the mild splendours of the rising moon ;—return to your home—your wife is well." So saying she vanished, and the White Lady's Bay is now unhaunted.

THE LAST PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

TRANSLATED BY H. S.

Oh ! Domine Deus,
Speravi in te—
Oh ! Care mi Jesu,
Nunc libera me.
In durâ catenâ,
In miserâ pœnâ
Desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro
Ut liberes me !

Oh ! my God and my Lord,
I have trusted in thee ;
Oh ! Jesu, my Love,
Now liberate me.
In my enemies' power,
In affliction's sad hour
I languish for thee.
In sorrowing, weeping,
And bending the knee,
I adore and implore thee
To liberate me.

A NIGHT WI' THE INDUSTRIOUS FLEAS.

BY PIERS SHAFTON, GENT.

" Quid tibi tantopere'st mortalis, quod nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis ac *fles?*"—LUCR. 3, 946-7.

"FLEA.—A small red insect, remarkable for its agility, *and which sucks the blood of larger animals.*"
JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

TRAVELLING, like "misery, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows." It was on a chance visit to the great metropolis, some few years since, that I "took mine ease" at a snug little tavern, somewhere between a hundred yards and a hundred miles of the Haymarket Theatre. A stranger to London, I was inquiring of some of the guests in the coffee-room what were the principal sights worth seeing, when I was referred to the landlord as not only the best quarter for intelligence, but as "a sight in himself." In a minute or two afterwards mine host made his appearance,—an unwieldy monster of a man, but with a face shining with good humour, and looking singularly amiable and apoplectic. "You want to see something, do you, sir?—then I have the greatest curosity in natur, I may say in the whole world, and London to boot: and when you have seen it you will say it beats the Living Skeleton, Madam Two-shoes' exhibition, and the Infant Liar to smitherins. Should you like to see it?" I of course signified an eager assent, and in a moment afterwards the worthy landlord produced—a pill box!

We must confess that we would at any time rather see the contents of Pandora's box, as the miniature receptacle for abominations, and probably turned away with some expression of annoyance. "Wait a moment—don't be in too great a hurry,"—and off went the top of the box, and out hopped with great alacrity—"nothing more," there could be scarcely anything "*less,*" than a FLEA!—we have certainly seen more disagreeable things come out of a pill-box!—and which seated himself with great composure on the back of the worthy Boniface's hand.

"Now I'll venture a stiffish bet," said mine host, "that you are wondering what there is more in that flea than any other flea." I must confess mine host had exactly hit the very idea that was then puzzling my brains. "What d'ye think, sir, of his wearing a collar of gold?—look at him through this"—giving me a magnifying glass, through which I peered at the little monster, and did behold, at that part where his neck should be—if, peradventure, fleas *have* necks—a shining collar of gold!

"'Twas strange, 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous true."

For the first time in my unfeeling existence a flea was to me an object of commiseration. What had *that* flea done, I should like to know, to be selected from the

rest of his fellow fleas?—to be cribbed in, coffined up, and incarcerated in a pasteboard dungeon; to view the light of heaven and breathe its air through the holes made by a pin's-point on the roof of his prison, when his brother fleas were wandering at their own wild wills in all the blessedness of liberty? Why was he, like Malachi, to drag his "collar of gold," instead of enjoying his saltatory exercise of leaping seventy times his own height? Why was he to bear the splendid but galling signs of rank, when he was neither lord mayor nor alderman? had never gormandized on turtle soup or mulligatawny? An injustice had been committed on that flea—and I felt for that flea, as Sterne felt for the starling that cried, "I can't get out."

It was, however, quite clear, as the poor flea "dragged his slow length along" the rough hand of his master (he was not the first living thing that had been encumbered by a similar burthen!), that he was more an object of triumph than sympathy to his proprietor. "I have had him ever since he was a young un, and I love him as if he was my own babby; six times a day I takes him out of his crib, and gives him his vittells."—"Victuals?" we exclaimed interrogatively. "Yes," said he, pointing to a red puncture in the fleshy part of his thumb, "there he breakfasts, lunches, dines, teas, and sups, and takes his little snacks betweens! Bless him, how he does enjoy it to be sure!"

"Oh love, what is it in this world of ours!"—

To what thou wilt not make the heart of man cling! The prisoner has watched the meanest flower that forced its head between the stones of his dungeon floor, and in its simple yet wondrous mechanism hath turned from the dark delusions of scepticism and doubt, and owned the conviction of belief.* The solitary captive has made friends with the unclean toad, that visited him in his captivity, and his eyes for the first time felt the blessing of tears, when his gaoler crushed the repulsive—but to him welcome—intruder; and here was this mountain of a man actually cherishing and owning a sympathy for the veriest atom that is inspired with life—a flea; oh wondrous heart of man, that can swell at the grandeur and immensity of creation, and can throb with feeling at the sight of its meanest objects!

The man put his flea to bed, "as gently as if he loved it," and I—still thinking of that flea—put myself to bed, to think of men, and perhaps of fleas!

I laid myself down, first on the right side, and was dropping off into a doze, wondering whether the state prisoner in the pill box slept in his golden chain, or if he hung it by his side till morning, and slumbered like a common flea, in republican simplicity; when lo! I felt as if he had "wandered from his home," and had mistaken the calf of my leg for his proprietor's thumb—a rub and a smart followed—and then I composed myself to sleep again. Hardly had I forgot the rude assault when it was renewed from another quarter—and as fast as I was stung, smarted and rubbed—and rubbed and smarted again—heartily wishing all the fleas ever created were confined in pill boxes, or feeding on the thumbs of those who liked them!

Worn out with a day's travelling and three parts asleep—all on a sudden I was roused to consciousness by a painful digging sensation, as if a corkscrew were being driven into the cuticle of my highly irritable self. With a sudden clutch, I caught the aggressor *in flagrante delicto*, and seizing him with finger and thumb, I felt THE GOLD CHAIN! One surprise soon, however, gave way to another, for in an instant afterwards I heard "a small, still," but at the same time remarkably shrill and piercing voice exclaim—

"Halloa, you sir—what the deuce are you about?—that hurts—don't you see that the chain is round my neck, and if you press in that way, you'll throt—throttle me—you calf-head—you clodpole—you Johnny Raw?"

And I had really lived to be abused by a flea! Letting the vilifier at liberty, I somewhat tartly inquired "what business had he on my shoulder, and muttered something about the *lex talionis*."

"What business?—he! he! he! well, that's a good one—I like that!" and here I heard a very audible shrill chuckle—"Why, I was eating my supper! what did you think I was about?—he! he! he!"

"Go and sup off your master's thumb, and leave my carcase alone!" said I, with perhaps more asperity than a flea ought to have provoked under any circumstances.

"*Toujours perdrix, mon ami,*" (the deuce, thought I—he speaks French!—he must be a flea of education!) "I smelt you out amongst the smoke-dried Londoners. I always snuff a man fresh from the country, if he is a mile off—it's a way with us, you know—he! he! he!—and you are *so* good." Here again I felt the diabolical little corkscrew at work!

"You abominable little reptile, get off, or I will squeeze your very life out—you blood-sucking vampire—you destroyer of good men's rest—you disturber of pleasant dreams!" I really felt indignant with that flea.

"Now compose yourself: I shall have done directly, for I am obliged to be moderate in my feeds,—a trifle dyspeptic, between ourselves; and how, I should like to know, would *you* like to be disturbed at your supper? What would you say, when you were swallowing a native, if he were to stick in the middle of your throat, and make you a serious remonstrance? 'Think of that, Master Brook!'"

"Shakespeare, as I live! Why, you diminutive blood-sucker, sup any where you please, but not off *my* calf!"

"Why, an't I a right to do as I like with my own? An't fleas the real lords of the creation? All the world was made for man,—the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fish of the sea,—and man was made for fleas; man may live off any garbage, but human blood alone is the food for fleas, princely fleas!—majestic fleas!"

All at once my talkative companion seemed to increase in size, and seating himself on his haunches, very complacently began to address me. There was a strange look of intelligence in his sharp features, and more than human animation in his bright, piercing twinkling eyes!

"To a philosophic mind there is something ludicrous in the airs that miserable creature, man, gives himself; he lords it over the creation, and yet is a serf to a thing he despises. A flea looks upon man as man does upon the carcase of a sheep—as something to be eaten—as made merely for his use and enjoyment. But the inferiority of the two races is self-evident: if you claim to be superior, merely because you are the biggest

* Vide the beautiful tale of "Picciola."

of the two, my poor, short-sighted friend, you are inferior, on your own argument, to the unwieldy elephant, or the lubberly walrus! Look at the melancholy contrast between our mechanism, and muscular strength, and your own. I can, when I am disposed for a little exercise, take a leap seventy times my own height—you will run to the theatre, and applaud a man as if he were a god who leaps up one half as high as himself!—and then, too, our mental structure—pooh!" (There was something very contemptuous in the way the flea sneered at our intellectual capabilities; but I let him have his fling out.)

"And you really mean to set your race before man in mental capacity?"

"And why not? we both belong to the same family; both are of the blood-sucking order—only sometimes man prefers mutton; but blood—blood—blood—is our cry from the cradle to the grave. But don't take my word for it—judge for yourself."

I immediately became conscious of the presence of a vast concourse of fleas, that appeared to be of an immense growth, and of a great variety of expression: I could see too a difference in their order and station. The original flea—he of the golden chain—continued to address me.

"Allow me to introduce you to his most vindictive majesty, our emperor—ours is a mixed constitution, and we don't acknowledge the sovereign to have more than a qualified power; the only real distinction that he possesses is that he is allowed to suck a little more blood than any one of his subjects. D'ye perceive any analogy between the royal prerogatives of men and fleas?—he! he! he!

"This gentleman is a flea of eminence—the lord high keeper of the great seal, and his majesty's conscience—and as such, chief of the lawyer tribe—second only to majesty itself in his power of imbibing.

"You see there," pointing to some gay looking fleas in scarlet jackets, "we don't want for heroes; they are great blood-suckers in their way, and keep up the glory of this great nation, much in the same way as the glory of your own is kept up, by the quantity of blood that has been lost through them. (Had you there, old boy, and your military greatness, too, I calculate.)

"Let us go into the common ranks of flea society, and you will find some really respectable professors of blood-sucking.

"That hungry-looking, pale-faced flea is a bill-discounting attorney. From his looks you would imagine he couldn't draw blood at all. Bless you! you really can't imagine what a gorge the vampire has. Allow me to introduce you." Immediately I felt the lawyer's proboscis penetrate my skin, and every vein in my body appeared to be brought under contribution. "Hold, hold, enough—you can never have too much of a good thing—there, get off!"

"That rascal there might give even you Christians (although an unbeliever, and eschewer of pork himself) a lesson on brethren living together in unity. His father and one of his brothers are sheriffs' officers, another brother a money-lender, another an auctioneer, and himself an attorney; so you see how beautifully the law of union must work, when they all pull together. The usurer lends some unfortunate wretch cash at forty or sixty per cent, (either's a legal rate among the blood-sucking tribe,) and so having had a tolerable swill out of the victim, he hands him over to the attorney, who, by the way, in his double capacity of bill-discounter, occasionally takes the first suck himself—in either case there is very little left in his veins, when he gets free from the attorney's fangs; then the attorney hands him over to the auctioneer, from whom, if there is any thing to be squeezed, sucked, or pumped away, out he comes, very flabby indeed; until at last this band of brothers hand him over, like a well-squeezed orange, to their relative the bailiff a mere husk, but which, with a little hard pressing, will yield a few drops to reward his exertions. There is one peculiarity about this breed of 'industrious fleas,' they are the only class that prey upon one another. Among us, the opprobious reproach of 'dog eat dog,' is otherwise never heard; we leave that to the undisturbed enjoyment of those, who 'are but a little lower than the angels,'—men, wolves and sharks."

My lively friend continued to introduce me in the same graphic and characteristic style to several other members of flea society, and I had the honour of making acquaintance with the relieving officers of their poor-law unions, and heard, that when a flea pauper seeks relief from those admirable institutions, he is set to feed on the carcase of an English pauper, the blood of whom affords the poorest and thinnest nutriment that is capable of keeping a flea's life and soul together; and this principle of their poor law I was complimented at hearing they had borrowed from our own statute books. I was also introduced to the directors of several of their loan societies, the keepers of their principal gaols, and the owners of their lock-up houses, who, with some eminent pawnbrokers, were, I was assured, amongst the leading members of the blood-sucking fraternity.

As I found that each of these estimable functionaries made it a point, in some way or the other, to squeeze a drop out of me, either under the pretence of great politeness, or as a specimen of their way of doing business, I found these introductions not only becoming very troublesome, but I was afraid absolute depletion would be the result, and I determined on making my departure, with many thanks for the insight they had afforded me into their admirable institutions.

My valedictory address was received with such a marked feeling of regret that the whole tribe insisted on taking a personal leave of me. Each, as he embraced me, inserted his corkscrew proboscis into my skin, and for each flea went a drop of blood. I could stand this no longer, but with arms and legs resisted most vigorously, until I found myself alone in bed, painfully smarting under the attacks of my vigorous assailants.

The grey dawn of morning made me at first disposed to treat the whole of the preceding events as the sport of imagination; but the appearance of my outward man, which rivalled the ruddy morn itself, convinced me that I had come to a *rash* conclusion; that it was no dream, and that I had actually enjoyed "A Night wi' the Industrious Fleas."

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS.

"Sleep, saintly poor one! sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find thy labours done."—CHARLES LAMB.

We never remember seeing any notice of the dear old legend we are about to relate, save in some brief and exquisite lines by Charles Lamb; and yet, how simply and quaintly it confirms our childhood's faith, when heaven seemed so much nearer to earth than it has ever been since; and we verily believed that angels watched over the good and pure of heart!

Once upon a time there lived in a far off country place, the name of which has long since passed into oblivion, a young girl whom we shall call Alice, with an aged and bedrid mother dependent upon her exertions for their sole support. And although at all periods they fared hardly enough, and sometimes even wanted for bread, Alice never suffered herself to be cast down, placing her whole trust in Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." And when better days came again, who so glad and thankful as that young girl?

It may be all very pretty and picturesque for poets and artists to picture to themselves calm, peaceful scenes of rural loveliness; in the foreground of which they generally place some happy village maid, sitting in the cottage porch at the sunset hour, and singing merrily at her wheel: even as bright-eyed and glad-hearted damsels of our own times take up their sewing only as a pleasant excuse to be silent and alone, that they may indulge in sweet and gentle musing. But let us not forget that that which is as a pastime to the few, may be to the many a weary and never-ending toil! engrossing the day that seems so long, and yet is not half long enough for all they have to do;—breaking into the quiet hours set apart by nature for rest, and mingling even with their troubled dreams. Thus it was oftentimes with our poor heroine! And yet she sang, too, but generally hymns, for such sprang most readily to her lips, and seemed most in harmony with her lonely and toilsome life—while her aged mother would lie for hours listening to what seemed to her as a gush of sweet prayerful music, and not questioning but the songs of the good upon earth might be heard and echoed by the angels in heaven! Poor child! it was sad to see thee toil so hard—but beautiful to mark thy filial devotion and untiring love—thy thankfulness to have the work to do, otherwise both must have starved long since!—thy trust in Providence, that for *her* sake it would give thee strength for thy laborious tasks—the hope that would not die, of better times—the faith that grew all the brighter and purer through trials—the store of sweet and pious thoughts that brought thee such pleasant comfort, and gave wings to many a weary hour of earthly toil.

For years Alice had contrived to lay by enough to pay the rent of their little cottage, ready against the period when it should become due; but now, either from the widow's long illness, or the hardness of the times, which ever presses in seasons of national or commercial difficulty most heavily upon those least able to struggle against its additional weight, the day came round and found her unprepared. It so happened that the old landlord was dead, and his successor one of those stern men, who, without being actually hard-hearted, have a peculiar creed of their own with regard to the poor, which they are never weary of repeating; holding poverty to be but as another name for idleness, or even crime!—a baneful error which has done much to plunge its unhappy victims into their present fallen condition;—and yet even he was touched by her tears, and meek deprecating words, and consented to give her one week's grace, in the which she reckoned to have finished and got paid for the work she then had in the house. And although the girl knew, that in order to effect this, she must work day and night, she dared ask for no longer delay, and was even grateful to him for granting her request.

"It will be a lesson to her not to be behind-hand in future," thought her stern companion, when he found himself alone; "no doubt the girl has been idling of late, or spending her money on that pale-coloured hood she wore, (although, sooth to say, nothing could have been more becoming to her delicate complexion,) instead of having it ready as usual." And yet, sleeping or waking, her grateful thanks haunted him strangely, almost winning him to gentler thoughts—we say almost, for deep-rooted prejudices such as his, were hard—very hard to overcome.

Alice returned home with a light heart.

"Well?" said the widow, anxiously.

"All right, mother; with God's blessing we will yet keep the dear old cottage in which you tell me you were born."

"And hope to die—"

"Not yet—not yet, dear mother!" exclaimed the girl, passionately. "What would become of your poor Alice, if she were to lose you?"

"And yet I am but a burden on your young life—"

"No, no,—a blessing rather!"

Alice was right; labour and toil only ask an object—something to love, and care, and work for, to make it endurable, and even sweet! And then kissing her mother, but saying not a word of all she had to do, the girl took off the well preserved hood and cloak which had given rise to such unjust animadversions, and putting them carefully aside, sat down in a hopeful spirit to her wheel. The dark cloud which had hung over her in the morning seemed already breaking, and she could even fancy the blue sky again in the distance.

All that day she only moved from her work to prepare their simple meals, or wait upon the helpless but not selfish invalid, who, but for the eyes of watchful love ever bent upon her, would have striven painfully to perform many a little duty for herself, rather than tax those willing hands, always so ready to labour in

her behalf. And when night came, fearing to cause that dear mother needless anxiety, Alice lay down quietly by her side, watching until she had fallen asleep; and then rising noiselessly, returned to her endless tasks. And yet, somehow, the harder she worked, the more it seemed to grow beneath her weary fingers: the real truth of the matter was, she had overrated her own powers, and was unaware of the much longer time it would take for the completion of the labour than she had allowed herself. But it was too late to think of all this now; the trial must be made, and Heaven, she doubted not, would give her strength to go through with it. Oh! happy—thrice happy! are they who have deserved to possess this pure and child-like faith, shedding its gentle light on the darkest scenes of life.

Morning broke at length over the distant hills; and Alice, flinging open the casement, felt refreshed by the cool breeze, and gladdened by the hymning of the birds already up and at their orisons; or exchanged a kind good morrow with the peasants going forth to their early labour. No wonder that those rough untutored men, gazing upwards on her pale calm face, and listening to her gentle tones, felt a sort of superstitious reverence in their hearts, as though there was a blessing in that kindly greeting which boded of good.

The widow noticed, with that quick-sightedness of affection which even the very blind seem gifted with in the presence of those they love, that her child looked, if possible, a thought paler than usual; and for all the bright smile that met hers every time Alice, feeling conscious of her gaze, looked up from her work, marked how wearily the heavy eyelids drooped over the aching eyes, and yet she never dreamed of the deception which had been practised in love, to soothe and allay her fond anxiety; and the girl was well content that it should be so.

It so happened, that about noon, as she sat spinning in the cottage porch, the new landlord passed that way on horseback, and was struck with her sad and wearied looks,—for of late she had indeed toiled far beyond her strength, and this additional fatigue was almost too much for her. But still that stern man said within himself, "It is ever thus with the poor, they work hard when actually obliged to do so, and it is a just punishment for their improvidence and idleness at other times.—And yet," he added, a moment after, as he turned his horse's head, half lingeringly, "she is very young, too."

Alice looked up at the sound of retreating footsteps, but too late for her to catch that half relenting glance,

or it might have encouraged her to ask an extension of the time allotted her,—aye, even if it were but one single day! but he had passed on ere the timid girl could banish from her mind the fearful remembrance of his former harshness.

Another weary day and sleepless night glided on thus, and the third evening found her still at her spinning, with the same smile on her lips, and hope and trust in her breast.

"Is there nothing that I can do to help you, my Alice?" asked her mother, who grieved to see her obliged to toil so hard.

"Nothing,—unless, indeed, you will tell me some tale of old times, as you used to years ago, when I was a child."

"Why you are but a child now," said the widow, with a mournful smile; and then inwardly comparing her lot with that of other girls of the same age, she relapsed into a train of sad and silent musings, and Alice knew that they were sad, by the quivering lip and contracted brow.

"Come, mother dear!" said she, "I am waiting to hear your story."

And then the widow began to relate some simple reminiscences of bygone times, possessing a strange interest for that lonely girl, who knew so little of life, save in these homely and transient revealings; falling asleep in the midst through weariness, for she ever grew weak and exhausted as night came on; but presently awoke again half bewildered.

"Where was I, Alice?" asked the invalid gently.

"Asleep, dear mother! I was in hopes," replied her companion, with a smile.

"Oh! forgive me, I could not help it. But you will not sit up very long?"

"No, no! good night."

"Good night, and God bless you, my child!" said the widow; and a few minutes afterwards Alice was again the only wakeful thing in that little cottage, if indeed she could be called so with her half-closed eyes, and wandering thoughts, although it is true the busy fingers toiled on mechanically at their task. The very clock ticked with a dull, drowsy sound, and the perpetual whizzing of her wheel seemed almost like a lullaby.

Presently the girl began to sing in a low voice, in order to keep herself awake, hymns as usual—low, plaintive, and soothing; while the widow heard them in her sleep, and dreamed of heaven. But all would not do, and she arose at length and walked noiselessly up and down the room, trying to shake off the drowsy feeling that oppressed and weighed upon her so heavily. And then, opening the casement, sat by it to catch the cool breath of night upon her fevered brow, and watch the myriad stars looking down in their calm and silent beauty upon earth. How naturally prayer comes at such times as these. Alice clasped her faded hands involuntarily, and, although no words were uttered, *her heart prayed!* We have called her in our love, pure and innocent; but she of her holier wisdom knew that she was but a weak and erring creature after all, and took courage only from remembering that there is One who careth even for the very flowers of the field, and how much more for the children of earth. But gradually as she sat thus in the pale starlight, the white lids drooped over the heavy eyes—her hands unclasped and sunk slowly and listlessly down;—the weary and toil-worn frame had found rest at last!

And then the room seemed filled on a sudden with a strange brightness, and where poor Alice had sat erst while at her wheel, is an angel with shining hair, and raiment white and radiant as a sunbeam; while another bends gently over the slumberer, and looking first at her, and then at her companion, smiles pityingly; and the girl smiles, too, in her sleep; and as if still haunted by her favourite hymn tunes, sings again very faintly and sweetly, until the sounds die lingeringly away at length upon the still night air. Fast and noiselessly ply these holy ones at their love task, while the whizzing of the busy wheel, accompanied by a gentle rushing sound, as of wings, alone disturbed the profound silence of that little chamber. And now morning broke again over the earth, and their mission performed, they have sped away to their bright home rejoicingly!

Alice awoke trembling from her long and refreshing slumber, thinking how she must work doubly hard to redeem those lost hours. She drew her wheel towards her—she looked wildly at it, rubbing her eyes to be sure that she was not still dreaming; and then gazed around the quiet apartment, where all remained just as she had left it:—but the task—the heavy task for which she had marked out four more weary days and nights of toil, and feared even then not having time enough to complete it, lay ready finished before her! But after a little time the girl ceasing to wonder, or remembering to whom she had prayed on the previous night, guided by an unerring instinct, knelt down and poured out her full heart in a gush of prayerful thanksgiving to Heaven! And we can almost fancy the angels standing a little way off, smiling upon each other and on her, even as they had done before, and rejoicing in their own work.

We are told in the legend, that from that hour the widow and her good and pious child never knew want again. It may be that Alice's employer was pleased with her diligence and punctuality; or the stern landlord shamed out of his prejudices by the unlooked-for appearance of the glowing and happy face of his youthful tenant, three days before the appointed time, with the money ready, and many grateful thanks beside, for what she termed his kindness in waiting so long for it; or there was a charm in that web, woven by holy hands, which brought Alice many more such tasks, with better payment, and longer time to complete them in. The only thing that makes us sad in this simple and beautiful legend is that the age of such like miracles should have passed away. And yet, fear not, ye poor and suffering children of toil!—only be gentle and pure-hearted as that young girl—trust as she trusted—pray as she prayed—and *be sure* that Heaven in its own good time will deliver you!

E. Y.

THE MANAGER'S EXTINGUISHER; OR, MR BUNN AND "MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS."

More than a year has passed, since Mr. Robert Bell (in evil hour for him) produced his comedy of "Mothers and Daughters," at Covent Garden Theatre, then under the jocund management of Mr. Bunn. The comedy was in every respect successful. Many of its scenes were cheered throughout, and at the fall of the curtain the applause was loud, long and unanimous. The author had achieved his happy purpose; his friends might congratulate him on the glad event; the public possessed an additional enjoyment,—another good comedy. Such were our thoughts as the curtain descending, the applause rang through the house; when lo! Mr. Cooper, stage-manager, stepped forth and announced the play for repetition (it was then Tuesday) on—the following Saturday! It was immediately obvious to the meanest understanding exercised at all in play-house doings, that however the public might relish the comedy, the manager was determined they should have but brief enjoyment of it. The Saturday arrived, but with it no "Mothers and Daughters." The comedy was never played again. The manager extinguished the dramatist.

Mr. Bell has now published a second edition of his play, and with it a narrative of its hapless history in the shape of an "explanatory preface;" from which we make the subjoined extracts, that Mr. Bell may, in his own graceful, good-humoured way, ("no man bears sorrow better,") relate the disappointments and perplexities that beset a man in an attempt to place his comedy upon the stage; and worse—the annoyance and injustice that may reward his success. It is bad enough—yea, very trying to the philosophy of a Christian play-writer—to be damned by the town; (we flatter ourselves that upon this point we may be received as an authority). Far more than irksome is it to hear the public—that with all its occasional folly, tyranny and ignorance, must still be called the discerning,—screaming and roaring at the dramatist, as though it would have the manager fling him into the pit to be eaten alive for his last iniquity. Dissonant are cat-calls, cutting the very heart-strings of an author; disgusting, too, the cry of "apology" from that fraction of the insulted town, a Levite tailor in the boxes who has come in with an order; humiliating the looks of the actors behind, who, relieved of a load of care, pass the fallen dramatist with glances of injury; or if, indeed, they sympathize with his distress, it is with the warmth and fervour of a hangman towards a defunct thief—and that, too, of his own killing. But then there is good reason for this. It is a green-room axiom, that no damned play ever contained a decent part; therefore the audience have very properly revenged the wrong done by the author to the actors. And so the damned author, frozen by the players, almost shrinking from the looks of the very door-keeper, goes to his bed. He rises the next day, and looks into the morning papers, with the same horrid interest that a housebreaker may peep into the "Hue and Cry." Well, all this is terrible enough; but there is no hypocrisy in the condemnation of the town; you are hissed, hooted, yelled, groaned at, with a true English frankness. All this is mercy, gentleness, sweet remonstrance, when compared with the urbanity of a manager, who praises your comedy to the echo one moment, and the next, hisses it vigorously in his sleeve. Besides, a manager (such things have been done) may force the town to swallow a play; but the town can use no such gentle violence on the manager. Mr. Bell was called for by the audience, and bowed to them from the boxes. In that very minute, when the author's face was radiant with honest triumph, did Mr. Bunn drop over him the managerial extinguisher. We shall now let Mr. Bell tell his own story:—

"The fate of 'Mothers and Daughters' is unique. It is a case *per se*. Nothing like it ever happened before, and I hope nothing like it may ever happen again. And it is solely in the desire to prevent it from passing into a precedent, that the adventures of this comedy are herein about to be narrated.

"Some plays have been enthusiastically received by managers, and then turned out of doors by audiences. But here is a play which was enthusiastically received by the audience, and then turned out of doors by the manager. Some plays have unfortunately failed; but here is a play which succeeded unfortunately. Managers are generally glad to cultivate the prospect of profit held out by a successful novelty; but here is a case in which the manager took considerable pains to prevent the successful novelty from becoming profitable to himself or any body else. This last statement, in a commercial country like England, (and, of course, it is only in a commercial point of view I have any right to suppose it can affect the manager's credit,) will be entirely unintelligible. But I beg the courteous reader to bear in mind that I do not expect him to understand it. I do not understand it myself, and am never likely to be able to understand it, though I have left no means or methods of investigation untried—no avenues of inquiry unexplored—no oracles un-

questioned—to obtain a satisfactory explanation of the reason why Mr. Bunn treated, not me so ill, but himself. There are some things, however, not the less true, merely because they are incredible."

The comedy was offered to Mr. Webster, at the Haymarket, but Mr. Farren refused the part—an old sin this with Mr. Farren—and the piece was taken to Mr. Bunn.

"Well—the next scene in this eventful history was St. James's Place. Mr. Bunn had just entered upon the management of Covent Garden. It was the only theatre at which this comedy could then be produced; and the only alternative that seemed open to me, was either to put the MS. into the fire, or into the hands of Mr. Bunn. I decided upon the latter course. Perhaps I ought to have preferred the former; but MSS. are so slow in their growth, that while they are growing to maturity, one is apt to acquire a foolish habit of hoping a better fate for them. Mr. Bunn's approval of the play was no less emphatic than Mr. Webster's. I had the managers with me at all events, and it seemed as if Fortune could never weary of doing me good offices in every direction, except that which led to the critical sanction of Mr. Farren.

"Strangely enough, Mr. Bunn had no sooner read the comedy, than he arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Farren was the only actor who could do justice to the character of *Lord Merlin;* and, before he had communicated with me on the subject, he actually offered him an engagement for the two months of the Haymarket recess, to appear in this very part! Mr. Bunn was, of course, ignorant of Mr. Farren's judgment in the matter. But in any case Mr. Farren could not come. He had provincial engagements.

"It is worthy of note, that both managers, men of experience and observation, thought the character peculiarly suited to Mr. Farren; but that Mr. Farren, to use the green-room phrase, could not see himself in it. If actors were never to play parts, except such parts as they could see themselves in beforehand, they would do themselves great injustice. True genius must create as well as embody.

"Mr. Bunn confessed frankly to me that he felt the want of Mr. Farren in this part, a terrible difficulty. But as there are different aspects to the same humanity, and different modes of presenting and yet preserving the same truth, I did not think it an insuperable difficulty. I thought it possible that a comedy might be played without Mr. Farren; by which I hope nobody will suppose that I undervalue Mr. Farren's conspicuous abilities. I merely drew that inference from the fact that comedies had been produced on the English stage before Mr. Farren's time, and from the presumption that they might continue to be produced even in time to come. I thought that, as there was a serious side to the character of *Lord Merlin*, as well as a comic one, and as, indeed, there lay a very grave purpose at the bottom, an actor of a totally opposite cast might bring out the expression of the portrait as justly, although, perhaps, not so effectively, as Mr. Farren. I ventured to suggest this to Mr. Bunn.

"The comedy was now handed over to the stage-manager. It was a step nearer to the green-room. It had arrived in the theatre, and been read by Mr. Bartley—upon whose judgment I place especial stress—who literally pronounced a panegyric upon it. Certainly there never was a play had so many cheering and unexceptionable and influential omens in its favour. Had I been skilled in astrology, I might have begun to suspect that my lucky star was shining *too* brightly.

"Mr. Bartley had but one misgiving. What was to be done with *Lord Merlin?* There was but one individual on the stage who could realize the author's precise intention; and that individual was Mr. Farren! Mr. Bartley's impression on this point was so strong, that he could hardly credit the fact that Mr. Farren held a different opinion; he seemed to think that it was like Mr. Farren differing from Mr. Farren. But so it was; and there was no help for it. It was suggested that Mr. Vandenhoff should be requested to read the part. This was, if you please, a leap in the dark. The character was out of his usual way. But I have great faith in what may be done by a man of superior attainments when he applies himself to a new pursuit. I was not disappointed in the sequel; and if the comedy had not been strangled in its cradle, Mr. Vandenhoff would have ably vindicated the propriety of an experiment which I cannot sufficiently thank him for having undertaken.

"In the meanwhile Mr. Bartley expressed considerable hesitation about the cast generally. He was obliging enough to say that the comedy required a much stronger cast than the resources of the theatre could command: that it wanted such actors as Elliston, Munden, and others of that day; and, with a friendly zeal for which I am bound to be grateful, he advised me to reconsider the prudence of bringing it out under such circumstances. He assured me that instead of running thirty or forty nights, as, properly cast, it ought to run, it would probably not live beyond fifteen or twenty. I refer to Mr. Bartley's judicious counsel, because it is due to him to acknowledge the soundness of his advice; and also for the sake of showing that I voluntarily incurred the risk of running only fifteen or twenty nights, presuming the comedy to succeed on the first night, which was the great risk after all."

Mr. Farren may very fairly be charged by Mr. Bell with the ill-fortune of his comedy. It was the actor's duty to the author, the manager, and the town to play the part. Whilst, however, our stage is so lamentably deficient in acting talent, the author must ever be at the mercy of the players. In France, for instance, Mr. Bell would have met with no difficulty. For this reason,—every theatre has actors quite as good as Mr. Farren, and some with whom it would be the excess of the ridiculous to make any comparison. Paris has, at least, twenty Messrs. Farren:—

"It was a heavy trouble to me that, whichever way I turned, this image of Mr. Farren rose up before me, with that jaunty, pinched, old-gentlemanly air, so familiar to the public, and which seemed in every body's imagination the exact ideal of *Lord Merlin*. Even Mr. Vandenhoff at rehearsal looked as if he had been bewitched into a sort of wraith of the absent comedian;—and people cracked spectral jokes about him, which had something of the ghastly effect of blue lights let in upon a scene of high comedy. Nothing could be more humorously dismal. The figure haunted me incessantly, and its sharp, licorous tones every now and then seemed to ring through the dialogue. There was no getting rid of it. I tried all sorts of exorcisms in vain. The Presence, like an ill-omened bird, brooded over the play to the last. All this was well enough, or ill enough, through the twilight rehearsals, on the dim, shadowy stage at noon, when, whatever scanty light there was could only struggle in obliquely through strange loops in the roof; but it was to be hoped that this night-mare, or day-mare, would vanish in the broad lustre of the lighted theatre, when the heart of the merry audience would be stirred by eager expectation, and the action to be realized, whatever might be the issue, would at least have the advantage of being developed in shapes too palpable to admit of any disturbing influences. I thought I was safe here, at all events, and that Mr. Vandenhoff's *Lord Merlin* would be a portrait so individual and distinct, and, above all, so unlike Mr. Farren, that nobody could trace in it—or in the character as rendered by Mr. Vandenhoff—any of Mr. Farren's peculiar and dissimilar lineaments. I was mistaken. Like the grisly head of Winter in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, the eyes of Mr. Farren glared upon me through *Lord Merlin*, move where I would; and as invisible ink gives out precisely the same purport, no matter by whose hand it is held to the fire, so *Lord Merlin* was still Mr. Farren, let who would assume the costume and 'speak the speech.' The critics unanimously declared that they saw Mr. Farren all through the part. Their unanimity on this point was so remarkable, that one might almost suspect it to have been got up by concert or stratagem."

We now come to the reading and the rehearsals—it had four—of the comedy. Under the management of Mr. Macready, it would have been rehearsed every day for a month; and the actors would have been made to *act their parts* every morning, that the author might have had *some* notion of the way in which they intended to use him at night.

"Let us now conduct the comedy with all due honours into the green room. The company are assembled. Mr. Bartley reads the play. Every body concerned entertains the stranger with the most cordial good-will. All the scenes tell successfully (a good omen) on the habitual nerves of the listeners. The

parts are cast and distributed; and the pleasant group, with their various fluctuating anticipations, break up like a flight of birds. This was on Saturday, January 14th, 1843.

"To those who are acquainted with the preparations requisite for putting a five-act comedy on the stage, with any reasonable hope of success, it is needless to observe that some little time is necessary for study, and for such a number of rehearsals as will enable the performers not only to master the *finesse* of the dialogue (to say nothing about character), but to acquire a certain degree of fluency in its delivery—that fluency which is the life-blood of acted comedy. But to those who are not familiar with stage mysteries, it may be as well to add, that the time usually consumed in these preliminaries (as essential for the actors as the author), is about a month or six weeks, according to circumstances. In France, where these matters are much better ordered, a still longer period is devoted to this purpose.

"Some notion of the care that was bestowed upon this comedy may be formed from the circumstance, that it had FOUR rehearsals between the day when it was read in the green-room, and the night of its production on the stage; and some of these rehearsals, too, were scrambled for amongst a mob of people who were trying to hurry forward, in the same helter-skelter way, a tumultuous opera of such multitudinous magnificence, that it must have put the printer to his wits' end to squeeze its descriptive particulars into a double play-bill! To suppose that any actors could be ready to do justice to a new play, or to themselves, at such short notice, would be preposterous; but in this case, where some of the characters did not sit quite easily upon the performers, the utmost that could be hoped for was to escape a complete and disgraceful failure. How much praise, then, is due to the artists who, under such circumstances, carried the play triumphantly through its perilous ordeal?

"'Mothers and Daughters' was produced on Tuesday, 24th January, and the play-bill of that day was filled with announcements *up to the following Saturday*. This is a significant feature in the case. If Mr. Bunn intended to give the comedy the smallest chance of success, he would have left room for its repetition, while the impression it made was yet fresh. *But he never intended that it should succeed;* for reasons like those which made Dr. Johnson sleep without a night-cap—reasons which shall never be revealed to the remotest posterity, and which nobody will ever take the trouble to inquire into.

"The representation was entirely successful. All the newspapers, with their infinite shades of critical opinion, agreed upon this point. The reception was in the highest degree gratifying to everybody—except the manager. He was the only dissentient in the house.

"Mr. Bunn arrived just before the close of the performance. He was in time for the clamorous applause that crowned the final efforts of the performers; and before he retired from his box, the play—agreeably to the arrangements previously made—*was announced for repetition on the following Saturday*. The audience were evidently taken by surprise at such an extraordinary and unprecedented postponement of a successful drama, and cried out for its repetition on the following night. Their enthusiasm was drowned by the fiddles.

"It might, perhaps, be said, that the play bill ought not to be taken as conclusive evidence of the manager's intention not to repeat the comedy before Saturday, as he could have easily displaced the entertainments announced for the intervening nights, had the reception of the comedy seemed to him such as would warrant him in doing so; but it is quite clear that he really did not mean to displace those entertainments under any circumstances, simply because he did not leave his box until the stage-manager had already acted upon the arrangement laid down in the bill, so that he could not have averted the fulfilment of that arrangement, unless, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, he could have been in two places at once.

"The comedy was found too lengthy in representation, and the following Thursday was appointed for the purpose of effecting the necessary curtailments, *the company being called together by Mr. Bunn for that purpose*.

"In the meanwhile, the playbill of Wednesday was issued with this announcement:—'The New Comedy of "Mothers and Daughters" having been successful, will be repeated on the following Saturday.' Here at least was an acknowledgment, churlish enough to be sure, that the comedy *was* successful. On Wednesday, however, some new light broke in upon the manager, and the playbill of Thursday came out with this startling advertisement, in place of that which had previously appeared:—'The new and successful Comedy of "Mothers and Daughters" will be repeated three times a week.' Here then was a comedy postponed for four days after its first appearance, and in the interval announced for repetition three times a week; as if, during the period of its withdrawal, it had somehow contrived to increase its power of attraction. But the flattering promise of the playbill was only designed to hoax the public—not the author. I was very soon undeceived. It was evident, from an interview I had with Mr. Bunn on the Thursday, that he was in the meshes of a dilemma of his own creating; and that he would have acted more candidly if he had never announced the comedy for repetition at all—more honestly, if he had never put it into rehearsal. It was plain to see that he had calculated all along on the failure of the play; that he had so to speak, made a sort of provision for its failure; that he was disappointed by its success, for which, in fact, he had made no provision; and that, expert as he is in strategy, he really did not know how to extricate himself from this comical embarrassment. There was clearly nothing to be done in the way of argument: sundry expedients were thrown out, but they were dispersed like dust in a whirlwind; and so the interview ended, Mr. Bunn promising to communicate with me as soon as he had resolved upon his plans.

"I never heard from Mr. Bunn again. I might have waited till Doomsday, had I waited for any further communication.

"The announcement that the comedy would be repeated three times a-week, remained in the bills on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. On Monday, it was changed to 'Due notice will be given of the next performance of the Comedy of "Mothers and Daughters."' This 'due notice' is still 'due.' For three or four days longer the amiable fiction was republished; and then the name of the comedy was finally dropped out altogether."

We now come to the law of the matter. Mr. Bell, with characteristic spirit, which deserves the commendation and gratitude of all who may henceforth trust five-act comedies to certain managers, resolved to call Mr. Bunn to account.

"The substantive question here is this: Whether a manager is justified in withdrawing a play which the public has approved, and the success of which, on its first representation, he has himself acknowledged in his bills?

"I felt that, even if I were indifferent to the assertion of any personal reputation involved in the sudden death of a successful play, *this was a question I had no right to compromise*. It appeared to me that an obvious principle of common justice had been recklessly violated, and that I should be in some sort *particeps criminis* if I submitted to it. To acquiesce in a wrong is to confirm and consummate it. I resolved not to submit, but to bring this question to issue at any sacrifice. * * * * *

"My object was not to recover pecuniary damages from Mr. Bunn, but to vindicate the principle he had outraged. This vindication would have been complete in the reproduction of the comedy, and its repetition for a few nights, simply to show that a play which was successful on its first representation is entitled to a longer trial and a further test. I gave this alternative to Mr. Bunn, and at last he embraced it; but by a very remarkable coincidence, just as he agreed to reproduce the comedy, the theatre was suddenly shut up by the proprietors!

"Nothing now remained but to remove it from 'Common-Garden' to the Common Pleas. While the necessary steps were taking for this purpose, I was informed that there was a prospect of one of the large houses coming into Mr. Bunn's hands in the winter—that the pear was in fact ripening for him—and that in such an event, he would at once bring out the comedy. I was very willing to abide the issue, and waited patiently. The pear ripened sure enough, and Mr. Bunn became lessee of Drury Lane. Now was the time for the redemption of his undertaking. But, unless it were to be set to music, or reduced to a ballet of action, there was no earthly visible means by which this play—embracing only about ten characters—could be represented at the great national establishment,

'Where Garrick trod and Grisi lives to dance.'

"Of course, all expectation was now at an end; and Mr. Bunn being unable to produce the comedy, which he professed himself exceedingly anxious to do, offered to make a statement to that effect, in which the principle I sought to establish

should be clearly acknowledged; confirming this acknowledgment and submission by relinquishing all claim upon the acting right in the comedy, and by paying, in addition to all the legal expenses incurred, a small sum towards the cost of publication. As I have a strong aversion to settling by law any matters that can be as effectually and more simply adjusted by reason, and as this statement explicitly *grants* the whole question at issue, so that the case can never be referred to hereafter as a precedent to the injury of others, I made no hesitation in accepting the proposed *amende*. I believe I have rendered better service to the interests of dramatic literature in accepting this statement, than I could have done by making a hostile demonstration in a court of law, by which I might have obtained a larger personal indemnification, but with a less satisfactory admission of the general principle at stake."

In this we quite agree with Mr. Bell. All dramatists are indebted to him for the manly vindication of a principle which involves their very professional existence. Indeed, the Dramatic Authors' Society is, it is said, touched with such admiration and gratitude towards Mr. Bell for his persevering championship of their rights, that it is reported—though we do not vouch for the truth of the rumour—they propose to strike a gold medal, and award it to the author of "Mothers and Daughters," in honour of the occasion. The act will only be worthy of the body! We have now to find room for Mr. Bunn's apology for the use of the extinguisher:—

"The only liberty I have used with Mr. Bunn's letter is the omission of two or three complimentary phrases, which shed a sort of opal light upon the transaction without making it a whit more clear. This letter was addressed to my solicitor.

"'*Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*
"'*Jan.* 3, 1844.

"'My Dear Sir,

"'Regretting, as I do, the disappointment created by the non-repetition of Mr. Bell's comedy of "Mothers and Daughters," I beg to repeat that it arose from no want of merit in the comedy itself (of which I entertained the same opinion I have ever expressed, that it is one of our best of modern comedies), but is entirely to be attributed to the crippled state of the theatre, and the impossibility of doing it justice by those means which previous failures had left in my hands.

"'The best opinion I can give you of Mr. Bell's comedy is, that I would have done it this season at Drury Lane, if I possessed a company capable of doing it justice.

"'I am most happy in putting an end to the litigation between Mr. Bell and myself, by the payment of £50 towards the expenses incurred by Mr. Bell in printing the comedy, as well as his legal expenses, and of ceding to him the entire right of representing that comedy.

"'I do this, not merely to express my sense of Mr. Bell's forbearance throughout all the unpleasantry which has arisen, but my highest appreciation of his gentlemanly conduct, &c., &c.

"'If I knew how, either to Mr. Bell himself, or to the merits of his comedy, I could offer higher tribute, I would do so.

"'Yours, &c. A. Bunn.

"'*J. Abbott, Esq., &c. &c.*'"

Mr. Bell truly observes:—

"Under any circumstances, an English comedy ought to be received with reasonable indulgence. The attempt, always attended with great difficulties, is now more difficult than ever. Both the stage and the people are out of joint for this sort of production in its pure integrity. People are growing too carped with care—too worldly—too sectarian for the gauds of the playhouse. And you cannot carve Closet Comedies out of the maxims of political economy, doctrinal discussions, or the traditions of the Tract Societies. Be gentle, then, O Reader, with this comedy, which, intended for the Stage, is condemned to haunt the earth for a time in the shape of a book; receive it less for what it is than for what it might have been; and, since Mr. Bunn would not act it, confer upon the author the immortal satisfaction of acting it yourself—that is to say, mentally, not corporeally. He only laments that he cannot supply you, in addition to the book, with a complete mental wardrobe, and a superb state of intellectual interiors to help out the flattering illusion!"

We have dwelt upon this subject at some length, for two reasons. It was due to the literary character, spirited conduct, and withal "forbearance" (to quote Mr. Bunn) of Mr. Bell, who, we repeat, has earned the thanks of all dramatists, present and to come. It may also be useful as a lesson of patience to those who, still unwarned, will nevertheless dare the perils of a green-room. At the present time, the drama is in a sad plight; and yet we could hardly quote a stronger instance of the indestructibility of the dramatic spirit, than by stating the fact, that one hundred and fourteen of our fellow subjects have each sent in a comedy, in the hope of carrying off the prize, at the Haymarket Theatre! A prize of *five hundred pounds* for the best English comedy! The town was at first aghast at the reckless munificence of the offer. Alas! what is the remuneration to that of the actor, who, in that gold-bought play, may earn his income of from two to three thousand per annum?

However, let it not be thought that we would depreciate the offer of Mr. Webster; certainly not. We rejoice at the prospect of an English comedy ousting from the Haymarket bill two or three of the imbecilities "from the French" that ordinarily disfigure it. We cannot willingly give up the hope of better days for the stage: it may yet recover from the ignorant tyranny of the law, which, only last session, relaxed the bow-string when the Dramatic Muse was almost in *articulo mortis*. We have, however, no faith in the patronage of the aristocracy. Their one theatre is the Opera, as they sufficiently proved when Mr. Macready made a gallant stand for the drama both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. A newspaper, devoted to the daily doings of fashion, published, a week or two since, a list of the patrons of the Queen's Theatre. What a House of Peers! Everybody, from the "iron Duke" to the crotchety ex-chancellor, has a box; not, we think, so much out of devotion to the music and dancing, as to prove to the world an enlarged benevolence towards the stranger; for what high names—with one or two bright exceptions—gemmed the private-box list last year at Drury Lane?

NEW BOOKS.

THE VARIOUS WRITINGS OF CORNELIUS MATHEWS. *New York: Harper and Brothers. London: Wiley and Putnam.*

WE believe that Mr. Mathews is almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic. This is not as it should be; for his writings, very various in their character, have the stamp and impress of bold, original speaking. He has one distinguishing characteristic of an independent mind; he does not shrink from telling America the truth, though at the certainty of wounding her self-love, and what she deems her interests in the reckless use of the literary labours of other nations. On the question of literary copyright, Mr. Mathews has, we believe, stood the foremost champion of the rights of mind; has turned from no opportunity of reading to his countrymen a bitter yet a wholesome lesson of truth; has shown to them the injustice they commit upon the original intellect of America, in their wholesale and most unscrupulous piracy of the books of English authors; for how, indeed, is the native writer—let him work ever so cheaply—to obtain the ear of the public, when the American bookseller, like the vender of brooms in Joe Miller, steals his books ready made? What is the consequence of this state of things on the readers of America? Mr. Mathews answers and says, "A reputation rises with us like the voice of one shouting for help from the midst of breakers and stormy seas. It stands, if it stand at all, a sea-tower that rocks at every heaving of the mighty element which it would fain master and overawe. From a variety of causes, (but chiefly one which will be found urged at sufficient length hereafter, *i. e.* the copyright question,) a good name in literature is the least stable of all things that take root in the human mind in this vast Republican Confederacy. Beyond this, *nothing can be less clearly defined* than the position which good men and bad men should occupy. In the great conflict of voices, there are none to be heard above the tumult, saying who shall be master and who man. *There is scarcely a journal in America of sufficient authority in criticisms to have its word taken as a warrant for the investment of a crown-piece.* In this sceptreless anarchy the country swarms with pretenders, prophets, false critics, and false men!"

Indeed, "these be bitter words,"—and not the words, be it remembered, half shrewish, half flippant, of a Mrs. Trollope,—not the judgment of Charles Dickens, who, more than any other writer, tested the thin-skinnedness of the Americans; for what they could find fault with in that charming, cordial volume, the *American Notes*, it has puzzled us greatly to discover. To be sure, Dickens, with all the energy of his large heart, denounces slavery; for which sin, we once heard an American, in his wrathful condemnation of all literary writers, express a particular desire to assist at the hanging of Boz. Not that the man was wholly insensible of the influence and graces of literature; certainly not, inasmuch as, coming from the Southern States, he expressed a conviction that the readiest welcome would be given to any English writer who would come and "just puff 'em up a little." However, to return to Mr. Mathews.

We like him for his nationality—for his bold, manly outspeaking. It is such men as he who, sooner or later, must force his countrymen to do an act of justice, not only towards every other country, but to America herself. "The problem of literature in America—what it shall be—in what forms, and to what effect," is, indeed, an interesting question. "The only claim the author makes," says Mr. Mathews, speaking of himself, "is, that he has been no truer to the soil than the green tree: that is, that he has not shown himself entirely insensible to the silent influences of time and country among which he has grown to be an author at all. Whatever decisions await these humble labours, he cannot but hope that a cheerful and fruitful hour is at hand. Literature, a patient youth, sits now on the verge of the horizon, in silence and obscurity, and waiting the summons to ascend the sky, and become a new dispenser of blessed light to the world!"

Mr. Mathews appeals to criticism, under the various guise of poet, romance-writer, novelist, dramatist, and essayist. With powers that enable him to fulfil most of these missions with use to the world, and dignity to himself, he is, doubtless, less successful as a writer of comedies. His poetry is distinguished by a certain healthy ruggedness of style, a freshness of thought, that smacks of the virgin soil of the backwoods. There is no miminy-piminy work in his verse; he goes right forward to his purpose, and fulfils it like a man. There is no elegant hesitation—no dallying with small conceits—no conventional phrase-work; but all is informed with vigorous, downright thinking. In our last, we quoted a few stanzas from his poems *On Man in the Republic*, which, we think, will bear out this opinion. *Wakondah, the Master of Life*, would afford many other instances of a high, energetic faculty. We shall be glad to find the author, in his own words, "borne forward by something of the friendly impulse that grows from favour," to the conclusion of his task.

Behemoth; a Legend of the Mound-Builders, is a short romance, conducted with skill as to the mere mechanism of the story, and coloured by an imagination that has studied external nature in her most beautiful aspects. "It was the main design of the author," he says, "to make the gigantic relics which are found scattered throughout this continent, subservient to the purposes of the imagination. He has, therefore, dared to evoke a mighty creature from the earth, and striven to clothe it with life and motion. Coeval with this, the great race that preceded the red men, as the possessors of our continent, have been called into being." Hence, we have Behemoth in its huge terrors, threatening the cities of the Mound-builders, with their attempts by force and cunning to destroy the monstrous mischief. The whole story, with an exception to be afterwards alluded to, is well sustained, and carries the reader, with fixed attention, to the end. In the following, Behemoth is introduced with much effect:—

"All was hushed and silent save the gentle tread of the homeward-tending people. The mourning relatives of the dead had

lulled into a temporary calm their troublous feelings, and wept with composure. The spirit of peace was over all. Suddenly a shrill voice was heard to cry, 'He comes! he comes!' It proceeded from a child, who, unobserved, had climbed to the upper window of one of the stone observatories. The multitude were arrested by the voice, and, turning to the quarter from which it issued, saw the finger of the alarmist pointing to a body of woods which lay a short distance west from the path which they were taking to their homes. As at the bidding of a god, the whole people, with one accord, swerved round and gazed towards the forest, and there they beheld—Behemoth. Fixed in an attitude of astonishment and dread, they stood gazing—and still gazing upon the spectacle—a boundless and motionless gallery of faces. It was near the sunset. Overhead, in its level light, a grey bald eagle, just flown from its neighbouring eyry, hung poised in wonder, as if turned to stone by the novel sight of so vast a creature. In its motionless suspension, it seemed as if sculptured from the air, while its wings were gilded, like some remains of the old statuaries, by the golden touch of the sun.

"Visible above the woods, moving heavily through the sea of green leaves, like leviathan in the deep, appeared the dark and prodigious form of the Mastodon; an awful ridge rolling like a billow, along the tops of the pine and cedar which grew beneath him. The boundless bulk moved through the trembling verdure, like an island which, in some convulsion of nature, shifts itself along the surface of the sea. The forest shook as he advanced, while its scared and barbarous denizens, the prairie wolf, the gopher, and the panther, skulked silently away.

"As yet his whole mighty frame was not visible. Even amid the trepidation and fear of the Mound-builders, a curiosity sprang up to behold the sum of his vast proportions; to see at once before them and near at hand the actual dimensions of that shape whose shadowy outlines had, when first seen, wrought in them effects so boundless and disastrous.

"Occasionally as the Mastodon glided along, a green tree-top wavered for a moment in the wind, leaned forward into the air—and fell to the earth as if pushed from its hold by the chance-exerted strength of the great brute. Again, they heard a crash, and a giant oak which had just now lorded it over its fellows was snapped from its stem and cast far forth over the tops of the forest. His very breath stirred the leaves till they trembled, and every step of his march denoted, by some natural appearance, the possession of monstrous and fearful power.

"After stalking through a large tract of woodland without allowing any greater portion of his bulk to become apparent, he wheeled through the forest and descending into a wooded valley disappeared, each step reverberating along earth with a deep and hollow sound. It was a long time ere the Mound-builders resumed their old, homeward progress, and when they did, it was with alarmed and cheerless spirits. The awe of the great shadow was upon them. Now more than ever they felt the folly of gainsaying or attempting to withstand a power which shrouded itself in a form so vast and inaccessible."

Bokulla, a chief of the Mound-builders, marshals his forces against Behemoth, who scatters them like sand before a hurricane:—

"The army halted and stood gazing. The giant beast seemed to be sporting with the ocean. For a moment he plunged into it, and swimming out a league with his head and lithe proboscis reared above the waters, spouted forth a sea of clear, blue fluid toward the sky, ascending to the very cloud, which returning, brightened into innumerable rainbows, large and small, and spanned the ocean. Again he cast his huge bulk along the main, and lay, island-like, floating in the soft middle sun, basking in its ray, and presenting, in the grandeur and vastness of his repose, a monumental image of Eternal Quiet. Bronze nor marble have ever been wrought into sculpture as grand and sublime as the motionless shape of that mighty brute resting on the sea.

"Even at the remote distance from which they viewed him they could catch at times through the ocean spray the sparkle of his small and burning eye. Once it seemed for a moment steadily fixed upon their host as it stood out conspicuously on the height, and, abandoning his gambols, Behemoth urged his bulky frame toward the land. Breasting the mighty surges which his own motion created, he sought the shore, and as he came up majestically from the water, a chasm ensued as if the Pacific shrunk from its limits. With a gurgling tumult the subsiding waves rushed into the broad hollow, and continued to eddy about its vortex."

Bokulla alone tracks the steps of Behemoth to his rocky fastness:—

"Amid these great elements of nature, Bokulla beheld the motions of the Mastodon as he trode the earth in gigantic sway; and thought swelled upon tumultuous thought, as waves that break over each other in the middle ocean, at each step of that unparalleled and majestic progress. What wonder, if at that moment he deemed the great creature before him unassailable and immortal? Behemoth passed onward, and for the first time in many hours was lost to the gaze of the chieftain, as he entered a dark gap in a great mountain-range far to the east. Intent on the daring and venturous purpose which had drawn him forth into the wilderness, he descended from his lofty station, and shaped his course to the barriers within which the unconquered brute had passed. With incredible labour he toiled over a thousand obstacles; clambering high mountains, plodding through gloomy valleys, and compassing, by contrivance sometimes, sometimes by sheer strength, broad streams, he found himself at length, as the night approached, fixed on a lofty ridge, whence his eye fell upon a spacious amphitheatre of meadow, completely shut in by rocks and mountains, save at a single narrow cut or opening. In the centre of this he beheld Behemoth couchant (his head turned toward the chieftain himself) like a sublime image of stone in the middle of a silent lake. Bokulla exhibited no symptoms of terror or trepidation, and the beast lay motionless and quiet. Great emotions filled the breast of the chieftain as he looked upon the Mastodon reposing in this fortified solitude. He closely scrutinized the whole circle of mountains, and took an accurate survey of the gate which led out into the open country beyond. Among other circumstances, he observed large hollows, here and there, in different quarters of the plain, as if worn there by the constant habitation of Behemoth; and also, that as the wind sighed through the branches of trees that stood in its centre and along its border, the Mastodon moved up and down the amphitheatre with a slow and gentle motion, as if soothed by the sound."

The opening to this "spacious amphitheatre" the Mound-builders, with incredible toil, wall up. Behemoth is caught, as in a trap, and perishes with hunger:—

"The Mound-builders, who overlooked the structure, trembled for its safety, but it stood stiff, and the shock caused Behemoth to recoil discomfited, while the earth shook with the weight and violence of the motion. Over and over again these assaults were repeated, always with the same result. Wearied with the attempt, the Mastodon desisted, and returned to feed upon the diminished pasturage, which he had before deserted. He had soon browsed on it to its very roots, and began to feed on the commoner grass and weeds, scarcely palatable. In a day these had all vanished, and he turned to the trees which were here and there scattered over the meadow. These he devoured, foliage, limb, and trunk. In a few days they were wholly exhausted, and the enclosed plain was reduced to a desert—pastureless, herbless, and treeless.

"The impatience and wrath of Behemoth now knew no bounds. He saw no possible mode of escape from this dreary and foodless waste. Around and around the firm colosseum which enclosed him, he rushed, maddened, bellowing, and foaming.

"At times, in his fury, he pushed up the almost perpendicular sides of the mountains, and recoiled, bringing with him shattered fragments of rock and large masses of earth, with fearful force and swiftness. Around and around he again galloped and trampled, shaking the very mountains with his ponderous motions, and filling their whole circuit with his terrible howlings and cries. The Mound-builders who stood upon the wall, and on different parts of the mountains, shrunk back affrighted and awe-stricken before the deadly glare of his eye, and the fearful and agonizing sound of his voice.

"Day by day he became more furious, and his roar assumed a more touching and dreadful sharpness. All sustenance was gone from the plain; the whole space within his reach furnished nothing but rocks and earth, for he had already drunk the stream dry to its channel.

"The mighty brute was perishing of hunger in the centre of his prison.

"His strength was now too far wasted to admit of the violent and gigantic efforts which he had at first made to escape from the famine-stricken enclosure, and he now stalked up and down its barren plain, uttering awful and heart-rending cries. Some of the Mound-builders who heard them, and who saw the agonies and sufferings of Behemoth, although he had been their most cruel enemy, could not refrain from tears. So universal is humanity in its scope, that it can feel for everything that has life."

The author has endeavoured to vary these powerfully descriptive scenes with touches of humour in the person of a simple-witted ass, named Kluckhatch. He is, however, a blot upon the story; a nuisance whilst alive, and his funeral "performed," as the undertakers say, in the very worst taste.

The Career of Puffer Hopkins is the longest, and, apparently, the best considered story of the volume before us. The history of Hopkins, as it seems to us, is chosen merely as a vehicle to show American character as abounding in New York; and to delineate scenes—a little highly-coloured of course—of common occurrence in that capital. As to the story itself, it is confused and unsatisfactory. People flit here and there without sufficient end or aim. However, ere we criticise this defect, let us introduce the reader to "Puffer Hopkins, a trading orator."

Mr. Hopkins has not long delivered himself of his maiden oration, and is thus addressed by Hobbleshank:—

"'You're a young professional trader in politics and patriotism; a beginner—just opened to-night with your first speech, and a fresh assortment of apostrophes and gesticulations. I know you are new in the business, for when you spoke of Heaven and eternal justice, you looked at the audience. Very green, my boy; an old spouter, in such a case, always rolls his eyeballs back under their lids, and smells of the chandelier, which is much better, although the odor isn't pleasant.'

"'A mere 'prentice at the business, I confess myself,' answered Puffer.

"'I wish you would bear in mind, too,' continued his whimsical adviser, 'when you address a mixed audience, and have occasion to speak of the majesty of the people, that the established rule is, not to stare at any individual dirty face in the middle of the crowd, but to look away off, beyond the crowd entirely; as if you discovered what you're speaking about in some remote suburb with which they have nothing to do. Do you understand me?'

"'I think I do,' replied Puffer; 'but isn't there generally some placid gentleman or other, who comes to the meeting early, and plants himself in front of the platform at a proper distance, with the praiseworthy purpose of having the speaker lay out all his strength in gazing at him, and moving his bowels and understanding? I used to think so—and have tried it more than once; it feels very pleasant, I can assure you.'

"'What of that? It's your business to humble these gentry—they're aristocracy in disguise, and borrow their cartmen's hats to come to public meetings in. No, no!' cried Hobbleshank, with emphasis, 'don't you be caught in that trap. Do you pick out the dirtiest waistcoat in the audience, with the most cadaverous face in the room peering over it—pitch your eye upon the second button from the top, just where the proof of a lack of under-garments becomes overwhelming—and fire away. Your target's a poor scamp—the beggarliest in the house, with an understanding like a granite rock (needing the whole force of an incorporated company of metaphysicians to quarry and dress it), and a select circle of acquaintance, among wharfingers, small-boatmen, and bean-eaters, near the market. That's your man. Dash your hair back from your brow, swing your arms, and don't spare flowers, knuckles, tropes, and desk-lids.'"

We next follow Hopkins in his visit to the Boltum Club, a fraternity organised to regenerate society. One of their favourite objects was "to get together a parcel of gilt steeple balls, and hatch out a brood of young churches, by clapping a bishop upon them." Mr. Hopkins is received with due ceremony by the club:—

"A thin, thoughtful gentleman, at one corner of the table, was enveloped in an overgrown vest, hideous with great red vines creeping all over it, and large enough to serve the purposes of a body-coat; and confronting him, at an opposite corner, sat a stout omnibus-driver, making himself as comfortable as he could in a waistcoat, so many sizes too small, that it gaped apart like a pair of rebellious book covers, and drew his arms into a posture that resembled not a little that of the wings of a great Muscovy gander prepared for the spit.

"'We welcome you,' said the pale thoughtful man, rising and extending his right hand toward Puffer as he advanced, while with his left he secured the sails of his great red vest, 'we welcome you, Mr. Hopkins, to this association of brethren. In us you see exemplified the progress of social reform; we are wearing each other's coats and breeches in a simultaneous confusion, and, laboring under a passional excitement, we may yet ameliorate our condition so far as to undertake to pay each other's debts. We are subjecting ourselves to a great experiment for the benefit of mankind, the interests of the total race. You see what hardships we are undergoing'—he did, for at the mere mention of the thing, the whole club wriggled in their ill-assorted garments like so many clowns in the very crisis of a contortion—'to test the principles of an ameliorated condition of things. Yet, sir, we are happy, very happy to see you here to-night. This spot on which you stand, is consecrated to freedom of opinion—to the festival of the soul. This is no musical forest, no Hindoo hunter's hut, got up for effect at the amphitheatre; we haven't trees here alive with real birds! the branches laden with living monkeys! the fountains visited by longlegged flamingoes! the greensward covered with gazelles, grazing and sporting! Oh, no; we are a mere caucus of plain citizens, in our everyday dresses, sitting in this small room, on rough benches, to re-organize society, and give the world a new axle; that's all.'"

In another part of the story, a Mr. Fishblatt gives his notions of the duty of a "vigilant member:"—

"'If I was a member of a vigilance committee,' said Mr. Fishblatt, regarding Puffer Hopkins with great gravity and steadiness, 'I should consider it my duty to have immense telescopes constructed; and I would plant them, sir, where I could look into the very interior of every domicil in the ward, and know what was in every man's pot for dinner six days in the week. This may not be your view of duty, sir; but I should feel bound to have great legers kept, with leaves that opened like doors, and there write down every man's name in large letters; and I'd have a full length of him drawn on the margin, and colored to the life. I'd give his dress, sir, down to the vest buttons, and if there was a mote in his eye, I'd have it there to be cross-examined, when he came up to vote. Now don't say you can't do this—you haven't the physical strength to keep such a set of books.'

"'Would you inquire so very particularly,' asked Puffer, timidly, for he felt abashed by the grand conceptions of the imaginative Fishblatt, 'into the private habits of voters?'

"'I would, sir,' answered Mr. Fishblatt, peremptorily; 'I'd know whether they slept in trundle-bedsteads or high-posts; whether they preferred cold-slaugh cut lengthwise or crosswise of the cabbage; whether their shoes were hobnailed or pegged. Can you tell why I'd do this?'

"Puffer Hopkins frankly and heroically confessed that he could not very readily, without the aid of Mr. Fishblatt.

"'I knew you couldn't,' said that distinguished rhetorician. 'Don't you see that the public conduct of the man is foreshadowed in his personal habits? A man that wears red flannel shirts is always for war: a man that employs night-caps is opposed to riots. The voters that browbeat their servants at home, sir, always cry out for strengthening the executive. Go into that man's house over the way, sir, the house with the meek salmon-colored door; that door is a hypocrite and deceiver, sir! Climb to the fourth shelf of his pantry and you'll find two red-handled rawhides; that man approves of despatching the Florida Indians by drugging their brandy with ratsbane. That man's on his knees every Sunday in the orthodox chapel, wears out a pair of knee-cushions every year, and has breeches made without pockets to escape the importunities of beggars in the streets and highways. Put him down in your journal, sir, as a knave, a villain, a low base fellow—will you?'"

Mr. Fishblatt questions the pretensions of Mr. Bluff candidate for aldermanic dignity:—

"'As for Mr. Bluff,' said Mr. Fishblatt, who was always the first to deliver his views on the topic before the committee, 'I beg to know whether it is true, as I am informed, he is the gentleman that wears a lepine watch with five jewels? Before receiving an answer to this, I would inquire whether Mr. Bluff keeps a carriage, with a black footman in a silver-buckled hat and white cambric pocket-handkerchief? Also, could any member of the committee instruct him whether Mr. Bluff's pew was lined with red damask and fastened with copper tacks, rotten-stoned every Saturday morning by one of his servants, privily admitted to the church? Mr. Bluff might dress his children in scalloped collars and laced pantalettes—the children of a public man did not always belong to the public (although he sometimes made it a present of them when he died), but what business had Mr. Bluff to put two stone dogs on his stoop? If they had been lions, he (Mr. Fishblatt) might have forgiven him; two great roaring, open-mouthed lions; even a pair of elephants. These were noble animals. But dogs! Had any gentleman of the committee kept a diary of Mr. Bluff's doings for the past fifteen years? Was any one prepared to say what had been his private and personal habits during that time? If not, the committee were entering upon a most solemn and important business, with very imperfect materials in their hands. He had heard that there had been a lurking committee, of five or more, to institute a watch upon Mr. Bluff; to have an eye upon all he did and said from the first moment he was contemplated as a candidate. Where was that committee? They had followed him (Mr. Bluff), he had been informed in confidence, for more than two weeks; knew all his opinions, as expressed in various places of public and private resort. Mr. Fishblatt would like to see their minutes. He had been told that Mr. Bluff had been measured, in all the past fortnight, for two new coats, and a new double vest of black velvet. What was the meaning of this?'"

A jury-room:—

"For the first few minutes after they entered the jury-room, not a word was spoken; they sat around the square table, which just held twelve, with their heads toward the centre, watching each other's faces sharply for the first glimpses of a verdict.

"A spider's thread fell from the ceiling and hung dangling above the table, bearing a fly struggling at its end.

"'Guilty, or not guilty, gentlemen?' said the foreman, a close-shaven, blue-faced man, with glittering eyes, glancing round the board as he put the question by way of breaking ground.

"'Guilty for one!' answered a fat citizen on his right hand, sweeping the struggling fly into his hat, which he produced suddenly from behind his chair. 'We must have an example, gentlemen. The last three capital indictments got off, and now it's the sheriff's turn for a pull. We must have an example.'

"'Three for breeders and the fourth to the bull-ring,' spoke up a gentleman with a deep chest and brawny arms. 'That's the rule at the slaughterhouse; we always follow it—and so I say guilty, if the rest's agreeable.'"

The subjoined arguments in favour of hanging, would, we fear, meet an echo in the breasts of certain reasoners on this side of the Atlantic:—

"'Now, gentlemen of the jury, you must excuse *me* a few minutes, if you please,' said a stout, rugged, hard-headed gentleman, with heavy eyebrows, rising at one end of the table, and thrusting back his skirts with both hands. 'This is a great moral question, whether the prisoner shall be hung or not. Am I right?'—'You are!' 'You are!' from several voices at the upper end of the table. 'A great moral question, I say; and it's owing to a great moral accident that I am with you this day, for if I hadn't eaten too many tomcods for my supper last night, I should have been off in the seven o'clock boat this morning, to the anniversary of the Moral Reform at Philadelphia. Now the community looks to us for action in this case. If this man escapes, who can be hung? Where's the safety for life and property if we can't hang a man now and then? Hanging's the moral lever of the world, and when the world's grown rotten by laying too much on one side, why, we hang a man and all comes right again. If we don't hang Fyler Close, he'll hang us—morally, I mean.'"

The jury find a verdict of guilty, and after a decent delay of "five hours," return into court:—

"'Pardon me, gentlemen,' said the foreman, at this stage of feeling; 'I think this is a clear case for the sheriff. The prisoner is an old man; he has no friends—not a relation in the world, one of the witnesses said; he's lost his property—and as for his wits, you see what they're worth. Now, the next candidate that comes along may be a fine black-haired, rosy young fellow, who may have tickled a man with a sword-cane, or something of that sort, with a number of interesting sisters, an aged mother, and a crowd of afflicted connexions. You see what a plight we would be in if we should happen to be drawn on that jury. Are you agreed, gentlemen?'

"There was not a little laying of heads together; discussion in couplets, triplets, and quadruplets; and in the course of two hours more they agreed, and rose to call the officer to marshal them into court.

"'Stop a minute, gentlemen, if you please,' said the fat citizen; 'this is a capital case, you will recollect, and it wouldn't be decent to go in under five hours.'

"'He's right,' said the foreman, 'and you may do what you choose for an hour.'

"Two of the jury withdrew to a bench at the side of the room, where standing close to the wall, one of them planting his foot upon the bench and bending forward, entered upon a whispered interview. Two more remained at the table; while the others grouped themselves in a window looking forth upon the Park, in the rear of the hall, and amused themselves by watching a crowd that had gathered there, under a lamp, and who began making signs and motions to them as soon as they showed themselves. The most constant occupation of the crowd seemed to be passing a finger about the neck, and then jerking it up, as though pulling at a string, with a clicking sound, which—when once or twice they lifted the window, and as it seemed to be the most popular and prevailing sound—could be distinctly heard."

This story is amusing from the characters, despite the clumsiness of its plot. We have no interest in Hobbleshank and his mysterious woes; they do not relieve, but interfere with, the comic parts of the tale. Mr. Mathews seems to want the power of holding his characters together. He is more an essayist than a novelist. His comic writings abound with shrewd observations, and with felicitous drollery of expression; in many of the strong sketches of character, we can recognise in him, at least a strong admirer of Dickens. He is, however, no servile imitator of the great master. In reading Mr. Mathews, we feel a conviction that we are beholding some phases of American character from the life.

The Politicians is the title of Mr. Mathews's comedy. In his preface, he very reasonably dilates upon "the impertinence of producing at an American Theatre, a constant succession of farces with Sir Harry Humdrum, my Lord Noddy, and my Lady High Diddle-diddle, attended by flying squads of waiters in livery, and coachmen in top-boots—to the entire exclusion of a single scene or personage that has the recommendation of fitness, either in respect to time, place, or audience." Moved by the contemplation of this anomaly, Mr. Mathews wrote *The Politicians*, an American comedy; but with nothing to distinguish it from the hacknied stage conventionalities of the Old World. The plot of the piece turns upon the election of an alderman, and we now and then get some glimpses of the pure patriotism which, in the persons of American voters, occasionally vindicates itself. In every other respect *The Politicians* is a servile copy of our defunct school of comedy. Neither has Mr. Mathews power over dramatic dialogue. Its spirit, its brevity, and sinew, are wholly beyond him.

He, however, can afford to be told that he must leave the creation of the American stage to other hands.

There are many other points in Mr. Mathews's book to which we would here gladly refer the reader, but in the hope that what we have already said may send him to the volume, we here break off; trusting that we may be the humble means of introducing Mr. Mathews to a large circle of English readers, who will find in him the spirit of a manly, poetic, humorous writer.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT. *Moxon.*

A CABINET edition, uniform with Taylor's *Van Artevelde*, noticed in our last; and, we will vouch for it, a most welcome book to thousands; for how many well on in the present generation may date their earliest literary luxury to the cordial spirit, and the love of the good and beautiful, ever developed in the writings of Leigh Hunt? Of the *Story of Rimini*, as now printed, the author says—

"he has taken the opportunity, in this edition of his poems, to evince a proper respect for a chance of their duration beyond the day, by giving them a careful revision, rejecting superfluities, and correcting mistakes of all kinds. To this end he has re-written a considerable portion of the 'Story of Rimini,' not because he would give up to wholesale objection what has had the good fortune to obtain the regard of the public, but because he wrote it before he visited Italy, had made it in some respects too English, and, above all, had told an imaginary story instead of the real one. The landscapes are now freed from northern inconsistencies; the moral is no longer endangered, as some thought it, by dwelling too much on the metaphysics of a case of conscience; and the story contains the real catastrophe and the spirit of the probable characters of all the parties, without contradicting the known truth by any of the circumstances invented. He is aware of the objections made to altered poems in general, and heartily agrees with them; but the case, as thus stated, becomes, he conceives, an exception to the rule. Dante, who, though a very great poet, had a will still greater than his poetry, and was in all things a partisan, was a friend and public agent of the heroine's father, and he has not told the deception that was practised on her. He left it to transpire through the commentators. This point of the story was at no time omitted in the version which the author, in a fit of youthful confidence, undertook to make from the inimitable original; but, on the other hand, the surprise and murder of the lovers by the husband were converted into a duel with one, and the remorse of both; and not a word was said of the husband's ferocious character and personal deformity. These things, if he is not mistaken, make all the difference on the point in question. He has desired to relate the truth in the poem almost ever since he wrote it; the moral objections of the critics increased the desire; and, indeed, he has long ceased to be of opinion, that an author has a right to misrepresent admitted historical facts. He has often, as a reviewer, had occasion to object to the license in others. It appears to him the next thing to falsifying a portrait; and possibly even hazards something of that general inconsistency of features, which is observed to result from the painter's misrepresentation of any one of them."

The following is a meek and noble rebuke of the intolerant and self-seeking:—

"As to any other effusions of a hostile nature poured forth in the course of one of the most stirring periods of political warfare, when I was in the thick of editorial fight, I shall not belie the honesty and heartiness with which such fights may be carried on during the zeal of the moment; but I have now lived, enjoyed, erred, suffered, and thought enough, to come to the conclusion, that neither modesty of self-knowledge nor largeness of policy is in favour of advancing the circumstances of the community, by attacking individuals who are the creatures of them; and in accordance with this new sense of duty, the volume offered to the public does not contain, it is trusted, one verse which can give pain to any living being. It aspires to be the reader's companion during his quietest and his kindest moments; to add zest to intercourse, and love to the love of nature; and the author would fain have left nothing in its pages rebukeable either by the cordial voices of the fireside, or by the pensive breath of the wind as it passes by the ear in field or garden."

We are glad to find the beautiful play of *The Legend of Florence* in this volume. Sure we are that a day will arise when that drama will again assert its high moral beauty on the stage, albeit there were folks who—

"With that half knowledge, half experience gives,"

condemned the purpose of the author as anything but a pattern for families.—People who sympathized with the poor, self-willed savage *Agolanti*, (and yet a character painfully true, to be pointed out almost in every street,) who, having married *Ginevra*, was deemed to have the right of torturing her; even as a cat who has caught a mouse, has the allowed privilege of killing the poor wretch piecemeal.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS OF JOHN LOCKE. *Virtue.*

THIS edition is enriched with a Preliminary Discourse and Notes by Mr. St. John, and forms a very handsome, and withal, a very cheap collection of writings heretofore only obtainable by purchasers of many volumes. The book is very beautifully printed.

BACKGAMMON; ITS HISTORY AND PRACTICE. By the Author of "WHIST." With Illustrations designed by KENNY MEADOWS, and engraved by W. LINTON. *D. Bogue.*

A CLEVER and amusing treatise on Backgammon, designed to inculcate the philosophical maxim, that the "dice box, disarmed of all powers of mischief," is calculated to produce social comforts, by sweetening the bitterness of a winter's evening, or by teaching a lesson of patience and perseverance. The book may, from its literary merit, be read with pleasure by those who have no interest in the game which it treats of, whilst it may be regarded by the professor of Backgammon as a valuable desideratum. It purports, in short, to be an exponent of the rise and progress of the game, and of the wholesome advantages to be derived from its practice. The language is humorous and expressive, whilst the intention of the author is well conceived and well carried out to the end. The various chapters are arranged in methodical order, so that the reader may, if he think fit, study the contents with the same regularity as he would wade through a "Tutor's Assistant." If, on the contrary, he be already an adept in the game of Backgammon, and seek for amusement rather than instruction, he will find himself no loser by his pains.

The illustrations with which the book is interspersed are good specimens of the imaginative quality of Kenny Meadows. They are as tastefully executed as they are graphically conceived; and it is only bare justice to Mr. Linton to state, that his delicate graver has admirably worked out the intentions of the artist.